

The morning of the magicians : secret societies, conspiracies, and vanished civilizations / Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier ; translated from the French by Rollo Myers

THE MISSING PAGES

melodious sounds', and 'a shining light as bright as fire', and their trajectory was not straight, but appeared 'to follow a long and undulating course bringing them alternately nearer to and farther from the Earth'. The material of which these engines were composed is defined, in these texts more than three thousand years old and doubtless based on memories going back infinitely farther into the past, as being a blend of several metals, some white and light, others red.

In the *Mausola Purva* we find this singular description, which must have been incomprehensible to nineteenth-century ethnologists though not to us today: '... it was an unknown weapon, an iron thunderbolt, a gigantic messenger of death which reduced to ashes the entire race of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas. The corpses were so burned as to be unrecognizable. Their hair and nails fell out; pottery broke without any apparent cause, and the birds turned white. After a few hours, all food-stuffs were infected. The thunderbolt was reduced to a fine dust.'

And again: 'Cakra, flying on board a high-powered *vimana*, hurled on to the triple city a single projectile charged with all the power of the Universe. An incandescent column of smoke and flame, as bright as ten thousand Suns, rose in all its splendour. . . . When the *vimana* returned to Earth, it looked like a splendid block of antimony resting on the ground. . . .'

Objection: if you admit the existence of such fabulously advanced civilizations, how do you explain the fact that the innumerable excavations that have been carried out all over the globe have never brought to light a single fragment of any object that could induce us to believe in such civilizations?

Answer: (1) Systematic archaeological exploration has been going on for little more than a century, whereas our atomic civilization is barely twenty years old. No serious exploration has been carried out in South Russia, China, or in Central and South Africa. Vast areas still preserve the secrets of their past.

(2) If a German engineer, Wilhelm König, had not paid a chance visit to the Museum at Baghdad, it might never have been discovered that some flat stones found in Irak, and classified as such, were in reality electric batteries, that had been in use two thousand years before Galvani. The archaeological museums are full of objects classified as 'objects of worship', or 'various', about which nothing is known.

The Russians recently discovered in some caves in the desert of Gobi and in Turkestan semicircular objects made of ceramics or glass ending in a cone containing a drop of mercury. What could these have been? Finally, few archaeologists have any scientific or technical knowledge. Still fewer are capable of realizing that a technical problem can be solved in several different ways, and that there are machines which do not resemble what we call machines – without crankshafts, driving-rods or cogwheels. A few lines traced with special ink on specially prepared paper serve as a receiver for electro-magnetic waves. A simple copper tube acts as a resonator in the production of radar waves. Diamonds are sensitive to nuclear

and cosmic radiation. Complicated recordings can be contained in crystals, and may there not be whole libraries enclosed in small cut stones? Suppose that a thousand years hence, after the extinction of our civilization, some future archaeologist discovered, say, some magnetic bands – what would he make of them? And how would he distinguish between a virgin band and one that had been used for a recording?

Today we are on the brink of discovering the secrets of anti-matter and anti-gravitation. Tomorrow we do not know whether the manipulation of these secrets will call for cumbersome or, on the contrary, for surprisingly light machinery. As techniques develop, they do not become more complex; rather, they tend to become simpler, until the apparatus they require shrinks almost to zero. In his book *Magie Chaldéenne* (Chaldean Magic) Lenormand citing a legend which recalls the Orpheus myth, wrote that: 'In olden times the priests of On, by means of sounds, caused high winds to blow and thus raised into the air huge stones to build their temples which a thousand men could not have lifted.'

I quote now from Walter Owen: 'Sound vibrations are forces. . . . Cosmic creation is sustained by vibrations which could equally well bring it to an end.' This theory is not so far removed from modern conceptions. Tomorrow will be fantastic, as everyone knows. Perhaps it will be doubly so if it rids us of the idea that yesterday was banal.

We regard tradition, that is to say, the *corpus* of the most ancient texts known to humanity, entirely from a literary, religious or philosophical point of view. What if it really consisted of immemorial memories, recorded by peoples living long after the events themselves which have since been transposed and embroidered? Immemorial memories of civilizations that were technically and scientifically quite as advanced, and perhaps infinitely more so, than our own?

What has tradition to tell us, if we adopt this view?

In the first place, that science is dangerous. This idea might have seemed surprising to a nineteenth-century man. But we know now that two bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima were enough to kill 300,000 people, that these bombs are now completely obsolete, and that one cobalt bomb of 500 tons could destroy all life over the greater part of the globe.

We know, too, that it is possible to make contact with non-terrestrial beings. What was an absurdity in the nineteenth century is no longer one for us. It is not inconceivable that there are Universes parallel with our own with which communication might be established.*

Radio-telescopes receive waves emitted ten thousand million light years ago and modulated in such a way as to resemble messages. The astronomer John Krauss, of the University of Ohio,

* This idea is frequently met with in modern research. See, e.g.: the review *Atomic Industries*, No. 1, 1958, page 17, article by E. C. G. Stuckelberg.

claims to have captured signals coming from Venus on 2nd June, 1956. Other signals from Jupiter, it is alleged, were received at the Princeton Institute.

Finally, tradition asserts that everything that has happened since the beginning of time has left an impression in matter, in space and in all sources of energy, and can be revealed. This is exactly what is asserted by the distinguished scientist Bowen in his book *The Exploration of Time*, and this view is shared today by the majority of investigators.

Another objection: a highly developed technical and scientific civilization does not disappear completely without leaving any trace.

Reply: 'We civilizations know now that we are mortal.' It is precisely the most highly developed techniques that threaten to cause the civilization of which they are a product to disappear completely. Take the case of our own civilization in the near future. All power stations, weapons, transmitting and receiving apparatus in telecommunications, all electric and nuclear instruments – in short, all our technological equipment is based on the same principle of the production of energy. As a result of some chain reaction all these instruments, from the largest to the smallest, might at any time explode. In this way every trace of the material and the greater part of the human potential of a civilization would disappear. All that would remain would be things that threw no light on that civilization, and men who were more or less excluded from it. The survivors would relapse into a state of primitive simplicity. Only memories would remain, unskilfully and inaccurately recorded after the catastrophe: stories of a mythical and legendary character through which might run the theme of expulsion from an earthly paradise and the feeling that there are great dangers and great secrets hidden at the heart of matter. Everything begins again, as in the Book of Revelation: 'The Moon became as blood . . . and the Heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together. . . .'

Australian Government patrols exploring in 1946 unknown regions in New Guinea found there tribes in a state of great religious excitement over a new cult – the cult of the 'cargo' – which had just been inaugurated. This arose out of the arrival of various commodities – paraffin lamps, bottles of alcohol, tins of preserves and the like, which had been sent for native consumption. For men still living in the Stone Age, sudden contact with riches of this kind must have been an overwhelming experience. But could the white men have produced all these things themselves? Impossible.

No white men they had ever seen could possibly have made anything wonderful with their hands. Let us be clear about this – one can imagine the natives of New Guinea saying to one another – Have you ever seen a white man making anything? No; but they do engage in mysterious activities: they all dress alike, and sometimes they sit in front of a metal box with dials on it and listen to the strange sounds that emerge from it. They also make

signs on sheets of white paper. These are magic rites, thanks to which they obtain this 'cargo' from the gods. The natives thereupon tried to copy these 'rites'; they tried to dress in European style, talked into tins of preserves, and put bamboo branches on the roofs of their huts in imitation of wireless antennae. They also constructed false landing-grounds in anticipation of the arrival of the 'cargo'.

Now let us suppose that our ancestors had interpreted in the same sort of way their contacts with superior civilizations? We should still have tradition, i.e. the teaching of 'rites' which were, in reality, perfectly legitimate ways of acting in the presence of knowledge of a different, unfamiliar order. We should have childish copied attitudes, gestures and practices without understanding them and without connecting them with a whole system of complex realities beyond our comprehension, in the expectation that these gestures and these attitudes would produce for us tangible results. Results that never materialized – a kind of Manna from Heaven produced by means impossible for us to imagine. It is easier to accept a ritual than to gain access to knowledge, easier to invent gods than to understand techniques. Nevertheless, I wish to make it plain that neither Bergier nor myself are trying to equate all spirituality with material ignorance. On the contrary; we believe there is such a thing as a spiritual life. If God is higher than all reality, we shall find God when we know everything that is reality. And if man possesses powers which enable him to understand the whole Universe, God is perhaps the whole Universe, *plus* something else.

Another question now arises: supposing what we call esotericism were in fact only a form of exotericism? What if the most ancient texts known to humanity, sacred in our eyes, were nothing but spurious interpretations, haphazard vulgarizations, third-hand reports of somewhat inaccurate memories of technical realities? We interpret these old sacred texts as if they were unquestionably the expression of spiritual 'truths', philosophical symbols or religious images. This is because, when we read them, we are thinking only of ourselves, preoccupied as we are with our own little private mysteries: I love good and do evil; I am alive and am going to die, etc. Their message is for *us*: all these engines, and thunderbolts and Manna from Heaven and apocalyptic visions represent the world of *our* thoughts and feelings. It's all for *my* benefit, and concerns *me* and *my* affairs. . . . But what if we are only confronted with distant, distorted memories of other worlds which have existed, and of the sojourn on this Earth of other beings who were seeking something, who possessed knowledge and who put their knowledge into practice?

Imagine a time very long ago when messages coming from other intelligent beings in the Universe were intercepted and interpreted when interplanetary visitors had set up a network on the Earth and organized a cosmic traffic. Imagine that hidden in some sanctuary somewhere there are still in existence notes and diagrams and reports that have been deciphered with the greatest difficulty throughout the ages by monks entrusted with these ancient secrets;

incapable of understanding their full significance, but ceaselessly engaged in interpreting and extrapolating their message. Exactly like the witch-doctors of New Guinea trying to understand a sheet of paper containing the time-table of flights between New York and San Francisco. As an extreme example, there is Gurdjieff's book, *Tales of Beelzebub*, full of references to unknown concepts and to a fantastic language.

Gurdjieff claimed to have access to 'sources' – sources which were themselves only deviations. He was translating at a thousand removes, and adding his own ideas; representing symbolically the human psychism: a perfect example of esotericism.

From the prospectus of an internal airline in the U.S.A.: 'You can reserve your seat anywhere. Your application will be recorded by an electronic robot. Another robot will reserve your seat on whatever plane you wish. Your ticket will be issued to you already made out . . . etc.' Now imagine what that would look like, after being translated for the thousandth time, in an Amazonian dialect, by people who have never seen an aeroplane, have no idea what a robot is and who have never heard of the cities mentioned in the guide. Then think of an esoteric studying this text, going back to the sources of ancient wisdom and seeking what message it may contain for the guidance of the human soul. . . .

If there have been in the far distant past civilizations built on a system of specialized knowledge, there must have been textbooks. It is thought that the cathedrals are the textbooks, so to speak, of the science of alchemy. It may well be that some of these textbooks, or fragments of them, have been found and piously preserved and copied over and over again by monks whose duty it was not so much to understand them as to hold them in safe-keeping.

Copied and re-copied indefinitely; illuminated, transposed and interpreted not in terms of this ancient, profound and complex knowledge, but in terms of the relative ignorance of a succeeding age. In the last resort, however, all real scientific or technical knowledge carried to its highest level implies a profound knowledge of the nature of mind and of the resources of the psyche functioning at the highest level of consciousness. If these 'esoteric' texts – even if they are only what we have just been saying – have enabled men to attain this high level of consciousness, then they have, in a sense, provided a link with the splendour of vanished civilizations. It is also conceivable that there were two kinds of 'sacred texts': fragments containing evidence of the existence of a very ancient technology, and fragments of purely religious books, inspired by God.

The two have probably been confused in the absence of any references that would help to distinguish one from the other. And in both cases the texts would be equally sacred.

Sacred, too, is the adventure, forever recommencing and yet forever advancing, of intelligence on the Earth, and no less sacred the light in which God looks upon this adventure and by which it is guided.

Part Two

A FEW YEARS IN THE ABSOLUTE ELSEWHERE

I

*All the marbles in the same bag – The historian's despair –
Two amateurs of the unusual – At the bottom of the Devil's
Lake – An empty anti-fascism – The authors in the presence
of the Infinitely Strange – Troy, too, was only a legend – His-
tory lags behind – From visible banality to invisible fantasy
– The fable of the golden beetle – Undercurrents of the future –
There are other things besides soul-less machinery*

DURING the Occupation there lived on the Left Bank in Paris an eccentric old man who used to dress in seventeenth-century costume, read nothing but Saint-Simon, dined by candlelight and played the spinet. He never went out except to buy his bread and groceries, with a hood over his powdered wig and his nether limbs encased in black stockings and shoes. The noise and confusion of the Liberation, the shooting and the crowds disturbed him. Not knowing what it was all about, but impelled by anger and fear he came out one morning on his balcony, waving his quill pen, his costume all awry, and crying in a loud, strange voice: 'Vive Coblenz!'

Nobody understood; the excited neighbours, struck by this singular behaviour felt instinctively that this queer fellow, living in another world, was in league with the powers of evil; what he was shouting sounded German, so into the house they rushed, broke open his door, felled him to the ground and left him for dead.

That same morning a young Captain in the Resistance who had just captured the Prefecture, had straw thrown all over the carpet in the great central office and the firearms arranged in panoplies so that he could feel he was living in a picture out of his first history book.

At the same time, patrols discovered in the Invalides the table and thirteen chairs and the standards, robes and cross of the last assembly of the Knights of the Teutonic Order which had been suddenly interrupted.

And the first tank of Leclerc's army was just rumbling in through the Porte d'Orléans, overwhelming proof of the German defeat. It was driven by Henri Rathenau, whose uncle Walther had been the Nazis' first victim.

In this way a civilization, at a historic moment, like a man in the midst of a violent emotional crisis, seems to live again in a thousand flash-backs from its past, the nature and order of these impressions being determined by apparently incomprehensible factors.

Giraudoux used to tell the story of how, while dozing for a moment in a trench before going out to take the place of a comrade who had been killed while out on reconnaissance, he was awakened

by something tickling his face: the wind had been blowing the dead man's clothes about, had opened his wallet and was scattering his visiting cards; and it was these the poet now felt on his cheek. On this morning of the Liberation of Paris, the visiting cards of the *émigrés* from Coblenz, of the revolutionary students of 1830, of the great German Jewish thinkers and of the Knights of the Crusade, along, no doubt, with many others, were fluttering in the wind which carried with it far and wide the sound of groaning mingled with the strains of countless *Marseillaises*.

When you shake the basket, all the marbles come to the surface in disorder, or rather in obedience to an order and series of movements of an infinitely complicated nature in which, nevertheless, we might discover an infinite number of those strangely illuminating encounters which Jung calls 'significant coincidences'. Jacques Rivière's admirable dictum applies to civilizations and their historic moments: 'A man does not get what he deserves, but what he resembles.' One of Napoleon's school exercise books ends with these words: 'Saint Helena: a small island.'

It is a great pity that the historian thinks that it would be beneath his dignity to record and examine these 'significant coincidences' and chance encounters which mean something and suddenly throw open a door giving on to another side of the Universe where time is no longer linear. His science lags behind science in general, which, in its study of man no less than of matter, shows us that the distances between past, present and future are for ever growing smaller. Thinner and thinner hedges, in the garden of our destiny, separate us from a perfectly preserved Yesterday and a completely formed Tomorrow. Our life, as Alain remarked, 'is on the brink of wide open spaces'.

There is a very delicate and beautiful little flower called the saxifrage. It has also been called 'the despair of painters'. This is no longer true, since photography and many other discoveries have freed artists from having to worry about external resemblances.

Even the least advanced painter does not look at a bunch of flowers in the same way that he used to. His eye sees more than the bunch of flowers; or, rather, he sees in it a model which enables him to express under a coloured surface a reality invisible to an uninitiated eye. He is trying to make creation yield up a secret.

In another age he would have been content to reproduce what the ordinary man sees when he looks at something casually without paying any particular attention. He would have been content to reproduce a reassuring likeness and to connive, as it were in the general conspiracy of deceitfulness with regard to the external aspect of reality. We say a picture is 'the very spit' of its model. But spitting is a sign of illness. It would seem that historians have not developed in the same way as artists have during the last fifty years, and the history we are taught today is as false as a woman's breast, or a kitten or a bunch of flowers used to be under the stereotyped brush of a conformist painter of the 1890s.

'If our generation,' said a young historian, 'wants to form a clear opinion of the past, it will first have to tear off the masks which prevent the real artisans of our history from being given their due. . . . The disinterested efforts of a group of historians in favour of the unvarnished truth are a comparatively recent development.'

Certain things were the 'despair' of the painter of the 1890s. But what about the historian of the present day!

Most contemporary events, like the saxifrage, have become the 'despair of the historian'.

A self-taught madman, surrounded by a handful of megalomaniacs, rejects Descartes, spurns the whole humanist culture, tramples on reason, invokes Lucifer, conquers Europe, and nearly conquers the world. Marxism is implanted in the only country which Marx himself thought would be impervious to it. London nearly perishes under a rain of rockets designed to reach the Moon. Speculations on the nature of space and time result in the fabrication of a bomb which wipes out 200,000 people in three seconds and threatens to wipe out history itself. Shades of the little saxifrage!

The historian begins to feel anxious and to wonder whether his art is viable. He devotes his talents to deploring the fact that he is unable to exercise them. This can be seen in the arts and sciences in their moments of suffocation: a writer discourses in ten volumes on the impossibility of language; a doctor gives a five-year course of lectures to explain that diseases cure themselves. History is now going through one of these phases.

M. Raymond Aron, turning his back on Thucydides and Marx, comes to the conclusion that neither human passions nor economics are capable of explaining the social adventure. 'The sum-total of causes that determine the sum-total of effects,' he remarks bitterly, 'are beyond human understanding.'

M. Baudin of the Institute confesses: 'History is a blank page that men are free to fill in as they please.'

And M. René Grousset exclaims, almost in despair: 'Is what we call history, by which I mean a succession of empires, political revolutions, and dates for the most part sanguinary, really history?

I confess that I do not think so myself, and that when I look at school textbooks I often feel inclined to delete a good quarter of their contents. . . . 'True history is not a matter of shifting frontiers, but the history of civilization. And civilization means on the one hand technical progress, and on the other progress in the things of the mind. I wonder whether political history is not very largely a parasite of history. True history, from the material standpoint, is the history of techniques obscured by political history which overshadows it and usurps not only its rightful place but its very name. But true history is even more the history of man's progress in the spiritual world. The function of humanity is to help spiritual man to escape and find himself - to help man, as the Indians have so well expressed it, to become what he is. There is no doubt that history as it appears to us superficially is nothing but a charnel-house. But if history were nothing more than that, the best we could

do would be to close the book and hope for oblivion in Nirvana. . . . But I would like to think that Buddhism has lied and that history is something more than that.'

The physicist, the biologist, the chemist, the psychologist have all during the last fifty years had plenty of shocks and come up against plenty of umbrageous saxifrages, like the others. But today they do not show the same anxiety. They go on working and advancing. In fact, the sciences are full of an extraordinary vitality. Compare the gossamer-like constructions of a Spengler or a Toynbee with the torrential progress of nuclear physics. History is in a backwater.

There are doubtless several reasons for this, but we incline to think the following may be the true one: Whereas the physicist or the psychoanalyst has resolutely given up thinking that reality is necessarily satisfactory to our reason, and has opted for the reality of the fantastic, the historian is still a believer in the Cartesian system – an attitude not altogether exempt from a certain kind of political pusillanimity.

It is said that nations that are happy have no history. But those that have no historians who are at the same time sharpshooters and poets are more than unhappy: they are asphyxiated and betrayed. By turning his back on the fantastic, the historian is sometimes led into fantastic errors. As a Marxist, he foresees the collapse of the American economy at a time when the United States is at the height of its prosperity and power. As a capitalist, he sees communism spreading through the West only to be confronted with the revolt of Hungary. In the other sciences, however, forecasts as to the future based on present tendencies are more and more successful.

Starting with a millionth of a gramme of plutonium, the nuclear physicist plans a gigantic factory which will function exactly as intended. Starting from a few dreams, Freud brings more light to bear on the human soul than has ever been brought before. The fact is that Freud and Einstein in the early stages did immensely imaginative work. They conceived a 'reality' entirely different from the generally accepted rational view of the nature of things. Starting from this imaginative projection they established a body of facts which experience has proved to be true.

'In the field of science,' said Oppenheimer, 'we learn how vastly strange the world is.' It is our conviction that history will be enriched by this admission of strangeness.

We certainly do not claim to have introduced into historical methods the changes we would like to see. But we think that what follows now may be of some slight service to future historians, whether they accept or reject its implications. In choosing as a subject for investigation an aspect of Hitler's Germany we hope this may suggest a general line of research that could be used for other purposes. We have marked the trees in our path with arrows, but do not claim to have mapped out the whole forest.

We have tried to assemble facts which a 'conventional' historian would reject in anger or in horror. We have turned ourselves for a moment into what Maurice Renard calls: 'Amateurs of the unusual and chroniclers of miracles.' This sort of work is not always very agreeable, but we have consoled ourselves with the reflection that the tetralogy, or study of monsters in which Professor Wolff had distinguished himself, despite the suspicions of the 'rational' scientists, has thrown new light on more than one aspect of biology. We have also been fortified by the example of Charles Fort, the wily American of whom we have already spoken.

Indeed, it is very much in the same spirit as this that we have carried out our researches into the events of recent history, and consequently have thought it worth pointing out that the founder of National-Socialism really believed in the advent of the Superman.

On 25th February, 1957, a frogman was searching for the body of a student drowned in the Devil's Lake in Czechoslovakia. He came to the surface white as a sheet, terrified and unable to utter a word. When he had recovered his speech he declared that he had just seen a phantom array of German soldiers in uniform lying on the bottom of the lake, together with a caravan of chariots and horses in their harness standing upright. . . .

We, too, after a fashion, have plunged into the Devil's Lake. From the records of the Nuremberg Trial, from thousands of books and reviews, and from the testimony of eyewitnesses we have formed a collection of the strangest facts. We have organized our material to fit in with a working hypothesis which, though perhaps scarcely deserving to be termed a theory, has been vividly expressed by a great, but neglected English writer, Arthur Machen: 'There exist in the world around us sacraments for evil as well as for good, and our life and actions are played out in an undreamt of world, full of caverns and shades and twilight beings. . . .'

The human soul loves the light of day. Sometimes it also loves night no less ardently, and such a love can lead men as well as collectivities to perform criminal and disastrous actions in apparent defiance of reason, but which can yet be explained if one looks at them from a certain standpoint. We will enlarge on this later, with a further quotation from Arthur Machen.

In this part of our book our aim has been to provide raw material for an invisible history. We are not the first to do so. John Buchan had already drawn attention to some singular underground currents running beneath historical events. A German entomologist, Margaret Boveri, examining men with the same cold objectivity that she brings to the observation of insects, has written a *History of Treason in the Twentieth Century*, the first volume of which is entitled *Visible History*, and the second *Invisible History*.

But what sort of invisible history is she dealing with? The term is full of pitfalls. The visible side is already so rich and, indeed, up to now so little explored, that one can always find facts that

justify any theory; and there are innumerable ways of explaining history in terms of mysterious activities on the part of Jews, Freemasons, Jesuits, or the International Bank. Such explanations seem to us rudimentary. Moreover, we have always been careful not to confuse what we call fantastic realism with occultism, or the secret main-springs of reality with cheap fiction. (We have noticed, however, that reality is often lacking in dignity and sometimes borders on the romantic, so that we have not been able to eliminate facts merely because they seem to belong to the world of fiction.)

We have therefore admitted facts however bizarre, subject to verification later. Sometimes we have preferred to appear to be in search of the sensational or to allow ourselves to be carried away by our love of everything strange, rather than neglect some incident or event however crazy it may seem. Consequently our study in no way resembles the generally accepted picture of Nazi Germany. That is not our fault. What we had to study was a series of fantastic events. It is not customary, but it is logical to think that behind these events may be hidden some very extraordinary realities. Why should history alone among other modern sciences be privileged to explain all phenomena rationally?

Our picture certainly does not conform to generally accepted ideas on the subject, and it is incomplete. We were determined to sacrifice nothing for the sake of coherence. This attitude, moreover, reflects a quite recent tendency in history, and so does the desire for truth: 'There will be lacunae here and there: the reader will have to conclude that the historian of today has abandoned the old idea that the truth would emerge if all the pieces in the puzzle were put together without leaving any gaps or adding anything. He no longer believes that the ideal work of history is like a beautiful mosaic, smooth and complete; rather he conceives it as a kind of excavation site, with all its apparent chaos where are to be found side by side with objects of doubtful value or mildly evocative relics, real works of art, genuine resurrection from the past.'

The physicist knows that it was the abnormal, exceptional pulsation of energy that led to the discovery of uranium fission, thus opening up unlimited fields for the study of radio-activity. The object of our researches has been the pulsations of the extraordinary.

Lord Russell of Liverpool's book, *The Scourge of the Swastika*, published eleven years after the Allied victory, surprised French readers by its extreme sobriety. Usually in matters of this sort indignation takes the place of explanation.

In this book horrible facts speak for themselves, and its readers discovered that they were still unable to understand such depths of villainy. Expressing this attitude, an eminent specialist wrote in *Le Monde*: 'The question that arises is: How was all that possible in the middle of the twentieth century and in countries considered to be the most civilized in the world?'

It is strange that historians should be asking themselves this essential, fundamental question twelve years after having had access to all conceivable archives. But are they in fact asking it? It is by no means certain. In any case, everything suggests that they have been trying to forget it, as soon as it arises, in deference to established public opinion which finds such a question embarrassing. And so we find the modern historian's contribution to the history of our time is to refuse to write that history. No sooner has he written: 'The question that arises is how etc. . . .' than he hastens to prevent it from being asked; by adding immediately: 'This just shows what men will do when they give way to their unbridled and systematically perverted instincts.'

A strange way to explain the Nazi mystery by looking at it from the standpoint of conventional morality! And yet this is the only explanation put forward, as if there were a vast conspiracy in informed circles to reduce one of the most fantastic episodes of contemporary history to the level of an elementary history lesson on evil instincts. It would appear as if pressure were being brought to bear so as to scale history down to fit the extreme timidity of conventional rationalist thought.

As a young philosopher has pointed out: 'Having failed to denounce between the two wars the pagan frenzy by which the enemy was possessed, the anti-fascists could not foresee the odious consequences that would follow Hitler's victory.'

Those who proclaimed that in Germany we were witnessing the substitution of the Swastika for the Cross and the absolute negation of the Gospels were few and far between, and their warning was scarcely heeded.

We do not entirely accept this view of Hitler as the anti-Christ. We do not believe it provides a complete explanation of the facts. But at any rate it is on the right level, so to speak, from which to judge this extraordinary moment in history.

The problem must be faced. We shall never be safe from Nazism, or rather from certain manifestations of the Satanic spirit which, through the Nazis, cast its dark shadow over the world, until we have roused ourselves to a full awareness of the most fantastic aspects of the Hitlerian adventure.

Somewhere between, on the one hand, the Satanic ambition of which Hitlerism was a tragic caricature, and the kind of angelic Christianity which is also caricatured in certain social conventions; between the temptation to become superhuman and take heaven by storm and the temptation to rely on God or on an idea for our human condition to be transcended; between the rejection and acceptance of transcendancy and between a vocation for good and a vocation for evil (both being equally great and profound and secret) – between, in a word, the violently conflicting impulses of the human soul and those, no doubt, of the collective unconsciousness, tragedies are being enacted of which contemporary historians are not, and even, it would seem, do not wish to be fully aware, as if they were afraid to focus attention on certain documents and

certain interpretations for fear of depriving large sections of the population of their sleep.

And so the historian dealing with Nazi Germany seems unwilling to know what the defeated enemy was really like. And in this he is supported by public opinion. The fact is that if the Allies had known what kind of an enemy it was they had defeated, their conception of the world and of human destiny would have had to have been in proportion to the magnitude of their victory. Let us hope at least that one result has been to prevent criminals and madmen from doing any more harm, and that in the long run goodness always prevails. They were certainly criminals and madmen, but in a way and to a degree that ordinary serious-minded people do not understand. The conventional anti-fascist attitude seems to have been invented by the victors to cover up their moral emptiness. But Nature abhors a vacuum.

Dr. Anthony Laughton, of the Oceanographic Institute, London, sent a camera down to a depth of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles off the coast of Ireland. Photographs taken showed very clearly footprints made by some unknown creature. After the Abominable Snowman, we now have to reckon with the mountain creature's brother, the Abominable Seaman, the unknown inhabitant of the ocean depths. History, for investigators like ourselves, is in a sense not unlike 'an ocean which by our soundings is disturbed'.

Investigating invisible history is a very healthy exercise for the mind, and breaks down one's resistance to improbability which, though natural, has so often been an impediment to knowledge.

In every field we have tried to break down this resistance to improbability, whether it is a question of the motives of men's actions, or of their beliefs or of their achievements. Thus, for example, we have studied certain reports of the occult section of the German Intelligence Service – notably a lengthy report on the magical properties of the bells in the belfries of Oxford which were thought to have prevented bombs from falling on the town. It is undeniable that there is an element of aberration here; but the fact that it affected supposedly intelligent and responsible men, thereby illuminating certain aspects of both visible and invisible history, is equally undeniable.

In our view, events often have causes which have no rational explanation, and the power currents in history can be quite as invisible and no less real than those in a magnetic field.

It is possible to go still further. We have ventured into regions where we hope the historians of the future will follow us and have at their disposal better equipment than we possessed. We have sometimes tried to apply to history the principle of 'non-causal liaisons' recently propounded by the physicist Wolfgang Pauli and the psychologist Jung. It was to this principle that I alluded just now in speaking of coincidences. For Pauli and Jung events in no

way interconnected may have a causeless relationship that may yet be significant on the human level. These are the 'significant coincidences', the 'signs' in which the two thinkers have detected a phenomenon of 'synchronism' which reveals an unsuspected connection between man, time and space and what Claudel has magnificently described as 'the triumph of hazard'.

A patient is lying on a divan in the consulting-room of the psychoanalyst Dr. Jung. She is suffering from a serious nervous disorder, but the analysis is making no progress. The patient, putting up an extremely realistic and ultra-logical defence, is impenetrable to all the doctor's arguments. Once again Jung tries suggestion, persuasion and commands: 'Relax; do not try to understand, but simply tell me about your dreams.'

'I dreamed about a beetle,' she murmured at last.

At that moment, something tapped softly on the window-pane. Jung opened the window, and in came a handsome golden beetle, rustling its wing-cases. . . . Overcome with amazement, the patient at last relaxed, and the analysis could then begin, and was finally crowned with success.

Jung often cites this incident, which actually happened and which sounds like something out of the *Arabian Nights*. In the history of a man, as in history proper, we are inclined to think there are plenty of golden beetles. . . .

The complex theory of 'synchronism', partly based on the observation of such coincidences as these, might perhaps lead to an entirely new conception of history. Our ambition does not go to such lengths; we seek only to draw attention to the fantastic aspects of reality. In this part of our work we have concentrated on research into, and the interpretation of, certain coincidences which seem to us significant, though they may not seem so to others.

In applying our 'fantastic-reality' theory to history, we have adopted a process of selection. Sometimes we have chosen facts of minor importance, but suggestive of some form of aberration, because, up to a certain point, it was in aberration that we were seeking a clue. An irregularity of a few seconds in the movement of the planet Mercury was enough to demolish Newton's theory and justify Einstein's. Similarly, it has seemed to us that some of the facts which we have discovered might make it necessary to revise the bases of Cartesian philosophy.

Can this method be used to forecast the future? Sometimes we dream about this. In *The Man Who was Thursday*, G. K. Chesterton describes a brigade of political police whose speciality was poetry. A crime is forestalled because a policeman understands the meaning of a sonnet. There is a great deal of truth behind Chesterton's whimsicalities. Trends of thought that escape the notice of the trained observer; writings and works to which the sociologist pays scant attention, together with social phenomena that he considers too insignificant or too 'odd' to worry about, are perhaps a surer indication of events to come than the facts that are there for all to

see and the openly expressed opinions and general trend of thinking which cause him serious concern.

The atmosphere of terror under the Nazis, which nobody could foresee, was heralded in the horrible stories of the German writer Hans Heinz Ewers: *The Mandragore* and *In Terror*, who was destined to become the régime's official poet and to write the *Horst Wessel Lied*. It is quite possible that certain books and poems and pictures and statues which are ignored even by critics specializing in these subjects, may give us an exact picture of what the world of tomorrow will be like.

Dante, in the *Divine Comedy*, gives an exact description of the Southern Cross, a constellation which is invisible in the Northern hemisphere and which no traveller in those days could ever have seen.

Swift, in *The Journey to Laputa*, gives the distances and periods of rotation of the two satellites of Mars, unknown at that time.

When the American astronomer, Asaph Hall, discovered them in 1877 and noticed that his calculations corresponded to Swift's indications, he was seized with a sort of panic and named them *Phobos* and *Deimos*: Fear and Terror.*

In 1896, an English author, M. P. Shiel, published a short story in which we read of a band of monstrous criminals ravaging Europe, slaughtering families which they considered were impeding the progress of humanity, and burning their corpses. The story was entitled: *The S.S.*

Goethe said: 'Coming events cast their shadow before', and it may well be that these undercurrents in which the future is reflected may be detected and interpreted, not in events which attract general attention, but in works and human activities which have nothing to do with and are far removed from what we call 'the stream of history'.

There are certain obvious aspects of the fantastic which the historian tries to explain away discreetly and mechanically in the light of cold reason. Germany, when National-Socialism first made its appearance, was the home of the exact sciences. German methods, German logic, and the strictness and integrity of German scientists were universally esteemed. The Herr Professor was occasionally a subject for caricature, but he was generally respected. And yet it was in a society of this kind, rigidly Cartesian, that an incoherent and partially crazy doctrine was introduced and spread like wild-fire, starting from quite insignificant premisses. In the country of Einstein and Planck there was talk of an 'Aryan physique'; in the

* He was also alarmed because the satellites appeared suddenly; bigger telescopes than his own had failed to notice them the night before. The simple explanation is that he was probably the first to study Mars on that particular night. Since the Sputniks, astronomers today are beginning to think that they were perhaps artificial satellites launched on the day that Hall first observed them. - Robert S. Richardson, of the Mount Palomar Observatory, 1954.

homeland of Humboldt and Haeckel racial problems began to be discussed. Such phenomena cannot, in our view, be explained as being due to economic inflation. This would be altogether the wrong background. It seemed to us far more profitable to seek for an explanation in certain strange cults and discredited cosmogonies hitherto neglected by the historians. This neglect is very strange. The cosmogonies and cults of which we are going to speak have benefited in Germany from official protection and encouragement. They have played moreover a relatively important role in political, spiritual, scientific and social spheres, and it is in this setting that we shall gain a better understanding of the drama to be enacted.

We have restricted ourselves to a particular moment in German history. In order to pin-point the fantastic element in contemporary history we could equally well have shown, for example, how Europe was invaded by Asiatic ideas just at the time when European ideas were opening the eyes of the peoples of Asia. Here we have a phenomenon no less disturbing than non-Euclidian space or the paradoxes of the atomic nucleus. The conventional historian, or 'committed' sociologist, cannot, or refuse to take notice of these profound currents which do not conform to what they call the 'stream of history'. They continue imperturbably to predict and to analyse a kind of future for the human race which has no resemblance either to humanity itself or to the mysterious, but visible signs which men exchange with time, space and destiny.

'Love,' said Jacques Chardonne, 'is much more than love.' In the course of our researches we have acquired the conviction that history is much more than history. This acts like a tonic. In spite of the increasing oppressiveness of social phenomena and the ever-growing threat on all sides to human dignity, we believe that here and there humanity is still lighting torches of knowledge and understanding which show no signs of diminishing. Although the corridors of history are apparently becoming more and more narrow, we are convinced that man has not yet lost in them the thread which links him with the immensity outside. These metaphors are reminiscent of Victor Hugo, but they express very well what we have in mind. We have acquired this conviction and feeling of certainty by immersing ourselves in reality. It is in its deepest strata that reality becomes fantastic, and, in a sense, merciful.

'And though the sullen engines swing,
Be you not much afraid, my friend. . . .

And when the pedants bade us mark
What cold mechanic happenings
Must come; our souls said in the dark
'Belike; but there are likelier things'.*'

* G. K. Chesterton: (Preface to *Napoleon of Notting Hill*).

II

In the Tribune des Nations the Devil and madness are refused recognition – Yet there are rivalries between deities – The Germans and Atlantis – Magic socialism – A secret religion and a secret Order – An expedition to hidden regions – The first guide will be a poet

In an article in the *Tribune des Nations* a French historian gives an example of the low intellectual standard of most writing about Hitlerism. In his analysis of the book *Hitler Unmasked*, by Dr. Otto Dietrich, who was for twelve years the Führer's chief Press officer, M. Pierre Cazenave writes as follows:

‘... However, Dr. Dietrich is too easily satisfied with a word he often repeats and which, in our positivist age, is inadequate to explain Hitler. “Hitler,” he says, “was a demoniac possessed by nationalist ideas to the point of madness.” What does he mean by “demoniac”? And why “madness”? In the Middle Ages Hitler would have been described as a man “possessed”. But today? Either the word “demoniac” means nothing, or else it means possessed by a demon. But what is a demon? Does Dr. Dietrich believe in the existence of the Devil? We must be clear about this. I, personally, am not satisfied with the word “demoniac”. Nor with the word “madness”, which suggests mental disorder. ... That Hitler was a psychopath, even a paranoiac, is not disputed; but psychopaths and even paranoiacs are to be found everywhere. But this is hardly the same thing as a more or less recognized form of madness which, after being diagnosed as such, would lead to the internment of the afflicted person. In other words: Was Hitler responsible? In my opinion, Yes. And that is why I reject the word “madness” just as I cannot accept the term “demoniac”, demonology as I see it, having no longer any meaning, apart from being an historical curiosity.’

We are not satisfied either with Dr. Dietrich's explanation. The destiny of Hitler and the adventure under his leadership of a great modern nation could not be wholly accounted for in terms of madness and demoniac possession. But that does not mean that we are satisfied with the criticisms voiced by the historian of the *Tribune des Nations*. Hitler, he assures us, was not clinically mad. And the Devil does not exist. Therefore the notion of responsibility must be retained. True. Our historian, however, seems to attribute magic properties to this notion of responsibility. No sooner has he evoked it than the whole fantastic Hitlerian adventure seems quite clear to him and reduced to the proportions of the positivist age in which he pretends we are living. Such an approach is quite as unreasonable as that of Otto Dietrich. The fact is, the term ‘responsibility’ in our language is a transposition of what the tribunals of the Middle Ages understood by ‘possession by the Devil’, as can be seen in the great political trials of modern times.

If Hitler were neither mad nor possessed – which is quite possible – the history of Nazism would still be inexplicable by the standards of a ‘positivist age’. Psychology in depth has shown that a man's apparently rational actions are in reality governed by forces of which he himself knows nothing, or which are closely linked with a symbolism having nothing in common with ordinary everyday logic. We know, too, not that the Devil does not exist, but that he is something other than the creature of the medieval man's imagination. In the history of Hitlerism, or rather in certain aspects of this history, everything happens as if the whole conception on which it was based has baffled the ordinary historian so that, if we want to understand, we shall have to abandon our positive way of looking at things and try to enter a Universe where Cartesian reason and reality are no longer valid.

We have been concerned to describe these aspects of Hitlerism because, as M. Marcel Ray pointed out in 1939, the war that Hitler imposed on the world was a ‘Manichaean war’, or as the Bible says, ‘a struggle between gods’. It is not, of course, a question of a struggle between Fascism and Democracy, or between a liberal and an authoritarian conception of society. That is the exoteric side of the conflict; but there is an esoteric side as well.*

This struggle between gods, which has been going on behind visible events, is not yet over on this planet, but the formidable progress in human knowledge made in the last few years is about to give it another form. Now that the gates of knowledge are beginning to open on to the infinite, it is important to understand what this struggle is about. If we consciously want to be men of today, that is to say, the contemporaries of tomorrow, we must have an exact and clear picture of the moment when the fantastic first invaded the realm of reality. This is what we are now going to examine.

‘At bottom,’ said Rauschning, ‘every German has one foot in Atlantis, where he seeks a better Fatherland and a better patrimony. This double nature of the Germans, this faculty they have of splitting their personality which enables them to live in the real world and at the same time to project themselves into an imaginary world, is especially noticeable in Hitler and provides the key to his magic socialism.’

And Rauschning in an attempt to explain the rise to power of this ‘high priest of a secret religion’, tried to convince himself that several times in history ‘whole nations have fallen into a state of

* C. S. Lewis, Professor of Theology at Oxford, announced in 1937, in one of his symbolic novels: *The Silence of the Earth*, the beginning of a war for the possession of the human soul of which a terrible war on the material plane was only the external form. He returned to this idea again in two other works: *Perelandra* and *That Hideous Strength*. Lewis's last book is entitled: *Till We Have Faces*, and it is in this great poetical and prophetic story that we find the admirable phrase: ‘The gods will not speak to us face to face until we ourselves have a face.’

inexplicable agitation. They follow the flagellants' procession, or are seized by St. Vitus's Dance. . . . National-Socialism is the St. Vitus's Dance of the twentieth century.'

But where does this strange malady come from? To this question he failed to find a satisfactory answer. 'Its deepest roots are hidden in secret places.'

It is these secret places that we feel we ought to explore. And it is not a historian, but a poet who will be our guide.

III

P. J. Toulet and Arthur Machen - A great neglected genius - A Robinson Crusoe of the soul - The story of the angels at Mons - The life, adventures and misfortunes of Arthur Machen - How we discovered an English secret society - A Nobel Prize-winner in a black mask - The Golden Dawn and its members

'Two men who have read Paul-Jean Toulet and who meet (probably in a bar) imagine that that means they belong to an aristocracy.' Toulet himself wrote that. It happens sometimes that important things are suspended on a pin's head. It is thanks to a minor but charming writer, unknown despite the efforts of a few admirers, that I first heard the name of Arthur Machen, practically unknown in France.

After some study, we discovered that Machen's works (there are some thirty volumes in all*) are, from a 'spiritual' point of view, more important than those of H. G. Wells.

Machen himself was conscious of this: 'The Mr. Wells you speak of is certainly a very clever man. I even believed for a time that he was more than that.' - Letter to P. J. Toulet, 1899.

Pursuing our researches on Machen, we discovered an English Society of Initiates with a very distinguished membership. This society, to which Machen was indebted for an experience that had a decisive influence on his inner development and which was a great source of inspiration, is unknown even to specialists. Finally, some of Machen's writings, in particular the text we shall be quoting, throw into clear relief an uncommon notion of the nature of Evil, which is quite indispensable for an understanding of those aspects of contemporary history we are examining in this part of our book. Before entering into the heart of our subject we would therefore like to say a few words about this curious man, beginning with a little literary digression concerning a minor Parisian author,

* *The Anatomy of Tobacco* (1884), *The Great God Pan* (1895), *The House of Souls* (1906), *The Hill of Dreams* (1907), *The Great Return* (1915), *The Bowmen* (1915), *The Terror* (1917), *The Secret Glory* (1922), *Strange Roads* (1923), *The London Adventure* (1924), *The Carning Wonder* (1926), *The Green Round* (1933), *Holy Terrors* (1946), and posth. *Tales of Horror and the Supernatural* (1948).

P. J. Toulet, and ending with a vision of a great subterranean gateway behind which lie, still smoking, the remains of the martyrs and the ruins of the Nazi tragedy which disrupted the whole world. The paths of 'fantastic realism', as we shall see once again, do not resemble the ordinary paths of knowledge.

In November 1897 a friend, 'somewhat given to the occult sciences', brought to the notice of Paul-Jean Toulet a novel by an unknown thirty-four-year-old author entitled *The Great God Pan*. This book, which evokes a primitive pagan world, not entirely submerged but still cautiously surviving and occasionally releasing among us its God of Evil and his cloven-hoofed angels, made a profound impression on Toulet and started him on his literary career. He began translating *The Great God Pan* and, borrowing from Machen his nightmarish décor with the Great Pan lurking in the thickets of our countryside, wrote his first novel: *Monsieur du Paur, homme public*.

Monsieur du Paur was published towards the end of 1898, and met with no success. It is not an important work, and might never have been heard of had not M. Henri Martineau, a great Stendhalian and a friend of Toulet, taken it upon himself, twenty years later, to republish the book at his own expense in the *Editions du Divan*. M. Martineau was determined to show that *Monsieur du Paur* was inspired by Machen's book, but was nevertheless an original work, so that it was through him that the attention of a few literary people was drawn to Arthur Machen and his *Great God Pan* and some correspondence between Toulet and Machen was brought to light.*

So far as Machen and his genius was concerned the whole episode was just one of Toulet's early literary attachments.

In February 1899 Toulet, who had been trying for a year to get his translation of *The Great God Pan* published, received from its author the following letter, written in French:

'Dear Colleague,

So there is nothing to be done with *The Great God Pan* in Paris? If that is the case, I am really disappointed - for the book, of course, but especially on account of my French readers: I had hoped that if they tasted *The Great God Pan* in its French dress and found it to their liking, I should then perhaps have found my public! Here, I can do nothing. I go on writing all the time, but it's absolutely as if I were writing in a monastic scriptorium in the Middle Ages; that is to say, my works remain eternally in the purgatory of the unpublished. I have in my drawer a little volume of short stories which I have called *Ornaments in Jade*. "Your little book is charming," writes a publisher, "but is quite impossible." There is also a novel of some 65,000 words, *The Garden of Avalonius*. "Artistically," says my good

* Henri Martineau: *Arthur Machen et Toulet, correspondance inédite. Mercure de France* No. 4, January 1938.

publisher, "it is *sine peccato*, but our British public would find it shocking." At the moment I am working at a book which, I'm sure, will never leave the same Devil's Island! You will, no doubt, my dear colleague, find something very tragic (or, rather, tragi-comical) in these adventures of an English writer; but, as I said, I had high hopes of your translation of my first book.'

In the end, *The Great God Pan* was published in the review *La Plume* in 1901, but attracted no notice at all.*

Maeterlinck alone was impressed by it: 'All my thanks for the revelation of this fine and singular work. It is, I believe, the first time an attempt has been made to combine the traditional, or diabolical brand of Fantasy with the new, scientific kind, and that such a mixture has produced the most disturbing work I have ever come across, for it appeals at the same time to our memories of the past and our hopes in the future.'

Arthur Machen was born in 1863 in the small Welsh village of Caerleon-upon-Usk, which was the seat of King Arthur's court whence the Knights of the Round Table departed in search of the Holy Grail. When one learns that Himmler in the middle of the war organized an expedition to find the Grail (we shall return to this later) and at the same time, with a view to elucidating secret Nazi history, discovers not only a work by Machen, but that he was actually born in this village, the cradle of Wagnerian themes, then once again one can only repeat that, for those with eyes to see, coincidences are clad in shining light.

Machen went to live in London as a young man, and found it terrifying, as did Lovecraft in New York. After working for a few months in a bookshop and later as a schoolmaster, he realized that he could not earn his living in the ordinary way. He started to write in a state of extreme poverty and complete lassitude. For a long time he earned a living by translations: Casanova's *Memoires* in twelve volumes for thirty shillings a week for two years. On the death of his father, a clergyman, he inherited a little money, and, provided with the necessities of life for a short time, continued his work with the growing conviction that 'an immense gulf separated him from other men', and that he would have to enter more and more deeply into this life of a 'Robinson Crusoe of the soul'.

His first fantastic stories were published in 1895. These were *The Great God Pan* and *The Inmost Light*. In them he declares that the Great Pan is not dead, and that the forces of evil, in the magical sense of the word, are always lying in wait for certain individuals, ready to spirit them away to the other side of the world. In the same order of ideas he published the following year *The White Powder*, (considered along with *The Secret Glory*, written when he was sixty, to be his most powerful work).

At the age of thirty-six, after twelve years of happiness, he lost his wife: 'We hadn't spent twelve hours apart during all those years,

* Republished in 1938 by Emile Paul, with a preface by Henri Martineau, it is the only book of Machen's that has appeared in France.

so you can imagine how I suffered, and still suffer every day. The only reason why I would like to see my manuscripts in print is so that I could dedicate each one of them to her with these words: *Auctoris Anima ad Dominam*.' But he continues to live in poverty, neglected and broken-hearted.

At the end of three years, at the age of thirty-nine, he gives up literature and becomes a travelling actor.

'You say you haven't much courage,' he wrote to Toulet; 'I haven't any at all. So little that I have given up writing and probably will never write again. I have become an actor, and am now on the stage playing in *Coriolanus*.'

He toured all over England with Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean company, then joined the St. James's Theatre. Shortly before the 1914 War, having been obliged to give up acting, he took up journalism in order to earn a living.

In the tumult of Fleet Street, among his busy fellow-workers, his strange appearance and slow and polished manners of a man of letters sometimes aroused smiles.

For Machen, as is apparent in all his works, 'man is made of mystery and exists for mysteries and visions.' Reality is the supernatural. The external world can teach us little, unless we look upon it as a reservoir of symbols and hidden meanings. The only works which have some chance of being real and serving some useful purpose are works of imagination produced by a mind in search of eternal verities. As the critic Philip van Doren Stern has pointed out: 'The fantastic stories of Arthur Machen perhaps contain more essential truths than all the graphs and statistics in the world.'

It was a strange adventure that brought Machen back to literature. It made his name famous in a few weeks, and the shock this gave him decided him to devote the rest of his life to writing.

He found journalism irksome, and no longer wanted to write for his own satisfaction. War had just broken out. There was a demand for 'heroic' literature. This was hardly his line. The *Evening News*, however, asked him for a story. He wrote it straight off, but in his own individual style, calling it *The Bowmen*. The newspaper published this story on 29th September, 1914, the day after the retreat from Mons. Machen had imagined an incident in this battle: St. George in shining armour, at the head of his angels in the guise of the old archers of the battle of Agincourt, comes to the rescue of the British Army.

The next thing that happened was that scores of soldiers wrote into the newspaper to say that this Mr. Machen had invented nothing. They had seen with their own eyes on the Mons front the angels of St. George mingling in their ranks. This they could swear to on their honour. Many of these letters were published. England, anxious for a miracle in her hour of peril, was profoundly stirred. Machen had been hurt when no notice was taken of him when he had tried to reveal the secrets of reality. Now, with a cheap kind of fantasy, he had aroused the whole country. Or could it be that

hidden forces rose up, in one form or another, summoned by his imagination that had so often been concerned with essential truths and was now, perhaps unconsciously, at work deep down within him? Dozens of times Machen insisted in the Press that his story was pure invention. No one ever believed it. Right up to his death, thirty years later, Machen, now an old man, often reverted in conversation to this fantastic story of the Angels of Mons.

Despite this sudden celebrity, the book he wrote in 1915 had no success. This was *The Great Return*, a meditation on the Grail. Then came, in 1922, *The Secret Glory*, a criticism of the modern world in the light of religious experience. At the age of sixty he began an original autobiography in three volumes.

In 1943 (he was then eighty years old) Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm and T. S. Eliot formed a committee to raise funds which would save him from ending his life in a workhouse. He was able to end his days in peace, in a little house in Buckinghamshire, where he died in 1947.* He had always been enchanted by a saying of Murger. In *La Vie de Bohème* Marcel, the painter, did not even possess a bed. 'Then where do you rest?' asked his landlord. 'Sir,' replied Marcel, 'I rest on Providence.'

About the year 1880, in France, in England and in Germany some secret societies of Initiates and members of hermetic orders were founded to which a number of very influential people belonged. The story of this mystical post-romantic crisis has not yet been written. It deserves to be, as it might throw light upon the origin of several important trends of thought which have determined certain political tendencies.

In two letters written by Arthur Machen to Toulet we find the following remarkable passages. In the first, written in 1899, he says: 'When I was writing *Pan* and *The White Powder* I did not believe that such strange things had ever happened in real life, or could ever have happened. Since then, and quite recently, I have had certain experiences in my own life which have entirely changed my point of view in these matters. . . . Henceforward I am quite convinced that nothing is impossible on this Earth. I need scarcely add, I suppose, that none of the experiences I have had has any connection whatever with such impostures as spiritualism or theosophy. But I believe that we are living in a world of the greatest mystery full of unsuspected and quite astonishing things.'

In 1900 he wrote as follows: 'It may amuse you to know that I

* In England Mr. Paul Jordan Smith praised him in a chapter of his book: *On Strange Altars* (London, 1923). Henri Martineau informs us that in America a little coterie of his admirers was formed about 1925, and that a good many articles were written about him at that time. As early as 1918 Mr. Vincent Starett had written a book about him: *Arthur Machen, a Novelist of Ecstasy and Sin* (Chicago). After his death another book, by W. F. Gekle, was published: *Arthur Machen, Weaver of Fantasy* (New York).

sent a copy of my *Great God Pan* to an adept, an advanced "occultist" whom I met in secret, and this is what he wrote me: "The book amply proves that by thought and meditation rather than through reading, you have attained a certain degree of initiation independently of orders or organizations."

Who was this 'adept'? And what were Machen's 'experiences'?

In another letter, after Toulet had been to London, he wrote: 'Mr. Waite, who likes you very much, asks me to send you his best regards.'

We were interested to learn the name of this friend of Machen and to discover that he was one of the best authorities on alchemy and a Rosicrucian specialist.

We had reached this point in our researches into the intellectual interests of Arthur Machen, when a friend revealed to us the existence in England, at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century, of a secret 'initiatory' society of Rosicrucian inspiration.*

This society was called the *Golden Dawn*, and its members included some of the most brilliant minds in the country. Arthur Machen was himself a member.

The *Golden Dawn*, founded in 1887, was an offshoot of the English Rosicrucian Society created twenty years earlier by Robert Wentworth Little, and consisted largely of leading Freemasons. The latter society had about 144 members, including Bulwer-Lytton, author of *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

The *Golden Dawn*, with a smaller membership, was formed for the practise of ceremonial magic and the acquisition of initiatory knowledge and powers. Its leaders were Woodman, Mathers and Wynn Westcott (the 'occultist' mentioned by Toulet in his letter of 1900).

It was in contact with similar German societies, some of whose members were later associated with Rudolf Steiner's famous anthroposophical movement and other influential sects during the pre-Nazi period. Later on it came under the leadership of Aleister Crowley, an altogether extraordinary man who was certainly one of the greatest exponents of the neo-paganism whose development in Germany we have noted.

S. L. Mathers, after the death of Woodman and the resignation of Westcott, was the Grand Master of the *Golden Dawn*, which he directed for some time from Paris, where he had just married Henri Bergson's daughter.

Mathers was succeeded in his office by the celebrated poet W. B. Yeats, who was later to become a Nobel Prize-winner.

Yeats took the name of '*Frère Démon est Deus Inversus*'. He used to preside over the meetings dressed in a kilt, wearing a black mask and a golden dagger in his belt.

Arthur Machen took the name of '*Filus Aquarti*'. The *Golden Dawn* had one woman member: Florence Farr, Director of the

* See Nos. 2 and 3 of the review *La Tour Saint-Jacques*, 1956: 'L'ordre hermétique de la Golden Dawn' by Pierre Victor.

Abbey Theatre and an intimate friend of Bernard Shaw. Other members included: Algernon Blackwood, Bram Stoker (the author of *Dracula*), Sax Rohmer, Peck, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, the celebrated engineer Allan Bennett, and Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy. It seems that on these exceptional people the *Golden Dawn* exercised a lasting influence, and they themselves admitted that their outlook on the world was changed, while the activities they indulged in never failed to prove both efficacious and uplifting.

IV

A hollow Earth, a frozen world, a New Man – 'We are the enemies of the mind and spirit' – Against Nature and against God – The Vril Society – The race which will supplant us – Haushofer and the Vril – The idea of the mutation of man – The 'Unknown Superman' – Mathers, chief of the Golden Dawn meets the 'Great Terrorists' – Hitler claims to have met them too – An hallucination or a real presence? – A door opening on to something other – A prophecy of René Guénon – The Nazis' enemy No. 1: Steiner

THE Earth is hollow. We are living inside it. The stars are blocks of ice. Several Moons have already fallen on the Earth. The whole history of humanity is contained in the struggle between ice and fire.

Man is not finished. He is on the brink of a formidable mutation which will confer on him the powers the ancients attributed to the gods. A few specimens of the New Man exist in the world, who have perhaps come here from beyond the frontiers of time and space.

Alliances could be formed with the Master of the World or the King of Fear who reigns over a city hidden somewhere in the East. Those who conclude a pact will change the surface of the Earth and endow the human adventure with a new meaning for many thousands of years.

Such are the 'scientific' theories and 'religious' conceptions on which Nazism was originally based and in which Hitler and the members of his group believed – theories which, to a large extent, have dominated social and political trends in recent history. This may seem extravagant. Any explanation, even partial, of contemporary history based on ideas and beliefs of this kind may seem repugnant. In our view, nothing is repugnant that is in the interests of the truth.

It is well known that the Nazi party was openly, and even flamboyantly anti-intellectual; that it burnt books and relegated the theoretical physicists among its 'Judaean-Marxist' enemies. Less is known about the reasons which led it to reject official Western science, and still less with regard to the basic conception of the nature of man on which Nazism was founded – at any rate in the

minds of some of its leaders. If we knew this it would be easier to place the last World War within the category of great spiritual conflicts: history animated once again by the spirit of *La Légende des Siècles*.

Hitler used to say: 'We are often abused for being the enemies of the mind and spirit. Well, that is what we are, but in a far deeper sense than bourgeois science, in its idiotic pride, could ever imagine.'

This is very like what Gurdjieff said to his disciple Ouspensky after having condemned science: 'My way is to develop the hidden potentialities of man; a way that is against Nature and against God.'

This idea of the hidden potentialities of Man is fundamental. It often leads to the rejection of science and a disdain for ordinary human beings. On this level very few men really exist. To be, means to be something different. The ordinary man, 'natural' man is nothing but a worm, and the Christians' God nothing but a guardian for worms.

Dr. Willy Ley, one of the world's greatest rocket experts, fled from Germany in 1933. It was from him that we learned of the existence in Berlin shortly before the Nazis came to power, of a little spiritual community that is of great interest to us.

This secret community was founded, literally, on Bulwer Lytton's novel *The Coming Race*. The book describes a race of men psychically far in advance of ours. They have acquired powers over themselves and over things that make them almost godlike. For the moment they are in hiding. They live in caves in the centre of the Earth. Soon they will emerge to reign over us.

This appears to be as much as Dr. Ley could tell us. He added with a smile that the disciples believed they had secret knowledge that would enable them to change their race and become the equals of the men hidden in the bowels of the Earth. Methods of concentration, a whole system of internal gymnastics by which they would be transformed. They began their exercises by staring fixedly at an apple cut in half. . . . We continued our researches.

This Berlin group called itself *The Luminous Lodge*, or *The Vril Society*. The *vril** is the enormous energy of which we only use a minute proportion in our daily life, the nerve-centre of our potential divinity. Whoever becomes master of the *vril* will be the master of himself, of others round him and of the world.

This should be the only object of our desires, and all our efforts should be directed to that end. All the rest belongs to official psychology, morality, and religions and is worthless.

The world will change: the Lords will emerge from the centre of the Earth. Unless we have made an alliance with them and become Lords ourselves, we shall find ourselves among the slaves, on the dung-heap that will nourish the roots of the New Cities that will arise.

The *Luminous Lodge* had associations with the theosophical and

* The notion of the '*vril*' is mentioned for the first time in the works of the French writer Jacolliot, French Consul in Calcutta under the Second Empire.

Rosicrucian groups. According to Jack Fishman, author of a curious book entitled *The Seven Men of Spandau*, Karl Haushofer was a member of this lodge. We shall have more to say about him later, when it will be seen that his association with this Vril Society helps to explain certain things.

The reader will recall that the writer, Arthur Machen, we discovered was connected with an English society of Initiates, the *Golden Dawn*. This neo-pagan society, which had a distinguished membership, was an offshoot of the English Rosicrucian Society, founded by Wentworth Little in 1867. Little was in contact with the German Rosicrucians. He recruited his followers, to the number of 144, from the ranks of the higher-ranking Freemasons. One of his disciples was Bulwer Lytton.

Bulwer Lytton, a learned man of genius, celebrated throughout the world for his novel *The Last Days of Pompeii*, little thought that one of his books, in some ten years' time, would inspire a mystical pre-Nazi group in Germany. Yet in works like *The Coming Race* or *Zanoni*, he set out to emphasize the realities of the spiritual world, and more especially, the infernal world. He considered himself an Initiate. Through his romantic works of fiction he expressed the conviction that there are beings endowed with superhuman powers. These beings will supplant us and bring about a formidable mutation in the elect of the human race.

We must beware of this notion of a mutation. It crops up again with Hitler, and is not yet extinct today.*

We must also beware of the notion of the 'Unknown Supermen'. It is found in all the 'black' mystical writings both in the West and in the East. Whether they live under the Earth or came from other planets, whether in the form of giants like those which are said to lie encased in cloth of gold in the crypts of Thibetan monasteries, or of shapeless and terrifying beings such as Lovecraft describes, do these 'Unknown Supermen', evoked in pagan and Satanic rites, actually exist? When Machen speaks of the World of Evil, 'full of caverns and crepuscular beings dwelling therein', he is referring, as an adept of the *Golden Dawn*, to that other world in which man comes into contact with the 'Unknown Supermen'. It seems certain that Hitler shared this belief, and even claimed to have been in touch with these 'Supermen'.

We have already mentioned the *Golden Dawn* and the German Vril Society. We shall have something to say later about the *Thule* Group. We are not so foolish as to try to explain history in the light of secret societies. What we shall see, curiously enough,

* Hitler's aim was neither the founding of a race of supermen, nor the conquest of the world; these were only means towards the realization of the great work he dreamed of. His real aim was to perform an act of creation, a divine operation, the goal of a biological mutation which would result in an unprecedented exaltation of the human race and the 'apparition of a new race of heroes and demi-gods and god-men.' (Dr. Achille Delmas.)

is that it all 'ties up', and that with the coming of Nazism it was the 'other world' which ruled over us for a number of years. That world has been defeated, but it is not dead, either on the Rhine or elsewhere. And there is nothing alarming about it: only our ignorance is alarming.

We pointed out that Samuel Mathers was the founder of the *Golden Dawn*. Mathers claimed to be in communication with these 'Unknown Supermen' and to have established contact with them in the company of his wife, the sister of Henri Bergson. Here follows a page of the manifesto addressed to 'Members of the Second Order' in 1896:

'As to the Secret Chiefs with whom I am in touch and from whom I have received the wisdom of the Second Order which I communicated to you, I can tell you nothing. I do not even know their Earthly names, and I have very seldom seen them in their physical bodies. . . . They used to meet me physically at a time and place fixed in advance. For my part, I believe they are human beings living on this Earth, but possessed of terrible and superhuman powers. . . . My physical encounters with them have shown me how difficult it is for a mortal, however "advanced", to support their presence. . . . I do not mean that during my rare meetings with them I experienced the same feeling of intense physical depression that accompanies the loss of magnetism. On the contrary, I felt I was in contact with a force so terrible that I can only compare it to the shock one would receive from being near a flash of lightning during a great thunder-storm, experiencing at the same time great difficulty in breathing. . . . The nervous prostration I spoke of was accompanied by cold sweats and bleeding from the nose, mouth and sometimes the ears.'

Hitler was talking one day to Rauschnig, the Governor of Danzig, about the problem of a mutation of the human race. Rauschnig, not possessing the key to such strange preoccupations, interpreted Hitler's remarks in terms of a stock-breeder interested in the amelioration of German blood.

'But all you can do,' he replied, 'is to assist Nature and shorten the road to be followed! It is Nature herself who must create for you a new species. Up till now the breeder has only rarely succeeded in developing mutations in animals - that is to say, creating himself new characteristics.'

'The new man is living amongst us now! He is here!' exclaimed Hitler, triumphantly. 'Isn't that enough for you? I will tell you a secret. I have seen the new man. He is intrepid and cruel. I was afraid of him.'

'In uttering these words,' added Rauschnig, 'Hitler was trembling in a kind of ecstasy.'

It was Rauschnig, too, who related the following strange episode, about which Dr. Achille Delmas, a specialist in applied psychology, questioned him in vain: It is true that in a case like this psychology does not apply:

'A person close to Hitler told me that he wakes up in the night

screaming and in convulsions. He calls for help, and appears to be half paralysed. He is seized with a panic that makes him tremble until the bed shakes. He utters confused and unintelligible sounds, gasping, as if on the point of suffocation. The same person described to me one of these fits, with details that I would refuse to believe had I not complete confidence in my informant.

'Hitler was standing up in his room, swaying and looking all round him as if he were lost. "It's he, it's he," he groaned; "he's come for me!" His lips were white; he was sweating profusely. Suddenly he uttered a string of meaningless figures, then words and scraps of sentences. It was terrifying. He used strange expressions strung together in bizarre disorder. Then he relapsed again into silence, but his lips still continued to move. He was then given a friction and something to drink. Then suddenly he screamed: "There! there! Over in the corner! He is there!" - all the time stamping with his feet and shouting. To quieten him he was assured that nothing extraordinary had happened, and finally he gradually calmed down. After that he slept for a long time and became normal again. . . .'*

We leave it to the reader to compare the statement of Mathers, head of a small neo-pagan society at the end of the nineteenth century, and the utterances of a man who, at the time Rauschnig recorded them, was preparing to launch the world into an adventure which caused the death of twenty million men. We beg him not to ignore this comparison and the lesson to be drawn from it on the grounds that the *Golden Dawn* and Nazism, in the eyes of a 'reasonable' historian, have nothing in common. The historian may be reasonable, but history is not. These two men shared the same beliefs: their fundamental experiences were the same, and they were guided by the same force. They belong to the same trend of thought and to the same religion. This religion has never up to now been seriously studied. Neither the Church nor the Rationalists - that other Church - have ever allowed it. We are now entering an epoch in the history of knowledge when such studies will become possible because now that reality is revealing its fantastic side, ideas and techniques which seem abnormal, contemptible or repellent will be found useful in so far as they enable us to understand a 'reality' that becomes more and more disquieting.

We are not suggesting that the reader should study an affiliation Rosy Cross-Bulwer Lytton-Little-Mathers-Crowley-Hitler, or any similar association which would include also Mme Blavatsky and Gurdjieff. Looking for affiliations is a game, like looking for 'influences' in literature; when the game is over, the problem is still there. In literature it's a question of genius; in history, of power.

The *Golden Dawn* is not enough to explain the *Thule* Group, or the *Luminous Lodge*, the *Ahnenherbe*. Naturally there are cross-

* Hermann Rauschnig: *Hitler m'a dit*. Ed. Co-operation, Paris, 1939. Dr. Achille Delmas: *Hitler, essai de biographie psycho-pathologique*. Lib. Marcel Rivimere, Paris, 1946.

currents and secret or apparent links between the various groups, which we shall not fail to point out. Like all 'little' history, that is an absorbing pastime. But our concern is with 'big' history.

We believe that these societies, great or small, related or unrelated, with or without ramifications, are manifestations, more or less apparent and more or less important, of a world other than the one in which we live. Let us call it the world of Evil, in Machen's sense of the word. The truth is, we know just as little about the world of Good. We are living between two worlds, and pretending that this 'no-man's-land' is identical with our whole planet. The rise of Nazism was one of those rare moments in the history of our civilization, when a door was noisily and ostentatiously opened on to something 'Other'. What is strange is that people pretend not to have seen or heard anything apart from the sights and sounds inseparable from war and political strife.

All these movements: the modern Rosy-Cross, *Golden Dawn*, the German Vril Society (which will bring us to the *Thule* Group where we shall find Haushofer, Hess and Hitler) were more or less closely associated with the powerful and well organized Theosophical Society. Theosophy added to neo-pagan magic an oriental setting and a Hindu terminology. Or, rather, it provided a link between a certain oriental Satanism and the West.

Theosophy was the name finally given to the whole vast renaissance in the world of magic that affected many thinkers so profoundly at the beginning of the century.

In his study *Le Théosophisme, histoire d'une pseudo-religion*, published in 1921, the philosopher René Guénon foresaw what was likely to occur. He realized the dangers lurking behind theosophy and the neo-pagan Initiatory groups that were more or less connected with Mme Blavatsky and her sect.

This is what he wrote:

'The false Messiahs we have seen so far have only performed very inferior miracles, and their disciples were probably not very difficult to convert. But who knows what the future has in store? When you reflect that these false Messiahs have never been anything but the more or less unconscious tools of those who conjured them up, and when one thinks more particularly of the series of attempts made in succession by the theosophists, one is forced to the conclusion that these were only trials, experiments as it were, which will be renewed in various forms until success is achieved, and which in the meantime invariably produce a somewhat disquieting effect. Not that we believe that the theosophists, any more than the occultists and the spiritualists, are strong enough by themselves to carry out successfully an enterprise of this nature. But might there not be, behind all these movements, something far more dangerous which their leaders perhaps know nothing about, being themselves in turn the unconscious tools of a higher power?'

It was at this time, too, that that extraordinary personage, Rudolf Steiner, founded in Switzerland a research society based on the idea

that the entire Universe is contained in the human mind, and that this mind is capable of activities outside the scope or range of official psychology. It is a fact that some of Steiner's discoveries in biology (fertilizers that do not harm the soil), medicine (use of metals that affect metabolism) and especially in pedagogy (there are numerous Rudolf Steiner schools in Europe today) have rendered considerable service to humanity. Steiner thought that there are both black and white forms of 'magic', and believed that theosophism and the various neo-pagan societies sprang from the great subterranean world of Evil and heralded the coming of a Satanic, or demoniac age. In his own teaching he was careful to embody a moral doctrine binding the 'initiates' to work only for good. He wanted to create a society of 'do-gooders'.

We are not concerned with the question whether Steiner was right or wrong. What does seem to us very striking is that the Nazis from the beginning seem to have looked upon Steiner as Enemy No. 1.

From the very beginning the Nazis' armed gangs broke up meetings of Steiner's followers by force, threatened his disciples with death, forced them to flee from Germany and, in 1924, burned down the Rudolf Steiner centre at Dornach in Switzerland. The archives were destroyed, Steiner was unable to continue his works and died of grief a year later.

Up till now we have been describing the first signs of the approach of Hitlerism. We are now about to enter into the heart of our subject. Two theories were current in Nazi Germany: the theory of the frozen world, and the theory of the hollow Earth.

These constitute two explanations of the world and humanity which link up with tradition, are in line with mythology and in keeping with some of the 'truths' proclaimed by groups of Initiates, from the theosophists to Gurdjieff. Moreover, these theories have had the backing of important politico-scientific circles, and almost succeeded in banishing from Germany what we call modern science. A great many people came under their influence; they even affected some of Hitler's military decisions, influenced the course of the war and doubtless contributed to the final catastrophe. It was through his enslavement to these theories, and especially the notion of the sacrificial deluge, that Hitler wished to condemn the entire German race to annihilation.

We do not know why these theories, which have been so strongly proclaimed and held by scores of men, including some superior intellects, and which have called for great sacrifices, both human and material, have not yet been studied in our countries and to this day are still unknown.

Here are some of them, together with their origin, history, applications and posterity.

V

An ultimatum for the scientists - The prophet Horbiger, a twentieth-century Copernicus - The theory of the frozen world - History of the solar system - The end of the world - The Earth and its four Moons - Apparition of the giants - Moons, giants and men - The civilization of Atlantis - The five cities 300,000 years old - From Tiahuanaco to Thibet - The second Atlantis - The Deluge - Degeneration and Christianity - We are approaching another era - The law of ice and fire

ONE summer morning in 1925 the postman delivered a letter to all the scientists of Germany and Austria. No sooner was the letter opened than the notion of a peaceful science was dead, and the laboratories and libraries echoed with the cries and speculations of the accused. The letter was an ultimatum:

'The time has come for you to choose - whether to be with us or against us. While Hitler is cleaning up politics, Hans Horbiger will sweep out of the way the bogus sciences. The doctrine of eternal ice will be a sign of the regeneration of the German people. Beware! Come over to our side before it is too late!'

The man who dared thus to threaten the scientists was sixty-five-year-old Hans Horbiger, a kind of prophet in a rage. He had an immense white beard, and his handwriting would have puzzled the best graphologists. His doctrine was beginning to be universally known under the title of *Wel* (*Welteislehre*: the doctrine of eternal ice). This provided an explanation of the cosmos which was in contradiction with official astronomy and mathematics, but corroborated by ancient mythology. Yet Horbiger considered himself a scientist, but thought that science would have to change its direction and methods. 'Objective science is a pernicious invention', a totem of decadence. He thought, like Hitler, that as a preliminary to any scientific activities it was necessary 'to know who wants to know'. Only prophets should have anything to do with science, since being 'enlightened' persons they have risen to higher level of consciousness. This is what that great initiate Rabelais meant when he wrote: 'Science without conscience is the ruin of the soul.' By this he meant: science without superior consciousness. His meaning had been wrongly interpreted in the interests of an elementary, humanistic conscience. When the prophet seeks knowledge, one can then speak of science; but this will be something quite different from what is ordinarily called science. That is why Hans Horbiger could not put up with the slightest expression of doubt, or a hint of contradiction. He would exclaim, in a fury: 'You put your trust in equations but not in me! How long will it be before you understand that mathematics are nothing but lies and are completely useless?'

In a 'Herr Doktor's' Germany, given up to science and

technology, Hans Horbiger was noisily and aggressively preparing the way for an 'enlightened' apprehension, an irrational and visionary form of knowledge. In this he was not alone, but it was on him that the limelight was focused. Hitler and Himmler had a private astrologer, but did not announce this to the world. This astrologer's name was Führer. Later on, after they had seized power, and as if to proclaim their determination not only to reign, but to 'change men's lives', they too would dare to challenge the scientists. They would even appoint Führer 'plenipotentiary of mathematics, astronomy and physics' (which is what he actually became).

In the meantime Hans Horbiger set in motion, in intellectual circles, a system comparable to that of political agitators.

He seemed to have considerable funds at his disposal, and operated like a party leader. He launched a campaign, with an information service, recruiting offices, membership subscriptions, and engaged propagandists and volunteers from among the Hitler Youth. The walls were covered with posters, the newspapers filled with announcements, tracts were distributed and meetings organized. When astronomers met in conference their meetings were interrupted by partisans shouting: 'Down with the orthodox scientists!' Professors were molested in the streets; the directors of scientific institutes were bombarded with leaflets: 'When we have won, you and your like will be begging in the gutter.' Business men and heads of firms before engaging an employee made him or her sign a declaration stating: 'I swear that I believe in the theory of eternal ice.'

Horbiger wrote to the big industrialists: 'Either you will learn to believe in me, or you will be treated as an enemy.'

In the space of a few years the movement published three large volumes of theoretical writings, forty books of a popular nature and hundreds of pamphlets. It also issued a monthly magazine which had a large circulation: *The Key to World Events*. The movement had tens of thousands of adherents, and was destined to play a notable part in the history of ideas, as well as in history proper.

At first the scientists protested and published letters and articles demonstrating the impossibilities of Horbiger's system. They became alarmed when the *Wel* assumed the proportions of a vast popular movement. After Hitler took office there was less opposition, although the universities continued to teach orthodox astronomy. Celebrated engineers and scientists subscribed to the doctrine of eternal ice, including such men as, for example, Lenard, who with Roentgen had discovered X-rays; the physicist Oberth, and Stark, whose researches in spectroscopy had made him world-famous.

Hitler openly supported Horbiger and had confidence in him. 'Our Nordic ancestors,' according to a popular *Wel* tract, 'grew strong amidst the ice and snow, and this is why a belief in a world of ice is the natural heritage of Nordic men. It was an Austrian,

Hitler, who drove out the Jewish politicians, and another Austrian, Horbiger, will drive out the Jewish scientists. By his own example Hitler has shown that an amateur is better than a professional; it was left to another amateur to give us a thorough understanding of the Universe.'

Hitler and Horbiger, the 'two greatest Austrians', met several times. The Nazi leader listened respectfully to this visionary prophet. Horbiger could not tolerate any interruption when he was speaking and used to tell Hitler to 'Shut up!' He carried to extremes Hitler's conviction that the German people, in its Messianic mission, was being poisoned by Western science, which was narrow, enfeebling and divorced from both the flesh and the spirit. Recent developments, such as psychoanalysis, serology and relativity, were weapons directed against the spirit of Parsifal. The doctrine of eternal ice would provide the necessary antidote. This doctrine destroyed conventional astronomy; the rest of the edifice would then collapse of itself - and it was essential that it should collapse to ensure the re-birth of magic, the only sure, dynamic value. The advocates of National-Socialism and of eternal ice, Rosenberg and Horbiger, used to meet in conference, surrounded by their best disciples.

The history of the human race, as described by Horbiger, with its great floods and successive migrations, its giants and slaves, its sacrifices and adventures, fitted in with the theory of the Aryan race. Himmler, too, was passionately interested in the affinities of Horbiger's theories with the oriental notion, dating from an Antediluvian Age, of the human race going through periods of salvation and periods of punishment. As Horbiger's line of thought became clearer, it was seen to have many points of contact with the visions of Nietzsche and Wagnerian mythology. It seemed to establish firmly the fabulous origin of the Aryan race which descended from mountains inhabited by supermen of another age, and was destined to rule over this planet and the stars. Horbiger's doctrine was closely associated with the 'magic' socialist thinking and mystical activities of the Nazi Party. It also lent strong support to what Jung was later to call 'the libido of unreason', and provided some of these 'vitamins of the soul' contained in myths.

It was in 1913 that a certain Philipp Fauth,* an amateur astronomer specializing in the Moon, published, with the collaboration of a few friends, an enormous book of more than 800 pages: *The Glacial Cosmogony of Horbiger*. The greater part of this work was written by Horbiger himself.

Horbiger at that time had a business of his own which he managed

* Born 19th March, 1867, died 1st April, 1941. Engineer and machine builder, he gained some notoriety for his study of the Moon, of which he made two maps. A double crater to the south of the crater of Copernicus bears his name, as approved by the International Union in 1935. He was appointed Professor in 1939 by a special decree of the National-Socialist Government.

in a casual way. Born in 1860 into an old-established Tyrolean family, he had studied at the Vienna Technological School and also in Budapest. Engaged as a designer by the steam-engine building firm of Alfred Collman, he later joined the firm of Land, in Budapest, as a specialist in steam-rollers. While there, he invented in 1894 a new system of valves for pumps. After the patent had been sold to powerful German and American manufacturers, Horbiger found himself suddenly at the head of a large fortune which was soon to be swallowed up in the war.

Horbiger was especially interested in the astronomical applications of changes in the state of water (liquid, ice, steam), which he had had occasion to study in his profession. He claimed to be able by these means to explain all the problems of cosmography and astrophysics. He used to say that sudden inspirations and lightning flashes of intuition had opened for him the door to a new science which contained all other sciences. He was to become one of the great prophets of Messianic Germany and, as someone described him after his death: 'An inventor of genius blessed by God.'

Horbiger's doctrine was based on a comprehensive vision of history and of the evolution of the Cosmos. It explained the formation of the solar system, the origins of the Earth, of life and of the spirit. It described the whole past history of the Universe, and announced its future transformations. It answered the three fundamental questions: What are we? Where do we come from? and Where are we going? and it answered them triumphantly.

The whole theory was based on the idea of a perpetual struggle, in infinite space, between ice and fire, and between the forces of repulsion and attraction. This struggle, this changing tension between opposing principles, this eternal war in the skies, which is the law of the planets, also governs the Earth and all living matter, and determines human destiny. Horbiger claimed that he could reveal the remotest past and the most distant future of the globe, and put forward the most fantastic theories concerning the evolution of living species. He shattered all our habitual notions about the history of civilizations and the apparition and development of man and society. In this context, he did not envisage a continuous upward movement, but a series of rises and falls. Demi-gods, giants and fabulous civilizations preceded us on this Earth hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of years ago. What the ancestors of our race were before us, we shall perhaps turn into ourselves, after a succession of extraordinary cataclysms and mutations in the course of a history which, both on Earth and in the Cosmos, will proceed in cycles. For the laws of Heaven are the same as the laws on Earth, and the whole Universe is involved in the same movement and is a living organism in which everything reacts on everything else. Man's adventure is linked with that of the stars; and what happens in the Cosmos happens on the Earth, and vice versa.

As will be seen, this doctrine of cycles and quasi-magical relations

between Man and the Universe reinforces some of the most ancient and traditional beliefs of mankind. It reintroduces ancient prophecies, myths and legends, and the old themes of Genesis, the Deluge, giants and Gods.

This doctrine, as will be seen presently, contradicts all the data of 'official' science. But, according to Hitler, 'there is a Nordic and National-Socialist science which is opposed to Jewish-Liberal science'. Official Western science, together with the Judaeo-Christian religion with which it had something in common, was a conspiracy that had to be destroyed. It was directed against the strong man's awareness that he is part of a heroic and magical scheme of things, a vast conspiracy that would exclude humanity from any past or any future outside the brief span of recorded civilizations, cut him off from his origins and fabulous destiny, and prevent him from communing with his gods.

Scientists generally agree that our Universe was created by an explosion some three or four thousand million years ago. But what sort of explosion? The entire Cosmos was perhaps contained in an atom out of which all creation came. It was this atom, perhaps, that exploded and has been constantly expanding ever since. It would have contained all matter and all the forces now active in the world. But this hypothesis would not account for the absolute beginning of the Universe. Those who support the theory of an expanding Universe do not claim to have solved the problems of its origin. In fact, science has nothing more precise to say on this point than has been said in an admirable Hindu poem: 'In the interval between dissolution and creation, Vishnu-Cesha rested in his own substance, glowing with dormant energy, amidst the germs of future lives.'

With regard to the origins of our solar system, the conjectures are equally vague. One theory is that the planets resulted from an explosion in the Sun. A large astral body, it is thought, may in passing too near, have torn off a part of the solar substance which then dispersed into space and became fixed in the form of planets. The large, unknown super-astral body, pursuing its course, then disappeared into infinite space. Another theory is that there may have been an explosion in another Sun, the twin of our own. Professor H. N. Roussel summed up the situation by remarking humorously: 'Until we know how the thing happened, all that we can be sure of is that the solar system did somehow come into being.'

Horbiger, for his part, claimed to know how it did happen, and had a definite explanation which, as he wrote to the engineer Willy Ley, came to him in a flash when he was still a young man. 'It was revealed to me,' he said, 'when as a young engineer I was watching one day some molten steel poured on to wet ground covered with snow: the ground exploded after some delay and with great violence.' That is all. It was on that that Horbiger based his theory that was to be so widely propagated. Another Newton's apple. . . .

Imagine somewhere in space an enormous, intensely hot body, millions of times larger than our Sun. This body collided with a giant planet consisting of an accumulation of cosmic ice. This mass of ice penetrated deeply into the super-Sun. Nothing happened for hundreds of thousands of years. Then suddenly the steam from the melting ice caused a vast explosion. Some fragments were projected to such a distance that they vanished into outer space. Others fell back on to the central mass which had given rise to the explosion. Others, again, were projected into an intermediate zone: these are the planets in our system. They were thirty in number – blocks which gradually became covered with ice. The Moon, Jupiter and Saturn are made of ice, and the canals on Mars are cracks in the ice. Only the Earth is not completely icebound: but is the scene of a perpetual struggle between ice and fire. At a distance three times that of Neptune from the Earth there was, at the time of the explosion, an enormous band of ice. It is still there, and astronomers call it the Milky Way, because some stars resembling our Sun shine through it from outer space. As to the photographs of individual stars which, massed together are supposed to constitute the Milky Way, they are only fakes.

The spots on the Sun which can be observed, and which change their shape and position every eleven years have never been explained by orthodox scientists. They are produced by blocks of ice falling from Jupiter. And Jupiter completes his orbit round the Sun every eleven years.

In the intermediate zone of the explosion, the planets in our system obey two forces: the original force of the explosion which projects them outwards, and the force of gravitation which attracts them to the strongest mass situated in their vicinity.

These two forces are not equal. The force of the initial explosion diminishes, because space is not empty; it contains a tenuous substance consisting of hydrogen and vapour. Moreover, the water that reaches the Sun fills space with ice crystals. Thus the initial force, that of repulsion, is slowed down more and more. On the other hand, gravitation is constant. That is why each planet approaches the planet which is nearest to it and attracts it. It makes its approach by circling round, or rather by describing a spiral which gradually shrinks. In this way, sooner or later, every planet will fall on to its nearest neighbour, and the whole system will end by falling back into the Sun in the form of ice. There will then be another explosion and another beginning.

Ice and fire, repulsion and attraction are in perpetual conflict throughout the Universe. This conflict ensures the life, death and perpetual rebirth of the Cosmos. A German writer, Elmar Brugg, in 1952, wrote a work to the glory of Horbiger, in which the following passage occurs: 'None of the theories about the nature of the Universe has ever been based on the principle of contradiction, of a conflict between two contrary forces; and yet this is what has been going on in the souls of men from time immemorial. The everlasting merit of Horbiger is to have resuscitated so power-

fully the intuitive knowledge of our ancestors in regard to the eternal conflict between ice and fire, a theme that recurs in the Icelandic *Edda*. He has made his contemporaries aware of this conflict, and has given a scientific foundation to the grandiose image of a world divided by the dualism of matter and force, of repulsion which disperses, and attraction which brings everything together again.'

It is certain, then, that the Moon will end by falling on to the Earth. Some tens of thousands of years ago the distance from one planet to another seemed fixed. But we shall be able to see that the spiral is shrinking. Gradually, in the course of time, the Moon will draw nearer. The force of gravitation it exercises on the Earth will get stronger and stronger. The water from our oceans will then be drawn together in a permanent high tide, rising higher and higher covering the Earth, drowning the tropics and capping the loftiest mountain peaks. All living creatures will gradually be relieved of their weight. They will increase in size. The cosmic rays will become more powerful; acting on the genes and chromosomes, they will bring about mutations. New species of animals, plants and giant men will make their appearance.

Then, coming still nearer, the Moon will explode, rotating at high speed, and will become an immense ring of rocks, ice, water and gas, rotating at ever-increasing speed. But if any men survive – and they will be the strongest and best, the elect – they will see some strange and terrifying sights. And, perhaps, the final spectacle of all.

After being without a satellite for many millennia, during which time the Earth will have experienced extraordinary immixtures of new and ancient races, civilizations founded by giants, and new beginnings dating from before the Flood and vast cataclysms, Mars, which is smaller than our planet, will end by rejoining it. It will re-enter the Earth's orbit; but it will be too big to be captured and become a satellite like the Moon. It will pass very near the Earth, and even graze it as it goes to fall into the Sun attracted by its fire. Our atmosphere will then be caught up and carried away by the attraction exercised by Mars, and will leave us and be dispersed in space. The oceans will bubble and boil on the surface of the Earth, and the terrestrial crust will explode. Our globe, now dead, will continue on a spiral course and will be overtaken by frozen planetoids drifting in space, after which it will become an enormous ball of ice which, in its turn, will plunge into the Sun. After the collision, there will be a great silence and complete immobility, while the water vapours accumulate, over millions of years, in the interior of the flaming mass. Finally there will be another explosion, giving birth to fresh creations in the eternity of the glowing forces of the Cosmos.

Such will be the fate of our solar system according to the visions of an Austrian engineer whom the Nazi leaders used to call 'The Copernicus of the twentieth century'. We shall now attempt to describe this vision as applied to the past, present and future history of the Earth and of the human race. It is a history which, as seen

through the eyes of the prophet Horbiger, resembles a legend, full of fabulous revelations and strange happenings.

One day in 1948, at a time when I was a believer in Gurdjieff, one of his faithful disciples invited me and my family to spend a few weeks with her in the mountains. This woman was really cultured, a trained chemist, highly intelligent and a strong character. She often helped artists and intellectuals. She was not at all the type of a fanatical disciple, and adopted a strictly rational attitude to the teaching of Gurdjieff who used sometimes to stay with her.

One day, however, she suddenly, or so I thought at the time, seemed to be taking leave of her senses. She revealed to me the depths of her aberration, and I was struck dumb with a feeling of alarm. It was snowy outside; on a cold and starry night as we chatted quietly on the balcony of her chalet. We were looking at the stars, as one does when in the mountains, and experienced a sensation of absolute solitude which, elsewhere, can be alarming, but in such surroundings has a purifying effect. Every feature of the Moon was clearly visible.

'One ought to speak of a moon,' said my hostess, 'one of the moons. . .'

'What do you mean?' I said.

'There have been other moons in the sky. This one happens to be the last. . .'

'What? Do you mean there have been other moons, apart from this one?'

'Certainly. M. Gurdjieff knows it, and others besides him.'

'But . . . what do the astronomers say . . . ?'

'Oh! . . . of course, if you trust the scientists . . . !'

Her expression was quite calm, and she had a slightly pitying smile. From that day on, I felt I was no longer at ease with certain friends of Gurdjieff whom I had esteemed. I began to see them in a rather disquieting light, and I felt that one of the threads that bound me to that family had just been broken. A few years later, on reading Gurdjieff's book *The Tales of Beelzebub* and discovering the cosmogony of Horbiger, I came to realize that that vision, or rather that belief, was not merely a fantastic caprice. There was a certain connection between this bizarre story about the moons and the philosophy of the superman, the psychology of 'superior states of consciousness' and the mechanics of mutations. It was, after all, a traditional belief in the East that men, many thousands of years ago, had been able to see a sky that was not the same as ours, different constellations and a different satellite.

Had Gurdjieff merely borrowed from Horbiger, whom he must have known? Or had he had recourse to ancient founts of knowledge, traditions or legends, that Horbiger had resuscitated, as if by chance, in the course of his pseudo-scientific flashes of insight?

I did not know, that night on the balcony of the chalet on the mountainside, that my hostess was giving expression to a belief that had been held by thousands of men in Hitler's Germany, still

at that time buried under the ruins, bleeding and smoking amidst the debris of her great myths. And my hostess, on that fine, calm night, did not know it either.

And so, according to Horbiger, the Moon, the one that we can see, is only the last, and fourth, of the satellites captured by the Earth. Our globe, in the course of its existence, it seems, had already acquired three others. Three masses of cosmic ice wandering in space had also, we are told, entered our orbit. After spiralling round the Earth, getting nearer and nearer, they finally crashed on us. In the same way, our present Moon will also fall upon the Earth. But this time the catastrophe will be greater still because this last icy satellite is bigger than its predecessors.

The whole history of the globe, the evolution of the species and the whole of human history can be explained by this succession of moons in our sky.

There have been four geological epochs, because there have been four moons. We are in the quaternary. When a moon falls down, it has first exploded and, while turning quicker and quicker, has been transformed into a ring of rocks, ice and gas; and it is this ring that falls on the Earth, covering the terrestrial crust in a circle and fossilizing everything it touches. Buried organisms do not fossilize normally; they decay. They only fossilize when a moon falls. This is why we have been able to determine a primary, secondary and tertiary epoch. However, since a ring is involved, we have only very fragmentary evidence as to the history of life on Earth. Other animal and vegetable species may have come and gone through the ages without leaving any trace in the geological strata. But the theory of a succession of moons makes it possible to imagine changes in living forms that may have occurred in the past. It also makes it possible to predict modifications that may take place in the future.

While the satellite is approaching there is a period of some hundreds of thousands of years during which it revolves round the Earth at a distance of from four to six times the circumference of the Earth - only a stone's throw in comparison with the distance of our present Moon. This entails considerable changes in gravitation. Now it is gravitation that determines the size of living creatures, as this depends on the weight they are able to support. When the satellite is very near there is consequently a period of gigantism.

At the end of the primary epoch: vegetation of enormous size and gigantic insects. At the end of the second: the diplodocus, the iguanodon and animals sixty feet in height. Sudden mutations take place, because the cosmic rays are increasingly strong. Creatures, relieved of their weight, get taller, skulls expand, and animals begin to fly. By the end of the secondary epoch it is possible that giant mammals made their appearance, and also, perhaps the first men, created by mutation. This period could be situated at the end of the secondary epoch when the second moon was close to the Earth, some fifteen million years ago. This was the age of

our ancestor, the giant. Mme Blavatsky, who claimed to have seen the *Book of the Dzyans*, supposed to be the most ancient text known to humanity, and to contain the history of the origin of man, also declared that the first humans, a race of giants, appeared during the secondary epoch: 'Secondary man will be discovered one day, and with him his civilizations that have been swallowed up ages ago.'

And so, at an infinitely remote period of time, under a different Moon and in a world peopled by monsters there appeared this first man, of immense size, bearing almost no resemblance to us and possessed of a different kind of intelligence. The first man, and perhaps the first human couple – twins sprung from some animal womb, thanks to miraculous processes of mutation which happen more frequently as the cosmic rays become stronger. *The Book of Genesis* tells us that the descendants of this first ancestor lived to an age of from five to nine hundred years: this is because the diminution in weight decreases the rate of decay of the body. *Genesis* does not mention giants, but this omission is abundantly atoned for in Jewish and Moslem traditions. Moreover, the disciples of Horbiger claim that fossil remains of this secondary man have been discovered in Russia.

What sort of civilization would these giants have had fifteen million years ago? One can imagine them having assemblies and behaving like the giant insects of the primary age of which our insects, still very remarkable creatures, are the degenerate descendants. One can imagine the existence of means of communication at long distance, and of civilizations on the model of those ant communities, veritable power-houses of psychic and material energy, which raise so many disturbing problems in the unexplored domain of the infra-structures – or super-structures – of the intelligence.

And now this second Moon is drawing near, about to break into a ring and descend upon the Earth, which will then enter upon another long period without a satellite. In far-off space a spiral-shaped icy formation will re-enter the orbit of the Earth, which in this way will acquire another Moon. But during this moon-less period only a few specimens will survive of the mutations which occurred at the end of the secondary epoch and which will gradually diminish and become less frequent. There are still giants who adapt themselves to the new conditions. By the time the tertiary moon has appeared ordinary men have made their appearance, smaller and less intelligent. These are our real ancestors. But the giants belonging to the secondary epoch, having survived the cataclysm, still exist, and it is they who will civilize the little men.

The notion that men, starting on the level of savages and wild beasts gradually rose to become civilized, is a recent one. It is a Judaeo-Christian myth that has been imposed on men's minds in order to supplant a more powerful and more revealing myth. When humanity was fresher and nearer to its past, at a time when

no well-organized conspiracy had yet effaced this past from men's memory, humans knew that they were descended from gods – kingly giants who had taught them everything. They remembered a Golden Age when superior beings, who had preceded them, had taught them agriculture, metallurgy, the arts and sciences and knowledge of the human soul.

The Greeks evoked the age of Saturn and their ancestors' cult of Hercules. The Egyptians and Mesopotamians referred in their legends to giant rulers who had brought them initiation. Tribes that we now call 'primitive' – the natives of Oceania, for example, have a place in their doubtless corrupted religion for the benevolent giants who flourished when the world was young.

In our own day, when all spiritual and intellectual values have been inverted, those who, by a prodigious effort, have succeeded in emancipating themselves from conventional and accepted habits of thinking, are haunted in their minds by a nostalgia for the happiness that came with the dawn of the ages, for a paradise lost, and by vague memories of a primordial initiation.

From Greece to Polynesia, from Egypt to Mexico and Scandinavia, tradition invariably records that men received their initiation from giants. This was the tertiary Golden Age which lasted for several million years in the course of which moral, spiritual and perhaps technical civilization attained its highest peak in the history of our globe.

*'Quand les géants étaient encore mêlés aux hommes
Dans les temps où jamais personne ne parla ...'*

– thus wrote Victor Hugo in a moment of extraordinary illumination.

Now the tertiary Moon, in an ever-narrowing spiral, is approaching the Earth. The waters are rising, attracted by the gravitational pull of the satellite, and the men who inhabited our Earth more than nine hundred thousand years ago, climbed with their rulers, the giants, to the tops of the highest mountains. On these summits, far above the swirling seas which now form a kind of belt encircling the Earth, these men and their Superiors will found a world-wide maritime civilization which, according to Horbiger and his English disciple Bellamy, was the famous civilization of Atlantis.

Bellamy found in the Andes, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, traces of marine sediment covering an area of some 500 miles. The waters that came with the end of the tertiary epoch rose to this height and one of the centres of civilization at this period, it is thought, was Tiahuanaco, near Lake Titicaca. The ruins of Tiahuanaco provide evidence of a civilization many hundreds of thousands of years old, which bears no resemblance to any that have succeeded it.*

Traces left by the giants, according to Horbiger and his school,

* The German archaeologist von Hagen, author of a book published in French under the title: *Au royaume des Incas* (Plon, 1950) has recorded a local Indian tradition, orally handed down, to the effect that 'Tiahuanaco was built before there were stars in the sky'.

are clearly visible together with some of their inexplicable monuments. A stone weighing nine tons, for example, was found hollowed on six sides by mortises ten feet high which architects have been unable to explain, as if their function had been forgotten ever since by all the builders in history. Gateways ten feet high and twelve feet wide have been cut out of a single stone, with doors, false windows and sculptures carved with a chisel, the whole weighing ten tons. Sections of walls, still standing, weigh sixty tons, and are supported by blocks of sandstone weighing a hundred tons embedded in the ground. Among these fabulous ruins there are some gigantic statues, only one of which has been brought down and placed in the garden of the museum at La Paz. It is twenty-five feet high and weighs twenty tons. It is easy for the Horbigerians to conclude that these statues are portraits of giants which they themselves had carved.

"The lines of the face radiate an expression of ineffable goodness and wisdom which touches the heart. An atmosphere of harmony pervades the whole of this colossal figure whose highly stylized torso and hands are modelled with a degree of perfection and equilibrium that have all the attributes of a moral quality. This marvellous monolith creates an impression of peace and tranquillity. If this is a portrait of one of the giant kings who ruled over this people, one cannot help thinking of that saying of Pascal's: 'If God were to give us for Masters beings shaped by his own hand . . .'"

If these monoliths were really carved and placed there by giants for the benefit of the men who were their apprentices, and if these sculptures, so highly abstract and so intensely stylized that they leave us dumbfounded were really executed by these Superior Beings, then we need look no further for the origin of the myth which relate that the arts were given to Man by the Gods, and the key to the various mystiques relating to aesthetic inspiration.

These sculptures include certain stylized representations of an animal, the todoxon, whose skeleton remains have been found in the ruins of Tiahuanaco. Now, it is known that the todoxon could only have lived in the tertiary epoch. Finally, in these ruins which date from 100,000 years before the end of the tertiary epoch, embedded in dried mud, there is a portico weighing ten tons bearing inscriptions which were examined by the German archaeologist Kiss, a disciple of Horbiger, between 1928 and 1937. These are believed to be a calendar, based on the observations of tertiary epoch astronomers. This calendar provides data of a strictly scientific nature. It is divided into four parts, separated by the solstices and equinoxes marking the astronomical seasons. Each of these is again divided into three sections, and these twelve subdivisions give the position of the Moon for every hour of the day. Moreover, the satellite's dual movement, its apparent and real movements (taking into account the rotation of the Earth) are shown on this fabulous sculptured portico in a way that suggests that the designers and users of this calendar were in possession of a higher culture than our own.

Tiahuanaco, situated at an altitude of more than 12,000 feet in the Andes, was therefore one of the five great cities of the maritime civilization at the end of the tertiary epoch that were built by the giant race who were the leaders of men at that time. The disciples of Horbiger have found there the remains of a great harbour, with enormous quays, from which the Atlantidians (since the country concerned was probably Atlantis) set out on their wonderful ships to sail round the world on the encircling belt of oceans to call at four other great key-centres: New Guinea, Mexico, Abyssinia and Thibet. Thus this civilization was spread all over the globe which accounts for the resemblance between the oldest traditions known to humanity.

Having attained a high degree of unification and refinement in their knowledge and techniques, this race of men and their giant rulers knew that the spiral course of this third Moon was shrinking, and that the satellite would finally fall on them; but being conscious of the relation between all things in the Cosmos and of the magic ties that bind the individual to the Universe, they doubtless exercised certain powers, certain personal, social, technical and spiritual forces in order to delay the cataclysm and prolong this Atlantidian Age, vague memories of which will continue to haunt men's minds throughout the ages.

When the tertiary Moon falls on the Earth the waters recede, but this civilization will already have been damaged by disturbances that heralded the final cataclysm. As the oceans receded, the five great cities, including this Atlantis of the Andes, disappeared, isolated and asphyxiated by the withdrawal of the seas. The clearest traces are to be found at Tiahuanaco, but the Horbigerians have discovered others elsewhere.

In Mexico the Toltecs left behind them sacred texts which describe the history of the Earth in a way that fits in with Horbiger's theory.

In New Guinea the Malekulas, without knowing why, went on erecting immense sculptured stones more than thirty feet high, representing the 'superior' ancestor; and their oral tradition represents the Moon as the creator of the human race and foretells the satellite's downfall.

The Mediterranean giants are believed to have come down from Abyssinia after the cataclysm, and there is a tradition that this high plateau was the cradle of the Jewish race and the homeland of the Queen of Sheba who knew all the secrets of the ancient sciences. Finally, it is well known that Thibet is a reservoir of very ancient learning, based on psychical experiences.*

Bellamy, an archaeologist who shared Horbiger's views, found all round Lake Titicaca traces of the catastrophes which preceded the fall of the tertiary moon: volcanic ashes and deposits caused by

* An astronomical map, very different from those of today, was found in a cave at Bohistan, at the foot of the Himalayas. Astronomers believe the observations recorded may have been made 13,000 years ago. This map was published in the *National Geographical Magazine* in 1925.

sudden inundations. This was the time when the satellite was about to break up and form a ring while rotating rapidly very near the Earth before falling down. Around Tiahuanaco there are ruins which look like workyards that had been hastily abandoned, with tools scattered about everywhere. For some thousands of years the Atlantidian civilization was exposed to the violence of the elements and gradually broke up. Then, 150,000 years ago came the great cataclysm; the Moon fell from the sky and the Earth was shaken by a terrible bombardment. Gravitation ceased, the belt of oceans suddenly retracted and the waters receded. The mountain tops which had been great maritime centres, were turned into swamps and isolated. The air became rarefied, and temperatures fell. Atlantis perished, not by being engulfed in the ocean, but, on the contrary, because the waters left it high and dry. Ships were swept away and destroyed; machines ran down or exploded; food supplies from outside were cut off; myriads of creatures and humans perished; the arts and sciences disappeared and the whole social structure was wiped out. Though the Atlantidian civilization had attained the highest possible degree of social and technical perfection, with a unified and well established hierarchy, it vanished in an astonishingly short space of time, and almost without leaving a trace behind it. One has only to imagine what the collapse of our present civilization would be like in a few hundred years, or perhaps only a few years' time. Apparatus for generating and transmitting energy is becoming simpler every day, and relaying centres are becoming more and more numerous. Each one of us will soon possess a relay of nuclear energy or will have one within easy reach in the form of factories or machines – until one day an accident at the source will cause everything all over the vast network of these relays to disintegrate: men, cities and whole nations. Whatever survives will be precisely the only things that have had no contact with this highly developed technical civilization. And the key-sciences, together with the keys to power, would immediately disappear as a direct result of this high degree of specialization. The greater the civilization, the more rapidly is it engulfed, leaving nothing to posterity.

A disturbing thought, but this is what is likely to happen. Thus, it is probable that the power-houses and relays of psychic energy on which perhaps the tertiary civilization was based, disintegrated all at once, while deserts of mud and slime engulfed the mountain tops, now grown cold, and the air became unbreathable. In a word, this whole maritime civilization, with its Superior Beings, its ships and its commerce, was swallowed up in the cataclysm.

It was still possible for the survivors to descend to the swampy plains, from which the sea had receded, and make their way to the vast steppes of the new continent as yet scarcely free from the retreating waters, bogland on which no useful vegetation would grow for many thousands of years. The reign of the giant kings is over; men have become savages again, and disappear with their

fallen gods into the dark, moonless night which henceforth will cover the globe.

The giants who had for millions of years inhabited the Earth, like the gods who, at a much later age, inspired so many of our legends, have now lost their civilization. The men they ruled have become savages again. These dregs of humanity, in the wake of their fallen masters, were scattered far and wide in the deserts of mud. This calamity is said to have happened 150,000 years ago, and Horbiger calculated that our planet remained without a satellite for 138,000 years. During this long period other civilizations came into being under the guidance of the last surviving giant kings. They were established on high plateaus between 40 and 60 degrees latitude North, while the five high summits of the tertiary epoch still retained some relics of the far-off Golden Age. Thus, there may have been two Atlantis: one in the Andes, with its four other centres radiating all over the world, and the other, on a much more modest scale, in the North Atlantic, founded long after the catastrophe by the giants' descendants. This theory of the two Atlantis provides an integrating link between all the ancient traditions and legends. It was of this second Atlantis that Plato spoke.

Some 12,000 years ago the Earth acquired a fourth satellite – our present Moon. Another catastrophe occurred. Our globe swelled out in the region of the tropics; the Northern and Southern seas flowed back to the centre of the Earth, and the glacial epochs set in again in the North over the plains denuded by the withdrawal of water and air caused by the attraction of the new Moon.

The second Atlantidian civilization, smaller than the first, disappeared in a single night, engulfed by the waters from the North. This was the Great Flood recorded in our Bible. It was also the Fall remembered by men who had been at the same time driven out of the Earthly Paradise of the Tropics. According to Horbiger and his school, the myths of Genesis and the Deluge are both memories and prophecies, since cosmic events repeat themselves. And the text of the Apocalypse, which has never been explained, would be a faithful representation of the celestial and terrestrial catastrophes observed by mankind throughout the ages which conform to Horbiger's theories.

During this new moon period the giants still living became degenerate. Mythology is full of stories of giants fighting among themselves, and of battles between giants and men. Those who had once been kings and gods, but were now exhausted and crushed by these cataclysms of Nature, became monsters which had to be suppressed.

These were the ogres of legend: Uranus and Saturn devoured their children; David slew Goliath. Hence the allusion in these lines of Victor Hugo to:

*'... d'affreux géants très bêtes
Vaincus par des nains pleins d'esprit.'*

This was the death of the gods. When the Hebrews were about to enter the Promised Land they discovered the monumental iron bed of some former giant-king: 'Behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron . . . nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it.' (Deuteronomy III, 11.)

The frozen astral body that shone by night had been drawn into the Earth's orbit and revolved round it; this was how our Moon began.

For 12,000 years it has always been the object of a vague cult, evoking subconscious memories, and we have never ceased to regard it with a certain amount of apprehension which we should find it difficult to explain. When we gaze upon it we still feel something much greater than ourselves stirring deep down in our subconscious memory. Old Chinese drawings represent the Moon Dragon threatening the Earth. The following passage occurs in the Book of Numbers (XIII, 33): 'And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.' And Job, too, evokes the destruction of the giants, exclaiming: 'Dead things are formed from under the waters, and the inhabitants thereof.' (XXVI, 5.)

A world has been swallowed up, a world has disappeared, the ancient inhabitants of the Earth have perished and we are beginning our life of solitary men, little men who have been abandoned, while we wait for the mutations and the prodigies and the cataclysms to come, dwelling once more in the dark night of time beneath this new satellite which has come to us out of space where the struggle between ice and fire goes on for ever.

Men everywhere on the globe went on repeating, blindly, the gestures of forgotten civilizations, building without knowing why, gigantic monuments and copying, in a degenerate form, the works of the old masters: for example, the immense megaliths of Malekula, the Celtic menhirs and the statues on Easter Island. Tribes which today we call 'primitive' are merely, no doubt, the degenerate remains of empires that have disappeared, which continue to perform acts which previously were sanctioned by rational laws, without understanding their meaning and distorting their true character.

In a few places – in Egypt, China and, very much later Greece – great human civilizations sprang up, which still, however, bore traces of the influence of the now vanished 'Superior Beings' and the giant Initiate Kings. After four thousand years of culture the Egyptians in the time of Herodotus and Plato continued to assert that the Ancients had achieved greatness because they had learned their arts and sciences directly from the gods.

After a general period of decadence, another civilization arose in the West. A civilization of men cut off from their fabulous past, belonging to a definite time and place, self-sufficing and seeking consolation in mythology, far removed from their origins and unaware of the immensity of the forces that determine the fate of all

living things, forces that are themselves bound up with vast cosmic processes.

This was a human or, rather, a humanist civilization: the Judaeo-Christian. It was small-scale and residual. And yet this relic of a glorious past had limitless possibilities for suffering and understanding. This was the miracle of that civilization. But it is nearing its end. We are approaching another age. There will be mutations; the future will join hands with the most distant past. There will be giants on Earth again; there will be other Great Floods, other Apocalypses, and other races will gain supremacy. 'At first we had a relatively clear recollection of what we had seen. Subsequently this life of ours went up in smoke and quickly blotted everything out, with the exception of a few broad outlines. Now, everything comes back to us more clearly than ever. And in a Universe where everything reacts on everything else, we shall make a deep impression.'

Such was the thesis of Horbiger, and such the spiritual atmosphere it engendered. It is a potent ferment of National-Socialist magic, and we shall be seeing presently the effect it had on events. It threw a new light on the intuitions of Haushofer, it lightened the heavy task of Rosenberg and intensified and prolonged the Führer's visionary dreams.

According to Horbiger, we are now in the fourth cycle. Life on Earth has known three apogees during the three periods of 'low' Moons, marked by sudden mutations and the apparition of giants. During the millennia when there was no Moon the Earth was people by insignificant dwarfs and crawling animals, such as the serpent, which recalled the Fall of Man.

With the 'high' Moons came beings of medium size, the ordinary men no doubt, of the early tertiary epoch, our ancestors. It must also be remembered that the Moons, before their fall, were circling round the Earth, creating different conditions in those parts of the globe that were not immediately under them. This explains why, after several cycles, the Earth presented a very varied appearance with a mixture of races, some decadent, others in progression, and a variety of intermediate beings, some degenerate, others foreshadowing the future and mutations that were imminent, yet still the slaves of yesterday – dwarfs from the old Dark Ages, and the Lords of tomorrow. '*Il nous faut dégager dans tout cela les routes du soleil d'un oeil aussi implacable qu'est implacable la loi des astres.*'

What happens in the sky determines what happens on the Earth; but there is reciprocity. Just as the secret of the Universe and its ordering are contained in the smallest grain of sand, so, in a sense, is the whole pattern of cosmic events throughout the ages reproduced during our brief sojourn on this globe, so that we experience, both individually and collectively, the same upward and downward progressions that have marked this history of mankind, and have to prepare for further advances and Apocalypses yet to come. We know that the whole history of the Cosmos has been a struggle between ice and fire, and that this struggle has had

powerful repercussions on our Earth. So far as the mind and spirit of man are concerned, when the fires go out the ice takes their place. We know this is true for ourselves and for humanity as a whole, eternally faced with the choice between the deluge or an heroic adventure.

This is the essence of Horbiger's and the Nazis' creed. We shall now examine its full implications.

VI

Horbiger still has a million followers - Waiting for the Messiah - Hitler and political esoterism - Nordic science and magic thinking - A civilization utterly different from our own - Gurdjieff, Horbiger, Hitler and the man responsible for the Cosmos - The cycle of fire - Hitler speaks - The basis of Nazi anti-Semitism - Martians at Nuremberg - The anti-pact - The rockets' summer - Stalingrad, or the fall of the Magi - The prayer on Mount Elbruz - The little man victorious over the superman - The little man opens the gates of Heaven - The Twilight of the Gods - The flooding of the Berlin Underground and the myth of the Deluge - A Chorus by Shelley

THE German engineers responsible for the rockets which launched the first artificial satellites were held up in their work of preparing the V2s by the Nazi leaders themselves. General Walter Dornberger was in charge of the tests carried out at Peenemünde, the cradle of the first tele-guided missiles, but the tests were interrupted while the General's reports were submitted to the authorities who believed in Horbiger's cosmogony. It was, above all, essential to know what the reaction in space would be of the 'eternal ice', and whether the violation of the stratosphere would not expose the Earth to some disaster.

General Dornberger in his *Memoirs* relates that the work was again interrupted for two months a little later. The Führer had dreamt that the V2s would not work, or that they would call down vengeance from Heaven. As this dream occurred during one of Hitler's special 'trances', the Nazi leaders attached more importance to it than to the opinion of the engineers. In the background, behind the façade of a scientific and highly organized Germany, lurked the spirit of the old magicians. And this spirit is still alive. In January 1958 the Swedish engineer Robert Engström, in a memorandum addressed to the New York Academy of Sciences, warned the United States to beware of astronomical experiments. 'Before undertaking these experiments,' he declared, 'the movements of the heavenly bodies should be studied from an entirely new angle.' And he went on to say, as if echoing Horbiger: 'The explosion of an H-bomb on the Moon might cause an appalling deluge on the Earth.'

This singular warning reflects the para-scientific idea of changes

in the Moon's gravitation, and the mystical notion of punishment in a Universe where everything reacts upon everything else. These ideas (which, after all, need not be entirely rejected if one wishes to keep open all the doors to knowledge) still exercise a certain fascination. A survey carried out in 1953 by the American Martin Gardner showed that there were more than a million disciples of Horbiger in Germany, England and the United States. In London, H. S. Bellamy has been for the last thirty years working on an anthropological theory which is based on the collapse of the three first moons, and the existence of giants in the secondary and tertiary epochs. It was he who asked the Russians after the War for permission to organize an expedition to Mount Ararat where he expected to find the Ark. *Tass* published a categorical refusal in which the Soviet authorities denounced Bellamy's intellectual approach as 'fascist', such para-scientific movements being, in their view, likely to 'arouse dangerous forces'. In France, M. Denis Saurat, the poet and scholar, acted as Bellamy's mouthpiece, and the success of Welikovsky's work showed that a great many people were still sympathetic to a 'magical' interpretation of the world. Needless to say, the intellectuals who had been influenced by René Guénon and the followers of Gurdjieff aligned themselves with the Horbigerian school of thought.

In 1952 a German writer, Elmar Brugg, published a weighty volume to the glory of 'the Father of eternal ice', 'the Copernicus of our twentieth century'. He wrote as follows:

'The theory of eternal ice is not only a considerable scientific discovery; it is a revelation of the eternal and unchangeable relationship between the Cosmos and everything that happens on Earth. It establishes the connection between cosmic events and the cataclysms attributed to climatic disturbances, disease, death and crime, and thus opens up an entirely fresh approach to a knowledge of the destinies of the human race. The silence on the part of official scientists can only be explained as a conspiracy of mediocre minds.'

The great Austrian novelist, Robert Musil, who has been compared to Proust and Joyce, provides an excellent analysis of the state of mind prevailing in Germany at the time when Horbiger received his 'illumination' and Corporal Hitler was dreaming of redeeming the German people.

'The intellectuals,' he wrote, 'were not satisfied. There was no repose or stability in their thinking, because they were concerned always with that irreducible aspect of things, which is always shifting and can never be reduced to order. And so, in the end they became convinced that the times in which they were living were doomed to intellectual sterility and could only be redeemed by some altogether exceptional event or some altogether exceptional individual.' It was then that the word 'redemption' became fashionable in so-called intellectual circles. It was firmly believed that unless a Messiah came soon, all life would come to an end.

He could, as the case might be, take the form of a Messiah of medicine who would 'save' the art of Aesculapius from being confined to laboratory researches during which men go on suffering and die without being cared for; or he could be a Messiah of poetry capable of writing a play which would draw millions of people to the theatre, and would yet be absolutely original in its spiritual nobility.

Apart from this conviction that there was no department of human activity that could be saved without the intervention of a Messiah, there was also the banal and crude idea of a 'strong man' Messiah who would put everything to rights by force.

In the event it was not just a single Messiah who was going to appear, but, so to speak, a whole society of Messiahs who had appointed Hitler as their chief. Horbiger was one of them, and his para-scientific conception of the laws governing the Cosmos and of an epic history of humanity was to play a preponderant part in the Germany of these 'saviours'. Humanity's origins were more remote and more exalted than was generally believed, and a glorious destiny awaited it.

Hitler, in a constant state of mystical illumination, was conscious of being there in order that this destiny might be accomplished. His ambition, and the mission with which he believed himself to be entrusted, reached far beyond the boundaries of politics and patriotism. As he said himself: 'I had to encourage "national" feelings for reasons of expediency; but I was already aware that the "nation" idea could only have a temporary value. The day will come when even here in Germany what is known as "nationalism" will practically have ceased to exist. What will take its place in the world will be a universal society of masters and overlords.'

Politics are only the outward manifestation, the practical and temporary application of a religious vision of the laws of life on Earth and in the Cosmos. The real destiny of humanity is something that ordinary men could not conceive of and would be unable to stomach if they were given a glimpse of it. That is only possible for a few initiates. 'Politics,' to quote Hitler again, 'are only a practical and fragmentary aspect of this destiny.' In other words, the exoteric side of the doctrine, with its slogans, its social conditions and its wars. But there is also an esoteric side.

What Hitler and his friends were really aiming at while encouraging and supporting Horbiger was to bring about, by scientific or pseudo-scientific means, a return to the beliefs of a bygone age according to which Man, Society and the Universe all obey the same Laws, and there is a close connection between soul-states and the movements of the stars. The struggle between ice and fire which is responsible for the birth, death and rebirth of the planets, has its counterpart in the souls of men.

As Elmar Brugg justly observes: 'The Universe, for Horbiger, is not a piece of dead machinery a single part of which is slowly deteriorating and will eventually succumb, but a living organism in the most prodigious sense of the word - a living being in which

every part reacts on every other part, and which hands down from generation to generation its burning force.'

This is the essence of Hitler's creed, as Rauschning has clearly understood: 'It is impossible to understand Hitler's political plans unless one is familiar with his basic beliefs and his conviction that there is a magic relationship between Man and the Universe.'

This conviction, which was shared by wise men in ages past, governs the thinking of what we call 'primitive' peoples and underlies a great deal of Oriental philosophy, is still current in the West today, and it may well be that science itself will give it a fresh lease of life in a most unexpected manner. In the meantime, however, it is to be found in its purest form in the writings of the orthodox Jew, Welikowski, whose book, *Worlds in Collision*, had a world-wide success in 1956-57. For those who, like Welikowski, believe in the theory of 'eternal ice', our actions can have a repercussion in the Universe, and it is quite possible that the sun stood still to favour Joshua. There was a reason for Hitler's having called his private astrologer 'a plenipotentiary of mathematics, astronomy and physics'. To a certain extent, Horbiger and the Nazi esoterists were changing the methods and even the aims of science. They were forcing it to conform to traditional astrology. Everything that happened on the technical plane while the Reich was making a great effort to consolidate its material gains, could, it appears, be carried on independently of these beliefs: the initial impulse had been given, and it was now accepted that all sciences were based on a secret science, a form of magic. As Hitler declared: 'There is a Nordic and National-Socialist Science which is opposed to Judaeo-Liberal Science.'

This 'Nordic science' is a form of esotericism, or rather it is derived from the same source as the whole esoteric movement. It is not merely a coincidence that the *Enneads* of Plotinus were issued in a carefully revised edition in Germany and the occupied countries. The *Enneads* were read during the war in the little mystical societies of pro-German intellectuals, together with the ancient Hindu texts, Nietzsche and the Thibetan seers.

Every line of Plotinus, for example, when he is speaking of astronomy could be matched with a quotation from Horbiger. Plotinus describes the natural and supernatural relations of Man with the Cosmos and of every part of the Universe with all its other parts as follows: 'This Universe is a unique animal that contains within itself all other animals. . . . Without coming into contact, things occur and are bound to produce an effect at a distance. . . . The world is a unique animal, and that is why it must of necessity be in sympathy with itself; there is no such thing as chance in life, but only a harmony and an order that governs everything.' Again: 'Events on the Earth are in sympathetic relationship with celestial things.'

Nearer our own time, William Blake, with his half poetic, half religious visionary insight, sees the whole Universe in a grain of sand. This expresses the notion of the reversibility of the infinitely

great and the infinitely small, and the unity of the Universe in all its parts.

According to the Zohar: 'Everything here below happens as it does on high.'

Hermes Trismegistes: 'It is all the same above and below.'

Finally, the old Chinese Law which declares that: 'The stars in their courses are fighting on the side of the just.'

We have now plumbed the depths of the Hitlerian philosophy. In our opinion it is regrettable that this philosophy has never been analysed in this way before. It was not considered necessary to do more than emphasize its outward manifestations, political implications and exoteric aspects. It has obviously not been our intention to revalorise the philosophy of Nazism. But it is inherent in, and has influenced events. It seems to us that it is only when looked at in this light that these events can be really understood. They are still horrible, but viewed from this angle they are seen to be something more than just sufferings inflicted by madmen and evil men on their fellow men. They amplify history, as it were, and establish it on a level where it ceases to be absurd and becomes worth living, despite the suffering entailed, because it is a spiritual level.

The point we are trying to make is that a civilization entirely different from our own made its appearance in Germany and was established there for several years. On reflection, it is not inconceivable that so completely alien a civilization should have been able to establish itself in so short a time. Our own humanist civilization itself is based on a mystery - which is that all sorts of ideas in our world can coexist, and that knowledge acquired from one set of ideas may in the end be used to promote ideas that are quite contrary. Moreover, everything in our civilization helps to make the mind understand that the mind is not everything. An unconscious conspiracy on the part of material powers reduces the risks, keeps the mind within limits from which pride is not excluded, but in which ambition is leavened with a tendency to question whether anything is worth while. As Musil has pointed out: 'If only a single one of the ideas which influence our life were taken really seriously so as to leave no room at all for its opposite, this would be enough to change the whole character of our civilization.' This is what happened in Germany, at any rate in the higher ruling circles of their 'magic' socialist system.

We have a magical relationship with the Universe, but we have forgotten it. The next mutation of the human race will produce beings who will be conscious of this relationship, demi-gods. Already this mutation is having an effect on a few Messianic souls who have established a connection with the distant past and remember the days when the giants could influence the movements of the stars.

Horbiger and his disciples, as we have seen, thought that there

were periods during which the human race reached its apogee: for example, the periods of 'low' Moon at the end of the secondary and tertiary epochs. When the satellite threatens to descend upon the Earth and is in close proximity to our planet, it is then that living creatures are at the height of their vital and, no doubt, their spiritual powers. The King-Giant, the Man-God concentrates in himself and directs the psychic forces of the community. He controls this network of radiations in such a way that the stars are maintained on their courses and the catastrophe staved off. This is the essential function of the giant-magician. To a certain extent, he keeps the solar system in its place. He is at the head of a sort of power-house of psychic energy; it is in this that his kingship resides.

This energy is a part of the cosmic energy. Thus, it seems that the monumental calendar of Tiahuanaco, which is supposed to have been drawn up under the guidance of the giants, was not intended to register the passage of time and the movements of the stars, but to create time and maintain these movements. The object is to prolong for as long as possible the period during which the moon is within a certain radius from the Earth; and it may be that, when the giants were in power, all human activities were devoted to creating a concentration of psychic energy in order to preserve the harmony of Earthly and Heavenly events. Human societies, in fact, under the influence of the giants, were a kind of dynamo, producing forces that would contribute to maintaining the equilibrium of the forces in the Universe. In other words, man or, more particularly, the giants and the demi-gods, were responsible for the entire Cosmos.

There is a singular resemblance between this vision and that of Gurdjieff. It is well known that this celebrated thaumaturge claimed to have learned in certain initiation centres in the East a number of secrets relating to the origin of the world and the higher civilizations that disappeared hundreds of thousands of years ago. In his famous work, *All and Everything*, in his familiar picturesque style, he wrote as follows: 'This Committee (of the angels who had created the solar system) having made a survey of all the known facts, came to the conclusion that, although the fragments projected from the planet Earth might maintain for a time their present position, it was possible that in the future, owing to what are known as *tastartoonarian* movements, these satellite fragments might leave their orbits and cause a great number of irreparable catastrophes. The High Commissioners therefore decided to take steps to prevent this, and concluded that the most effective way of doing this would be to ensure that the Earth should constantly send out to its satellites, to keep them in their places, the sacred vibrations called *askokinns*.'

Men, then, are endowed with a special organ for transmitting the psychic forces needed to preserve the equilibrium of the Cosmos. This is what we call, vaguely, the soul, and all our religions, according to this theory, are merely a relic of this forgotten primordial

function, namely to play a part in maintaining the equilibrium of the cosmic forces.

Denis Saurat recalls that in prehistoric America the great Initiates used to play a sacred game with rackets and balls: the balls traced in the air the courses of the stars. If an unskilful player dropped or lost a ball he would be the cause of astronomical catastrophes; he would then be killed and his heart torn out.

The souvenir of this primordial function persists in legends and superstitions, from the Pharaoh who, by his magic powers, caused the Nile to rise every year to the prayers of the pagan West that the winds might change or the hailstorms cease, to the incantations of the Polynesian witch-doctors to ensure rainfall.

The origin of all major religions would thus seem to be the obligation, of which the men of past ages and their giant rulers were fully conscious, to maintain what Gurdjieff calls 'the Cosmic movement of Universal harmony'.

In the conflict between ice and fire, which is the key to universal life, Horbiger affirms that cycles occur on the Earth, and that every six thousand years we experience an Ice Age. Floods and major catastrophes occur at the same time. But there is an uprush of fire in human beings every seven hundred years, which means that every seven hundred years Man awakens again to a consciousness of his responsibilities in this cosmic struggle. He becomes once more, in the fullest sense of the word, religious. He renews contact with minds that have long since been buried and forgotten. He prepares for future mutations. His soul expands to the dimensions of the Cosmos. He recaptures the feeling of participating in a Universal and heroic adventure. He is once again capable of distinguishing between the respective spheres of the man-god and the slave-man, and of excluding from humanity whatever belongs to the outcast species. He becomes ruthless again, and spectacular, reverting to the role for which the giants had been preparing him.

We have been unable to understand how Horbiger justified his cycles-theory, or how he reconciled it with the rest of his system. However, like Hitler, Horbiger used to say that to bother about coherence was a deadly vice. The only thing that mattered was to set things in motion. Crime is movement: a crime against the intelligence is a good deed. Moreover, Horbiger learned about his cycles in a vision – a more authoritative source than mere reason. The last uprush of fire occurred at the same time as the apparition of the Teutonic Knights. The most recent coincided with the foundation of the Nazi 'Black Order'.

Rauschnig, who did not possess a key to the Führer's way of thinking and had never been anything but a good aristocratic humanist, was alarmed by the things Hitler sometimes allowed himself to say in his presence. 'A theme which constantly recurred in his conversation,' Rauschnig relates, 'was what he called the "decisive turning-point in the history of the world"'. There would be an upheaval on our planet of which we, the uninitiated, would

be unable to understand the full implications.* Hitler spoke like one in a trance. He had built up a biological *mystique* which was the foundation of all his inspirations. He had also invented a personal terminology. 'Taking a wrong turning' meant the abandonment by man of his divine vocation. To acquire a 'magical vision' seemed to him to be the aim of human evolution. He believed that he was himself already on the threshold of this magical knowledge, which was the source of his present and future successes. A contemporary Professor (Horbiger) had written in addition to a certain number of scientific works, some rather strange essays on the primitive world, the formation of legends, the interpretation of dreams among primitive peoples and on the intuitive knowledge these peoples were said to possess, together with a kind of transcendent faculty which enabled them to alter the Laws of Nature. In all this rigmarole there were also references to the single eye of the Cyclops, the eye in his forehead which later became atrophied to form the pineal gland. Hitler was fascinated by these ideas, and loved to immerse himself in them. The only way in which he could explain the miracle of his own destiny was by attributing it to the action of unseen forces – the same forces to which he owed his superhuman vocation of having to preach a new Gospel to humanity.

'The human species,' he used to say, 'has been through a prodigious number of cycles since it made its first appearance. Throughout the ages it has traversed many stages of advancement, and was now coming to the end of its solar period.† Already the first specimens of the superman were beginning to appear. A new race was heralded, which would take precedence over the old. Just as, according to the immortal wisdom of the ancient Nordic peoples, the world continually renewed itself by casting off the past in a series of Twilights of the Gods, and just as the solstices, in ancient mythology, were symbols of the rhythm of life, not developing continuously or in a straight line, but spirally, so did humanity progress in a series of forward and backward leaps.

'When Hitler spoke to me,' continued Rauschnig, 'he tried to explain his vocation as the herald of a new humanity in rational and concrete terms. For example: "Creation is not yet completed. Man has reached a definite stage of metamorphosis. The ancient human species is already in a state of decline, just managing to survive. Humanity accomplishes a step up once every seven hundred years, and the ultimate aim is the coming of the Sons of God. All creative forces will be concentrated in a new species. The two varieties will evolve rapidly in different directions. One will disappear, and the other will flourish. It will be infinitely superior to modern man. Do you understand now the profound meaning of

* As the fourth Moon approached the Earth, there would be changes in gravitation. The waters would rise, and humans would enter upon a new era of gigantism. Mutations would be caused by the action of more powerful cosmic rays. The world would enter a new 'Atlantidean' phase.

† The period when the Sun's influence was strongest. The peak periods were when the Moon was nearest the Earth.

our National-Socialist movement? Whoever sees in National Socialism nothing but a political movement doesn't know much about it. . . ."

Rauschnig, like other observers, did not connect the racial doctrine with Horbiger's general system. There is, nevertheless, a certain connection. It was a part of the esoteric Nazi philosophy, some other aspects of which we shall be examining shortly.

There was the racialism exploited for propaganda purposes; and it was this that the historians have described and the tribunals, voicing the feeling of the majority, have rightly condemned. But there was another kind of racialism, deeper and no doubt more horrible. This has never been understood either by the historians or the people, and there could be no common language between the exponents of this kind of racialism on the one hand, and their victims and their judges on the other. This, roughly, is their thesis:

The terrestrial and cosmic period in which we are living while waiting for the advent of a new cycle which will bring about mutations on the Earth, a reclassification of species and the return of the giant-magician, the demi-god, is characterized by the coexistence on this globe of forms of life originating in the various phases of the secondary, tertiary and quaternary periods. There have been phases of upward and downward movements. Certain species are degenerating, others are forward-looking and bear within them the seeds of the future. Man is not a unity. Nor are men the descendants of the giants, only their successors, and they, too, were created by mutation. But this intermediate species of humanity is not itself a unity. There is a true race of humans which will come with the next cycle, endowed with the psychic organs that will enable it to assist in maintaining the equilibrium of the cosmic forces, and destined to play its part in a heroic adventure under the guidance of the Unknown Superior Beings of the future. There is also another species of humanity which does not deserve the name and no doubt came into being on the globe during some dark and dismal epoch when, after one of the Moons had descended on the Earth, vast portions of the Earth's surface were nothing but a desolate swamp. It was probably created along with other crawling and hideous creatures, the relics of a baser form of life. The Gypsies, Negroes and Jews are not men, in the true sense of the term. Born after the fall of the tertiary Moon, by a sudden mutation, a kind of unfortunate lapse on the part of an enfeebled creative force, these 'modern' creatures (particularly the Jews) imitate man and are envious of him, but do not belong to the same species. 'They are as far removed from us as animals are from humans,' said Hitler (these were his very words) to a terrified Rauschnig who then realized that Hitler's views were crazier even than those of Rosenberg and all the racial theoreticians. 'I do not mean,' Hitler was careful to explain, 'that I look upon Jews as animals; they are much further removed from animals than we are. Therefore, it is not a crime against humanity to

exterminate them, since they do not belong to humanity. They are creatures outside nature.'

It is for these reasons that certain sessions of the Nuremberg Trial were meaningless. The judges could not possibly have any kind of communication with those who were really responsible, most of whom, in any case, had disappeared, leaving in the dock only the men who had been their instruments. Two worlds confronted one another, with no means of communication. It was like trying to judge creatures from Mars by the standards of our humanist civilization. They were, indeed, Martians - in the sense that they belonged to a different world from the one we have known for the last six or seven centuries. A civilization totally different from what is generally meant by the word had been established in Germany in the space of a few years, without our having ever properly understood what was going on. Its initiators no longer had any intellectual, moral or spiritual affinities with ourselves in any basic sense; and despite external resemblances, they were as remote from us as the Australian aborigines. The judges at Nuremberg tried to act as if they were not conscious of this appalling state of things. To a certain extent, indeed, there was a case for concealing the truth so that it could be buried and made to vanish, as in a conjuring trick. It was important to keep alive the idea of the permanence and universality of our humanist and Cartesian civilization, and somehow or other it was essential that the accused should be integrated in this system. This was necessary in order not to upset the equilibrium of the Western way of life and conscience. It must not be imagined that we are questioning the benefits that have resulted from the Nuremberg Trial. We merely believe that a world of fantasy was buried there. But this was only right in order to save countless million souls from being corrupted. The exhumation we have been carrying out is only for the benefit of a few amateurs, who have been warned and are equipped with masks.

We find it difficult to admit that Nazi Germany embodied the concepts of a civilization bearing no relationship at all to our own. And yet it was just that, and nothing else, that justified this war, one of the very few known to history in which the cause at stake was really vital. It was essential that one of the two opposing visions of Man, Heaven and Earth, the humanist or the magical, should triumph. Coexistence was out of the question, although one can quite well imagine Marxism and liberalism coexisting, because they are based on the same kind of ideas, and belong to the same Universe. The Universe of Copernicus is not the same as that of Plotinus; they are fundamentally opposed, not only on the theoretical, but also on the social, political, spiritual, intellectual and emotional plane.

What makes it difficult for us to accept this strange vision of another civilization so speedily set up across the Rhine is that the distinction we make between civilized and uncivilized is still a childish one; we still think in terms of feathered helmets, tom-toms

and mud-huts. The truth is, of course, that it would be easier to make a civilized person out of a Bantu witch-doctor than to find a place in our humanistic system for a Hitler, a Horbiger or a Haushofer. But this truth was hidden from us by German technology, German science and German organization, comparable, if not superior, to our own. The great innovation of Nazi Germany was to mix magic with science and technology.

Those intellectuals who despise our civilization and turn to the past for their enlightenment, have always been hostile to technical progress. For example, René Guénon or Gurdjieff or all the innumerable devotees of the Hindu way of life. But it was during the Nazi régime that magic was allowed to take control of the wheels of material progress. Lenin used to say that Communism was socialism *plus* electricity. It could also be said that Hitlerism, in a sense, was 'Guénonism' *plus* tanks.

One of the finest poems of our time is entitled *Martian Chronicles*. Its author is an American, a Christian after the manner of Bernanos, and one who dreads a robot civilization. His name: Ray Bradbury. He is not, as is generally believed in France, a writer of 'science-fiction', but a religious artist. His choice of subjects is completely modern, but his object in writing about journeys into space and into the future is to convey something of modern man's ever-increasing and secret anxieties.

At the beginning of *Martian Chronicles* the first great inter-planetary rocket is about to be launched. It will reach Mars and establish for the first time a contact with other intelligent beings. We are in January 1999; a minute ago it was winter in Ohio, with frost and ice everywhere . . . then suddenly the little town is swept by a wave of heat, a rush of burning air as if someone had just opened an oven door. The hot air penetrates into the houses, all over the countryside, and everywhere the ice is melted. . . . *The rocket's summer* . . . the word is passed from mouth to mouth. . . . The frost on the windows is dissolved by the hot desert air, the snow falling from a cold sky is turned into warm rain before it reaches the ground. *The rocket's summer* . . . the inhabitants on their dripping doorsteps watch the sky turn red. . . .

What happened to these people later in Bradbury's poem was sad and tragic, because the author does not believe that spiritual and material progress go together. But, as a prologue, he describes this 'rocket's summer' as if to emphasize one of Man's fundamental dreams: the promise of eternal spring on Earth. When men begin to interfere with the celestial machinery and infuse new motor impulses into it, great changes will take place on the Earth. Everything reacts on everything else. In inter-planetary space, where from now on human intelligence will play a part, chain reactions will occur which will have repercussions on the Earth and bring about changes in temperature. As soon as man conquers, not only the sky, but what lies behind the sky; as soon as a great material and spiritual revolution takes place in the Universe; as soon as

civilization ceases to be merely human and becomes cosmic, immediately there will be a kind of compensatory reaction on the Earth. Men will no longer be at the mercy of the elements. The globe will be enveloped forever in warmth and sweetness. Ice, which is a symbol of death, will disappear, and the cold will vanish with it. The promise of an eternal spring will be fulfilled, if humanity accomplishes its divine mission. If it can be integrated with the universal All, an eternally warm and flower-decked Earth will be its reward. The forces of cold, which are the forces of solitude and decadence, will be vanquished by the forces of fire.

The assimilation of fire to spiritual energy is another of Man's archetypal ideas. Whoever possesses this force, possesses fire. Strange as it may seem, Hitler was convinced that wherever he advanced the cold would retreat before him. This mystical belief partly accounts for the way in which he conducted the campaign in Russia.

The Horbigerians, who claimed to be able to predict the weather all over our planet months and even years in advance, had announced a relatively mild winter. But there was another factor: in common with other disciples of the 'eternal ice' theory, Hitler was firmly convinced that he had formed an alliance with the cold, and that the snowy plains of Russia would not be able to delay his advance. Humanity under his leadership was about to enter the new cycle of fire. Winter would retreat before his flame-bearing legions.

Although the Führer usually paid great attention to the material equipment of his troops, the only ridiculously inadequate addition to the outfit of his soldiers in the Russian campaign consisted of a scarf and a pair of gloves.

Then, in December 1941, the thermometer suddenly descended to -40° C. The predictions were false, the elements revolted, the stars in their courses suddenly ceased to work in the interests of the 'just man'. It was the triumph of ice over fire. Automatic weapons ceased to function as the oil froze. In the reservoirs the cold caused the synthetic petrol to separate into two unusable elements. Behind the lines the locomotives were frozen. The soldiers were dying in their greatcoats and army boots. The slightest wound meant death.

Thousands of soldiers died of exposure while performing their natural functions. Hitler refused to believe in this first conflict between mysticism and reality. General Guderian, at the risk of losing his rank and perhaps his life, flew back to Germany to inform Hitler of the situation and to ask him to give the order to retreat.

'As to the cold,' said Hitler, 'I will see to that. Attack.' It was thus that the entire armoured corps that had conquered Poland in eighteen days and France in a month – the armies of Guderian, Reinhardt and Hoepfner, the formidable legion of the conquering heroes whom Hitler called his Immortals – slashed by the wind and scorched by the frost, disappeared in the frozen wastes in order that a mystical idea should be proved truer than reality.

What remained of the Great Army had, in the end, to give in and make at all speed for the south. When, in the following spring, the

troops invaded the Caucasus, a strange ceremony took place. Three S.S. mountaineers climbed to the summit of Mount Elbruz, the sacred hill of the Aryan race, the seat of ancient civilizations, the magic peak of the sect of the 'Friends of Lucifer'. There they planted the swastika flag, blessed according to the rites of the Black Order. The blessing of the flag at the top of Mount Elbruz was to mark the beginning of a new era. In future the seasons would be obedient, and fire would triumph over ice for many thousands of years to come.

There had been a serious setback the previous year, but that was only a trial, the last to be overcome before the real spiritual victory. And so, despite the warnings of the official meteorologists who predicted a winter even more severe than the preceding one, and regardless of innumerable threatening indications, the troops turned North again towards Stalingrad in order to cut Russia in two.

It was the 'disciples of reason with their sombre mien' who won the day. It was the practical men, men lacking 'the divine fire', with their courage, their 'Judaico-liberal' science, and their techniques untainted by religious overtones – it was these men who, aided by the cold and ice, triumphed in the end. They broke the covenant, and won a victory over magic. After Stalingrad Hitler was no longer a prophet. His religion crumbled. Stalingrad was not only a military and political defeat; the balance of spiritual forces was upset, the wheel was turning. German newspapers appeared in heavy mourning, and the descriptions they gave of the disaster were more terrible than those in the Russian communiqués. National mourning was proclaimed. But this mourning was for something more than a nation. 'Do you realize what has happened,' wrote Goebbels; 'It is a whole school of thought, an entire conception of the Universe that have been defeated. Spiritual forces will be crushed, the hour of judgment is at hand.'

Stalingrad was not just the triumph of Communism over Fascism or, rather, it was not only that. Looked at from another angle, at the distance from which the meaning of such vast and far-reaching events can best be judged, it will be seen as a victory of our humanist civilization over a civilization of another kind – a Satanic and magical form of civilization designed, not for Man, but for 'something more than Man'. There are no essential differences in the ultimate aims of two civilizations such as the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. The Europe of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries supplied the motive-power which is still functioning.

The engine does not make exactly the same noise in New York as in Moscow, but that is all. It was not, in reality a mere temporary coalition of basic enemies that went to war with Germany, but a whole world – a single, united world that believes in progress, justice, equality and science. One world having the same vision of the Cosmos, the same understanding of Universal Laws, and one that assigns to man the same place, neither too exalted nor

too humble, in the Universe. One world that believes in reason and the reality of things. A world, in a word, which was to have disappeared altogether to leave room for another of which Hitler felt himself to be the prophet.

It was, nevertheless, the 'little men' of the free world, the inhabitants of Moscow, Boston, Limoges and Liège – the little man with his positive and rationalist philosophy, a moralist rather than a religious fanatic, uninterested in metaphysics or the world of fantasy – the type Zarathustra described as an imitation-man, a caricature – it was this little man, a replica of Flaubert's Monsieur Homais, who was to annihilate the Great Army whose mission it was to prepare the way for the Superman, the demi-god, who would reign supreme over the elements, and the stars. And, by a curious freak of justice – or injustice – it was this little man with his limited mentality who, years later, was to launch into space the satellite which was to inaugurate the interplanetary era. Stalingrad and the launching of the first Sputnik were, as the Russians have pointed out, two decisive victories which, incidentally, they celebrated together in 1957 on the anniversary of their Revolution.

A photograph of Goebbels was published in the Russian Press, with the caption: 'He thought we were going to be annihilated. It was necessary for us to win in order to create the interplanetary man.'

The mad, desperate, catastrophic resistance put up by Hitler at a time when it was quite obvious that all was lost can only be explained by his belief in the Horbigerian theory that the world was awaiting a second Deluge. If the situation could not be retrieved by human means, it was still possible to provoke the judgment of the gods. The Deluge would recur as a punishment for the whole human race. Night would cover the Earth, and everything would be submerged under a tempest of water and hail. Hitler, Speer recounts with horror, 'deliberately tried to make everything perish with him. He had reached a state in which, as far as he was concerned, the end of his own life meant the end of the world.' Goebbels, in his last pronouncements, greeted with enthusiasm the enemy bombers which were destroying his country: 'Under the ruins of our demolished cities the accomplishments of the stupid nineteenth century lie buried.' Hitler glorified death: he advocated the total destruction of Germany, caused all prisoners to be put to death, condemned to death his own surgeon, had his brother-in-law executed, passed sentence of death on his defeated soldiers and descended himself into the grave. 'Hitler and Goebbels,' wrote Trevor Roper, 'called upon the German people to destroy their towns and factories, blow up their bridges and dams and demolish the railways and all the rolling-stock, all for the sake of a legend – the Twilight of the Gods.' Hitler called for blood, and sent his last remaining troops out to be sacrificed. 'Our losses never seem to be high enough,' he said.

It was not Germany's enemies who had triumphed, but the

forces of the Universe which had been set in motion to drown the Earth and punish humanity, because humanity had allowed the ice to triumph over fire and the forces of death to prevail over the powers of life and resurrection. The vengeance of Heaven would strike; all that was left for him to do on his deathbed was to summon the Great Flood. Hitler staged a water sacrifice and gave orders that the Berlin Underground should be flooded: 300,000 people who had taken refuge there perished in this way. It was an act of initiative magic: this gesture would be the signal for Apocalyptic events in the Heavens and on the Earth. Goebbels published one last article before putting to death in the Bunker his wife and children and committing suicide himself. He declared that the tragedy that was being enacted was not on an earthly, but on a cosmic plane. 'Our end will be the end of the whole Universe.'

They soared on the wings of their demented imagination into infinite space – and died in a cellar.

They thought they were preparing the way for a demi-god who would command the elements. They believed in a cycle of fire. They would conquer the ice, on Earth and in Heaven, and their soldiers died of exposure in performing their natural functions. They had fantastic ideas about the evolution of the species, and thought that far-reaching mutations would take place. And the last news they received from the world outside came to them from the head keeper of the Berlin Zoo who, from his perch on the branch of a tree, telephoned it to the Bunker.

In the days of their power, ambition and pride, they prophesied:

*'Le grand âge du monde renait.
Les années d'or reviennent;
La terre, comme un serpent,
Renouvelle ses vêtements usés de l'hiver.'*

But there is, no doubt, a deeper kind of prophecy that condemns the prophets themselves to a more than tragic – a caricatural death. From the depths of their cellar, with the thundering of the tanks growing ever louder in their ears, they ended their tumultuous and evil lives in the agony and supplication which Shelley in his *Hellas*, describes:

*'Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!'*

VII

A hollow Earth – We are living inside it – The Sun and Moon are in the centre of the Earth – Radar in the service of the Wise Men – Birth of a new religion in America – Its prophet was a German airman – Anti-Einstein – The work of a madman – A hollow Earth, Artificial Satellites and the notion of Infinity – Hitler as arbiter – Beyond coherence

WE are in April 1942. Germany is putting her whole strength into the war. Nothing, it would seem, could distract the technicians, scientists and military chiefs from the performance of their immediate tasks.

Nevertheless, an expedition organized with the approval of Goering, Himmler and Hitler set out from the Reich surrounded by the greatest secrecy. The members of this expedition were some of the greatest experts on radar. Under the direction of Dr. Heinz Fisher, well known for his work on infra-red rays, they disembarked on the island of Rügen in the Baltic. The expedition was equipped with the most up-to-date radar apparatus, despite the fact that these instruments were still rare at that time, and distributed over the principal nerve-centres of the German defence system.

However, the observations to be carried out on the island of Rügen were considered by the Admiralty General Staff as of capital importance for the offensive which Hitler was preparing to launch on every front.

Immediately on arrival at their destination Dr. Fisher aimed his radar at the sky at an angle of 45 degrees. There appeared to be nothing to detect in that particular direction. The other members of the expedition thought that a test was being carried out. They did not know what was expected of them; the object of these experiments would be revealed to them later. To their amazement, the radar remained fixed in the same position for several days. It was then that they learned the reason: Hitler had formed the idea that the Earth is not convex but concave. We are not living on the outside of the globe, but inside it. Our position is comparable to that of flies walking about inside a round bowl. The object of the expedition was to demonstrate this truth scientifically. By the reflection of radar rays travelling in a straight line it would be possible to obtain an image of points situated at a great distance inside the sphere. The expedition also had a second object, namely, to obtain by reflection an image of the British Fleet at Scapa Flow.

Martin Gardner tells the story of this crazy adventure on the island of Rügen in his book *In the Name of Science*. Dr. Fisher himself made some allusion to it after the war. In 1946 Professor Gerard S. Kuiper, of the Mount Palomar Observatory, wrote a series of articles on the theory of a hollow Earth which had inspired this expedition. This is what he wrote in *Popular Astronomy*: 'High officials in the German Admiralty and Air Force believed

in the theory of a hollow Earth. They thought this would be useful for locating the whereabouts of the British Fleet, because the concave curvature of the Earth would facilitate long-distance observation by means of infra-red rays, which are less curved than visible rays.' The engineer Willy Ley records the same facts in his essay (May 1947) on '*Pseudo-sciences Under the Nazi Régime*'.

All this is extraordinary, but true: high Nazi dignitaries and military experts denied purely and simply what has always appeared self-evident even to a little child in our civilized world – namely, that the Earth is round, and that we are living on its surface. Above us, so the child believes, is an infinite Universe with its myriads of stars and galaxies. Beneath us is a hard rock.

Whether he be English, French, American or Russian, our small boy in all these respects is in agreement with official science, and also with the accepted religions and philosophies. Our moral code, our arts and our techniques are founded on this vision which seems to be confirmed by experience. If we are looking for something that can provide the best guarantee of the unity of our modern civilization, it is in our cosmogony that we shall find it. As regards essentials, that is to say, the situation of man and the Earth in the Universe, we are all agreed, Marxists and non-Marxists alike. Only the Nazis thought differently.

The defenders of the hollow Earth theory, who organized the famous para-scientific expedition to the island of Rügen, believed that we are living inside a globe fixed into a mass of rock extending to infinity, adhering to its concave sides. The sky is in the middle of this globe; it is a mass of bluish gas, with points of brilliant light which we mistake for stars. There are only the Sun and the Moon – both infinitely smaller than the orthodox astronomers think. This is the entire Universe. We are all alone, surrounded by rock.

We shall see how this conception arose – out of legends, intuition and illumination. In the year 1942 a nation engaged in a war in which everything depends on technique expects science to come to the aid of mysticism, and mysticism to increase the efficiency of techniques. Dr. Fisher, a specialist in infra-red rays, is entrusted with the mission of using radar for the benefit of people who believe in magic.

In Paris or London we have our eccentrics, our believers in weird cosmogonies, our prophets who preach all kinds of strange things. They publish pamphlets, frequent old bookshops, address meetings in Hyde Park or the *Salle de Géographie* in the Boulevard Saint-Germain. In Hitler's Germany we saw people of this kind mobilizing the forces of a nation and the whole technical machinery of an army at war. We saw the influence they had over the High Command, the political leaders and the scientists. This is because such people belonged to a brand-new civilization founded on a contempt for classical culture and reason. In such a civilization intuition, mystical and poetical illumination are elevated to exactly the same level as scientific research and rational learning. 'When I hear anyone speaking of culture I draw my revolver,' said Goering. This terri-

fying saying has a double meaning: a literal one that shows us a Goering-Ubu demolishing the intellectuals, and a deeper one that is really more harmful to what we call culture which shows Goering firing explosive bullets in the form of Horbiger's cosmogony, the hollow Earth theory or the mystical dogmas of the group known as *Thule*.

The hollow Earth theory was initiated in America at the beginning of the nineteenth century. On 10th April, 1818, all the members of Congress, Heads of Universities and a few leading scientists received the following letter:

Saint-Louis,
Missouri,
N. America.
10th April.

To the whole world:

I declare that the Earth is hollow and habitable in the interior. It contains several solid, concentric spheres, placed one inside the other, and is open to the pole at an angle of from 12 to 16 degrees. I undertake to prove the truth of what I am asserting, and am ready to explore the interior of the Earth if the world agrees to help me in my undertaking.

(signed) Jno. Cleves Symmes,
Captain (Retd.) Ohio Infantry.

Sprague de Camp and Willy Ley in their remarkable book, *From Atlantis to Eldorado*, give the following account of the theory and of the adventures of the former Captain:

'Symmes maintained that since everything in the world was hollow, including bones, hair, the stalks of plants, etc., the planets too were hollow; and in the case of the Earth it was possible to distinguish five spheres one inside the other, all of them being habitable both inside and out, and equipped with enormous polar apertures through which the inhabitants of each sphere could go from any one point to another, inside or out, like ants running about on the inside or the outside of a china bowl. . . . Symmes organized lecture tours on the scale of electoral campaigns. He left behind him, after his death, masses of notes and what was probably a little wooden model of the Symmes Globe now in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. His son, Americ Vespucci Symmes, was one of his disciples, who tried, unsuccessfully, to collect his father's notes and present them in a coherent form. He contributed the suggestion that, in the course of time, the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel would be discovered, probably living inside the outermost sphere.'

In 1870 another American, Cyrus Read Teed, proclaimed, in his turn, that the Earth was hollow. Teed was a very learned man, who had specialized in alchemist literature. In 1869, while working in his laboratory and meditating on the Book of Isaiah, he had a vision. He at once understood that we were living, not on the

Earth, but inside it. This vision gave fresh confirmation to ancient legends, so he created a sort of religion and, in order to publicize his teaching founded a small journal entitled *The Sword of Fire*. In 1894 he had a following of more than 4,000 fanatics. His religion was called *Koreshism*. He died in 1908, after announcing that his corpse would not suffer decay. But his disciples were obliged to embalm him after two days.

This idea of a hollow Earth is connected with a tradition which is to be found everywhere throughout the ages. The most ancient religious texts speak of a separate world situated underneath the Earth's crust which was supposed to be the dwelling-place of departed spirits. When Gilgamesh, the legendary hero of the ancient Sumerian and Babylonian epics, went to visit his ancestor Utnapishtim, he descended into the bowels of the Earth; and it was there that Orpheus went to seek the soul of Euridice. Ulysses, having reached the furthestmost boundaries of the Western world, offered a sacrifice so that the spirits of the Ancients would rise up from the depths of the Earth and give him advice. Pluto was said to reign over the underworld and over the spirits of the dead. The early Christians used to meet in the catacombs, and believed that the souls of the damned went to live in caverns beneath the Earth. Venus, in some Germanic legends, was banished to the bowels of the Earth. Dante situated his Inferno among the lowest circles. In European folk-lore dragons have their habitat underground, and the Japanese believe that deep down underneath their island dwells a monster whose stirrings are the cause of earthquakes.

We have referred above to a pre-Hitlerian secret society, the Vril which mixed these legends with the theories put forward by the English author Bulwer Lytton in his novel *The Coming Race*. According to the members of this society, beings endowed with psychic powers superior to our own inhabit caverns in the centre of the Earth. One day they will come forth and reign over us.

At the end of the 1914 war a young German airman, Bender, while a prisoner in France, discovered some old copies of Teed's paper *The Sword of Fire* along with some propaganda pamphlets in support of the hollow Earth theory. Attracted by this creed, and having himself received 'enlightenment' on the subject, he developed and formulated this doctrine in precise terms and, on his return to Germany, founded a movement entitled the *Hohl Welt Lehre*. He also continued the work of another American, Marshall B. Gardner, who in 1913 had published a book to prove that the Sun was not above the Earth, but inside it, and that it was the pressure exerted by its rays that kept us attached to the Earth's concave surface.

For Bender, the Earth is a sphere of the same size as in orthodox geography, but hollow; living creatures adhere to its internal surface through the agency of certain solar radiations. All round there is nothing but rock, stretching to infinity. The layer of air inside extends to forty-five miles, after which it rarefies to become a complete vacuum in the centre, where there are three bodies:

the Sun, the Moon, and a Phantom Universe. This consists of a globe of bluish gas pierced by bright, shining points of light which the astronomers call stars. It is night over a part of this concave Earth when the blue mass passes in front of the Sun, and the shadow of this mass on the Moon produces eclipses. We, on the other hand believe in an external Universe, situated outside us, because light-rays do not travel in a straight line but, with the exception of infra-red rays, are curved. This theory of Bender's became popular round about the 1930s. The rulers of Germany and officers of the Admiralty and Air Force High Command believed that the Earth is hollow.

It is quite fantastic that men in charge of a nation's destiny should have shaped their policy to some extent on mystical intuitions and theories which deny the existence of our Universe. It is nevertheless true that for the ordinary German 'man in the street', in the 1930s, crushed by defeat and misery, the idea of a hollow Earth might well have seemed, after all, no crazier than the idea of sources of unlimited energy being contained in a speck of matter, or the notion of a four-dimensional Universe. Since the end of the nineteenth century science has been following a path which seems to run counter to common sense. To a nation of primitive, unhappy and mystically-minded people anything strange seemed admissible, especially if it were something as comprehensible and consoling as the idea of a hollow Earth. Hitler and his cronies, who were men of the 'people' and hostile to any kind of intellectualism, were no doubt more inclined to accept the ideas of a man like Bender than the theories of an Einstein which revealed a Universe of infinite complexity which demanded an infinitely delicate approach. Bender's world was apparently as mad as Einstein's; but represented a more elementary form of madness. Bender's explanation of the Universe, though starting from crazy premisses, was logically developed. The madman had lost everything except his reason.

The *Hohl Welt Lehre*, which considered humanity to be the only intelligence in the Universe, which reduced that Universe to the dimensions of the Earth and gave men the sensation of being enfolded, enclosed and protected, like a foetus in the womb, satisfied certain aspirations of an unhappy people, thrown back on themselves and full of pride and resentment against the outside world. It was, moreover, the only German theory which could be set against the teaching of the Jew Einstein.

Einstein's theory was based on the Michelson-Morley experiment showing that the speed of light travelling in the direction of the Earth's rotation is the same as that of light travelling at right angles to the Earth's orbit. Einstein deduced from this that light is not 'carried' on anything, but is composed of independent particles. From these premisses Einstein saw that light contracts along the path on which it is moving and that it is a condensed form of energy. He then formulated the theory of the relativity of the speed of light. In Bender's system the Earth, being hollow,

does not move, so the Michelson theory does not apply. The hollow Earth theory therefore seems to conform to reality just as much as Einstein's. At that time no experiment had yet been made to verify Einstein's thesis, as the atomic bomb had not yet arrived to provide an absolutely conclusive and terrifying proof of its correctness. The German rulers made this a pretext for discrediting the work of the distinguished Jewish scientist, and for launching a campaign against Jewish scientists and official science in general.

Einstein, Teller, Fermi and a number of other eminent scientists were obliged to go into exile. They were welcomed in the United States, and provided with money and well-equipped laboratories. It was from these beginnings that America built up her atomic power. Thus the rise to power of occult forces in Germany had the result of endowing America with nuclear energy.

The most important study centre in the American Army was at Dayton, Ohio. In 1957 it was announced that the laboratory there where work was proceeding on the hydrogen bomb had succeeded in producing a temperature of one million degrees. The scientist who had successfully conducted this astonishing experiment was none other than the Dr. Heinz Fisher who had led the expedition to the island of Rügen to verify the truth of the hollow Earth theory.

Ever since 1945 he had been working freely in the United States. When asked by the American Press about his past, he said: 'The Nazis forced me to do crazy things which hindered me considerably in my researches.' One wonders what would have happened, and how the war would have developed if Dr. Fisher's researches had not been interrupted to further the mystical notions of Bender. . . .

After the Rügen expedition, Bender's prestige, in the eyes of the Nazi leaders, declined, in spite of the protection of Goering who had a great affection for this formerly distinguished airman.

The followers of Horbiger, the believers in the Universe of eternal ice, won the day. Bender was thrown into a concentration camp and died there. He was thus a martyr to the theory of the hollow Earth.

Some time before the crazy expedition, however, the Horbigerians had mocked at Bender and demanded a ban on his writings in support of the hollow Earth theory. Horbiger's system was on the same scale as orthodox cosmology, and it would be impossible to believe at one and the same time in a Cosmos where ice and fire are in eternal conflict, and in a hollow globe surrounded by an infinite expanse of rock. Hitler was asked to decide between them. His answer gives food for thought: 'Our conception of the world need not be coherent. They may both be right.'

The important thing is not coherence and unity in our thinking, but the destruction of systems based on logic and reason, the mystical dynamism and explosive force of intuition.

In the sparkling darkness of the magician's night there is room for more than one spark.

VIII

Grist for our horrible mill - The last prayer of Dietrich Eckardt - The legend of Thule - A nursery for mediums - Haushofer the magician - Hess's silence - The swastika and the mysteries of the house of Ipatiev - The seven men who wanted to change life - A Thibetan colony - Exterminations and ritual - It is darker than you thought

IN Kiel, after the war, there lived a worthy doctor, a *bon vivant* specializing in National Health Insurance, named Fritz Sawade.

Towards the end of 1959 a mysterious voice warned the doctor that he was going to be arrested. He ran away, wandered about for a week and then surrendered. He was in reality the *Obersturmbannführer* S.S. Werner Heyde. Professor Heyde had been the doctor responsible for the scheme for euthanasia which from 1940 to 1941 caused the death of 200,000 Germans and prepared the way for the extermination of foreigners in the concentration camps.

With reference to this arrest, a French journalist who has made a special study of Hitler's Germany (M. Nobecourt) wrote as follows in *Carrefour* on 6th January, 1960:

'The case of Heyde, like many others, can be compared to an iceberg, of which the part that is visible is the least important. . . . Euthanasia of the weak, and mass extermination of all communities liable to "contaminate the purity of German blood" were carried out with a pathological degree of ruthlessness and an almost religious conviction that bordered on madness. To such an extent, indeed, that many observers who followed the post-war trials - scientific or medical authorities who would be most unlikely to accept any explanation of a mystical nature - were forced in the end to the conclusion that the motive could not have been merely political passions, but that there must have been a kind of mystical bond between all those, chiefs and subordinates alike, who acted in this way - between Himmler, in fact, and the lowest-ranking guard in a concentration camp.

'The hypothesis of a community of Initiates beneath the cloak of National-Socialism gradually came to be accepted. This must have been a truly Satanic community, obeying secret dogmas far more elaborate than the elementary precepts of *Mein Kampf* or the *Twentieth Century Myth*, and practising rites single instances of which would not attract attention although the experts on Nazi pathology (who, as we said before, were trained scientists and doctors) had no doubt whatever that they existed.' More grist for our horrible mill!

We do not, however, believe that there was only one well organized and widely diffused secret society, or only one dogma or even an organically constituted ritual system. On the contrary;

plurality and incoherence seem to be most typical of this subterranean Germany we are trying to describe. To a Westerner, brought up in a positivist and Cartesian Society, unity and cohesion seem indispensable conditions in any undertaking, even if it is of a mystical nature. But here we are no longer in the presence of Western ways of thought, but are confronted, rather, with a multifarious cult, a state of super (or sub) awareness that absorbs various rites and beliefs having little in common. What is important is to keep the sacred fire burning and alive; anything will serve for fuel.

For this mentality nothing is impossible. Natural laws are suspended, the world becomes fluid. Some S.S. leaders declared that the English Channel was much narrower than is marked on the maps. For them, as for the Hindu sages two thousand years ago and for Bishop Berkeley in the eighteenth century, the Universe was only an illusion, and its structure could be altered by an effort of will on the part of the Initiates. . . .

The probable explanation for all this in our opinion is the existence of a magic 'puzzle', a powerful and Satanic mystical current such as we have tried to describe in the course of the preceding chapters. This could explain a great many terrible facts in a more realistic way than that of the conventional historians who are ready to attribute so many cruel and irrational acts to the megalomania of a syphilitic, the sadism of a handful of nevropaths and the servile obedience of a pack of cowards.

Pursuing our method of research, we shall now present the reader with some information about other neglected aspects of this 'magic socialism', such as, for example, the Thule Society, the Black Order and the Ahnenerbe Society. We have assembled a considerable volume of documentation, about a thousand pages, on this subject, although this would all have to be carefully checked and considerably supplemented if we wanted to write a complete and convincing study of these questions. For the moment we are not equipped to do this. Moreover, we are anxious not to overload this book which only deals with contemporary history in so far as it illustrates our thesis of 'fantastic realism'. A brief summary follows of some facts which may be found illuminating.

In the autumn of 1923 the death took place in Munich of a singular personage - poet, playwright, journalist and Bohemian - named Dietrich Eckardt. With his lungs injured by mustard-gas, he addressed a prayer of a very personal nature, before he died, to a black meteorite which he used to call his 'Mecca Stone' and had left in his will to Professor Oberth, one of the pioneers of astronautics. He had just sent a lengthy manuscript to his friend Haushofer. After his death the Thule Society (such was his prayer) would continue to exist and would soon change the world and all life upon it.

In 1920 Dietrich Eckardt and another member of the Thule Society, the architect Alfred Rosenberg, had made the acquaintance of Hitler. Their first meeting took place in Wagner's house at

Bayreuth, and for the next three years they were to be the constant companions of the little Reichswehr corporal, dominating all his thoughts and acts. Konrad Heiden (in his *Adolph Hitler*) wrote that 'Eckardt undertook the spiritual formation of Adolph Hitler'. He also taught him to write and speak. His instruction was given on two levels: one being concerned with the 'secret' doctrine, and the other with the doctrine of propaganda.

He has related some of his conversations with Hitler, at the second level, in a curious pamphlet entitled: *Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin*. In July 1923 Eckardt became one of the seven founder-members of the National-Socialist Party.

Seven: a sacred figure. In the autumn, before he died, he told his colleagues: Follow Hitler. He will dance, but it is I who called the tune. We have given him the means of communicating with Them. Do not mourn for me: I shall have influenced history more than any other German. . . .

The legend of Thule is as old as the Germanic race. It was supposed to be an island that had disappeared somewhere in the extreme North. Off Greenland? or Labrador? Like Atlantis, Thule was thought to have been the magic centre of a vanished civilization. Eckardt and his friends believed that not all the secrets of Thule had perished. Beings intermediate between Man and other intelligent beings from Beyond, would place at the disposal of the Initiates a reservoir of forces which could be drawn on to enable Germany to dominate the world again and be the cradle of the coming race of Supermen which would result from mutations of the human species. One day her legions would set out to annihilate everything that had stood in the way of the spiritual destiny of the Earth, and their leaders would be men who knew everything, deriving their strength from the very fountain-head of energy and guided by the Great Ones of the Ancient World. Such were the myths on which the Aryan doctrine of Eckardt and Rosenberg was founded and which these prophets of a 'magic' form of socialism had instilled into the mediumistic mind of Hitler. But the Thule Society was at that time, no doubt, nothing more than a fairly powerful little machine for confounding fact and fiction. Under other influences and in the hands of other persons it was soon to become a much stranger instrument - an instrument capable of changing the very nature of reality. It would seem that it was under influence of Karl Haushofer that the group took on its true character of a society of Initiates in communion with the Invisible, and became the magic centre of the Nazi movement.

Hitler was born at Braunau-am-Inn, on 20th April, 1889, at 5.30 p.m. at No. 219, Salzburger Vorstadt. As an Austro-Bavarian frontier town, where two great German States met, it became for Hitler in later life a symbolic city. It enjoyed the singular reputation of being the birthplace of a number of mediums, notably of Willy and Rudy Schneider whose psychic experiments created a sensation some thirty years ago. Hitler had the same wet-nurse as Willy Schneider. Jean de Pange wrote, in 1940: 'Braunau is a centre for

mediums. One of the best known is Mme Stokhammes who, in 1920, married in Vienna Prince Joachim of Prussia. It was also from Braunau that the Munich spiritualist, Baron Schrenk-Notzing, recruited his subjects, one of whom was in fact a cousin of Hitlers.'

Occultism teaches that, after concluding a pact with hidden forces, the members of the Group cannot evoke these forces save through the intermediary of a magician who, in turn, can do nothing without a medium. It would seem, therefore, that Hitler must have been the medium, and Haushofer the magician.

Rauschnig, in describing the Führer, wrote as follows: 'One cannot help thinking of him as a medium. For most of the time mediums are ordinary, insignificant people. Suddenly they are endowed with what seem to be supernatural powers which set them apart from the rest of humanity. These powers are something that is outside their true personality - visitors, as it were, from another planet. The medium is possessed. Once the crisis is past, they fall back again into mediocrity. It was in this way, beyond any doubt, that Hitler was possessed by forces outside himself - almost demoniacal forces of which the individual named Hitler was only the temporary vehicle. This mixture of the banal and the supernatural created that insupportable duality of which one was conscious in his presence. This was a Being who might have been invented by Dostoevsky. It was like looking at a bizarre face whose expression seems to reflect an unbalanced state of mind coupled with a disquieting impression of hidden power.'

According to Strasser: 'Listening to Hitler one suddenly has a vision of one who will lead mankind to glory . . . A light appears in a dark window. A gentleman with a comic little moustache turns into an archangel. . . . Then the archangel flies away . . . and there is Hitler sitting down, bathed in sweat with glassy eyes. . . .'

Bouchez said: 'I looked into his eyes - the eyes of a medium in a trance. . . . Sometimes there seemed to be a sort of ectoplasm; the speaker's body seemed to be inhabited by something . . . fluid. Afterwards he shrank again to insignificance, looking small and even vulgar. He seemed exhausted, his batteries run down.'

François-Poncet records: 'He entered into a sort of mediumistic trance; the expression on his face was ecstatic.'

The medium represented, no doubt, not just one man, but a group, a collectivity of forces, a sort of magic power-house. What seems to us certain is that Hitler was animated by something other than what he was preaching: by forces and doctrines badly co-ordinated, no doubt, but infinitely more dangerous than the mere theory of National-Socialism - an idea far greater than anything he had thought of himself, which was more than he could grasp and of which he could only convey to his people and his collaborators in a much vulgarized and fragmentary form. In the words of Dr. Delmas:

'A powerful resonator, Hitler had always been the "sounding-board" he claimed to be at the Munich Trial, and remained so until the end. Nevertheless, he only retained and used what at any

given moment could satisfy his ambition and lust for power, his dreams of conquering the world and his crazy obsession: the biological selection of a species that would be half man, half god.

Another of his dreams, which was also an obsession, was to change life on Earth everywhere. He sometimes alluded to it or, rather, was unable to prevent what he was thinking from escaping now and then in some casual remark. He once said to Rauschnig: 'Our revolution is a new stage or, rather, the final stage in an evolution which will end by abolishing history. . . . Or, again: 'You know nothing about me; my party comrades have no conception of the dreams which haunt me or of the grandiose edifice of which the foundations, at least, will have been laid before I die. . . . The world has reached a turning point; we are now at a critical moment in time. . . . The planet will undergo an upheaval which you uninitiated people cannot understand. . . . What is happening is something more than the advent of a new religion. . . .'

Rudolf Hess had been Haushofer's assistant when the latter was a professor at the University of Munich. It was he who had brought Haushofer and Hitler together. (His flight to England during the war was the result of Haushofer having told him that he had seen him in a dream flying to England in an aeroplane. In one of the rare moments of lucidity which his inexplicable malady allowed him the prisoner Hess, the last survivor of the *Thule* Group, is said to have stated formally that Haushofer was the magician, the secret Master.)*

After his abortive rising, Hitler was confined to prison at Lands-hurt. Introduced by Hess, General Karl Haushofer visited Hitler every day and spent hours with him expounding his theories and deducing from them every possible argument in favour of political conquest. Left alone with Hess, Hitler amalgamated, for the purposes of propaganda, the theories of Haushofer and the projects of Rosenberg which form the basis of *Mein Kampf*.

Karl Haushofer was born in 1869. He paid several visits to India and the Far East, and was sent to Japan, where he learned the language. He believed that the German people originated in Central Asia, and that it was the Indo-Germanic race which guaranteed the permanence, nobility and greatness of the world. While in Japan, Haushofer is said to have been initiated into one of the most important secret Buddhist societies and to have sworn, if he failed in his 'mission', to commit suicide in accordance with the time-honoured ceremonial.

In 1914 Haushofer, then a youthful General, was known for his extraordinary gift of being able to predict events before they occurred: the hour when the enemy would attack, the places where shells would fall, storms and political changes in countries about which he knew nothing. Did Hitler also possess this gift of clairvoyance, or was it Haushofer who communicated to him his own visions?

Hitler predicted exactly the date of the entry of his troops into

* See Jack Fishman: *The Seven Men of Spandau*.

Paris, the date of the arrival at Bordeaux of the first blockade raisers. When he decided to reoccupy the Rhineland in 1935, all the experts in Europe, including the Germans, were convinced that France and England would resist. Hitler predicted that they would not. He also announced the date of the death of Roosevelt.

After the First World War, Haushofer returned to his studies and seems to have specialized exclusively in political geography. He founded the *Geo-Political Review*, and published a number of books. Curiously enough, these works appear to be founded on a strictly materialist form of political realism. The care which all the members of the Group took to employ a purely materialistic exoteric language, and to exteriorize their pseudo-scientific conceptions, was a perpetual source of mystification.

Behind the Geo-Politician there was another personality – a disciple of Schopenhauer who had taken up Buddhism, an admirer of Ignatius de Loyola who wanted to govern men, a mystic in search of hidden realities, a man of great culture and intense psychic sensitivity. It seems that it was Haushofer who actually chose the swastika as an emblem.

In Europe, as in Asia, the swastika has always been considered a magic sign. It has been taken as a symbol of the Sun, source of life and fecundity, or of thunder, a manifestation of divine wrath which has to be appeased. In contrast to the cross, the triangle, the circle or the crescent, the swastika is not a primitive sign which could have been invented and re-invented at any time in the history of humanity or at any place on the globe, with a different symbolic meaning every time. It is in fact the first sign traced with a definite intention. The study of migrations raises the problem of the common origins from the earliest times of the various religions and of the prehistoric relations between Europe, Asia and America. The earliest known specimen of the swastika is supposed to have been found in Transylvania, dating from the end of the polished Stone Age. It is found on hundreds of spindles as far back as 1400 B.C., and in the remains of Troy. It appears in India in the fourth century B.C., and in China in the fifth century A.D. A century later it is found in Japan at the time of the introduction of Buddhism which adopted it as an emblem. Of capital importance is the fact that it is entirely unknown, or only occurs accidentally, in all Semitic regions such as Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria and Phoenicia. It is an exclusively Aryan symbol.* In 1891 Ernest Krauss drew the attention of the Germanic public to this fact: Guido List, in 1908, described the swastika in his popular science books as a symbol of racial purity, and at the same time, a sign of esoteric knowledge revealed by the deciphering of the Icelandic epic poem known as the *Edda*. At the Russian Court the swastika was introduced by the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna. Was this due to

* R. Petitfrère: *La mystique de la croix gammée*.

the influence of the theosophists? Or of the medium Badmaiev, a strange character who had been brought up at Lhasa and had since been closely connected with Thibet? Now, Thibet is one of the countries in the world where the swastika, turned either to the right or to the left, is most commonly met with.

In Berlin there was a Thibetan monk, nicknamed 'the man with the green gloves', who had correctly foretold in the Press, on three occasions, the number of Hitlerian deputies elected to the Reichstag, and who was regularly visited by Hitler. He was said by the Initiates to 'possess the keys to the Kingdom of Agartha'.

This brings us back again to Thule. At the same time as *Mein Kampf*, the Russian, Ossendovski, published a book entitled *Men, Beasts and Gods*, in which appeared, for the first time in public, the names Schamballah and Agartha – names which will be heard again from the lips of those responsible for the *Ahnenerbe* at the Nuremberg Trial. The year is 1925.*

The National-Socialist Party was beginning an active recruiting campaign. Horst Wessel, Horbiger's right-hand man, was organizing shock troops. The following year, he was shot down by the Communists. To commemorate him, the poet Ewers composed a song which was to become the Party's sacred Hymn. Ewers, who was a 'Lovecraft' German, was an enthusiastic member of the Party because he saw in it, at the beginning, 'the strongest expression of the Powers of Darkness'.

The seven founders of the movement, who dreamed of 'changing life on the Earth', were physically and spiritually certain that they were being sustained by these Powers. If our information is correct, the oath which bound them, and the myth to which they looked for strength, confidence and luck, were both derived from a Thibetan legend. Thirty or forty centuries ago in the region of Gobi there was a highly developed civilization. As the result of a catastrophe, possibly of an atomic nature, Gobi was transformed into a desert, and the survivors emigrated, some going to the extreme North of Europe, and others towards the Caucasus. The Scandinavian god Thor is supposed to have been one of the heroes of this migration.

* In 1931, in his book *Le symbolisme de la Croix*, René Guénon has the following note: 'We read recently, in an article in the *Journal des Débats* of 22nd January, 1929, the following news item which shows that the old traditions are not as dead as people think: "In 1925 the Cuna Indians rose in revolt, slaughtered the gendarmes from Panama who lived on their territory, and founded the independent Republic of Thule, whose flag is a swastika on an orange ground with a red border. This republic exists to this day." Of special interest is the association of the swastika with the name of Thule, which is one of the oldest designations of that supreme spiritual centre, which has since been applied to some of its lesser branches.'

The 'Initiates' of the Thule Group were convinced that these survivors were Aryans, members of the original race from which all humanity had sprung. Haushofer proclaimed the necessity of 'a return to the sources' of the human race – in other words, that it was necessary to conquer the whole of Eastern Europe, Turkistan, Pamir, Gobi and Thibet. These countries constituted, in his opinion, the central core, and whoever had control of them controlled the whole world.

According to the legend with which Haushofer no doubt became acquainted in 1905, and the version which René Guénon gave of it in his *Le Roi du Monde*, after the cataclysm of Gobi the lords and masters of this great centre of civilization, the All-Knowing, the sons of Intelligences from Beyond, took up their abode in a vast underground encampment under the Himalayas. There, in the heart of these caves, they divided into two groups, one following the 'Right Hand Way', and the other the 'Left Hand Way'. The first of these had its centre at Agartha, a place of meditation, a hidden city of Goodness, a temple of non-participation in the things of this world.

The second went to Schamballah, a city of violence and power whose forces command the elements and the masses of humanity, and hasten the arrival of the human race at the 'turning-point of time'. The Wise Men, leaders of the peoples of the world, would be able to conclude a pact with Schamballah, which would be sealed with solemn oaths and sacrifices.

In Austria, the group *Edelweiss* announced in 1928 the coming of a new Messiah. In England, Sir Oswald Mosley and Bellamy gave out that Germany had been touched by the 'Light'. In America, the 'Silver Roads' of Colonel Ballard made their appearance. A number of important persons in England tried to warn the people against this movement in which they discerned a threat to spiritual life and the advent of a Satanic religion. Kipling gave orders that the swastika should be removed from the covers of his books. Lord Tweedsmuir, who wrote as John Buchan, published two romances à clé: *The Judgment of Dawn* and *A Prince in Captivity* which contained a description of the dangers to which Western civilization could be exposed through the action of a 'power station' of intellectual, spiritual and magical forces working in the interests of Evil. Saint George Saunders, in his *Seven Sleepers* and *The Hidden Kingdom* denounced the dark menace of Nazi esotericism and its 'Thibetan' sources of inspiration.

It was in 1926 that a small Hindu and Thibetan colony settled in Berlin and Munich. When the Russians entered Berlin, they found among the corpses a thousand volunteers for death in German uniform, without any papers or badges, of Himalayan origin. As soon as the movement began to acquire extensive funds, it organized a number of expeditions to Thibet which succeeded one another practically without interruption until 1943.

The members of the Thule Group were going to be masters of the

world, protected against all dangers, and their reign would last for a thousand years, until the next Deluge. They undertook to commit suicide if they ever did anything to break their pact, and to perform human sacrifices. There seem to have been only 'magic' reasons for the extermination of the Gypsies (750,000 dead).

Wolfram Sievers was appointed official executioner, a kind of ritualistic, sacrificial butcher. We shall return to this later, but it is as well to bring as much light as possible at this juncture to bear on one aspect of the terrifying problem raised for all thinking people today by these exterminations. Those responsible looked upon them as a means of overcoming the indifference of the 'Powers' and attracting their attention. From the Mayas to the Nazis, this was the magic significance of human sacrifices.

At the Nuremberg Trial the indifference shown by the worst assassins often astonished those present. A terrible remark made by one of Merritt's heroes in his novel *Les Habitants du Mirage* may help to make this attitude clear: 'I had forgotten, as I always do, the victims of the sacrifice in the sombre excitement of the rite.'

On 14th March, 1946, Karl Haushofer killed his wife Martha and committed suicide, Japanese fashion. His grave is not marked by any stone or cross. He had learned, some time after the event, of the execution at the Moabit camp, of his son Albrecht, who had been arrested with the organizers of the plot against Hitler and the abortive attempt on his life on 20th July, 1944. In the pocket of Albrecht's blood-stained coat they found a poem in MS.:

'For my father destiny had spoken . . .
Once again the demon had to be repulsed
and shut up in his jail . . .
My father broke the seal –
He did not feel the Evil One's breath,
But set him free to roam the world . . .'

All the foregoing may seem to be only a bundle of coincidences, signs, cross-checkings and presumptions. Admittedly the facts we have assembled, according to our method, do not absolutely exclude a rational explanation of the Hitlerian phenomenon in terms of politics or economics. It is also true, of course, that not everything in the conscious, or even subconscious minds of the men of whom we have been speaking, was governed by beliefs of this nature. Nevertheless, their minds were haunted, at one time or another, by the crazy notions we have been describing, whether they recognized them as such, or mistook them for realities; that much, at least, seems certain.

It is a fact, however, that deep down in ourselves our dreams are never completely effaced, any more than the stars are when daylight returns. They continue to shine, as it were, behind our feelings, our thoughts and our acts. There are facts, and beneath them a substratum of other facts: this is the region we are exploring.

Or rather, on the strength of what we have been able to discover, we are suggesting that this region needs exploring. All we can say is that in these depths it is darker than you think.

IX

Himmler and the other side of the problem – 1934 a turning-point – The Black Order in power – The death's-head warrior monks – Initiation in the Burgs – Sievers' last prayer – The strange doings of the Ahnenerbe – The High-Priest Frederick Hielscher – A forgotten note of Jünger's – Impressions of war and victory

It was during the grim winter of 1942. Germany's best troops and the flower of the S.S., for the first time, were no longer advancing, suddenly bogged down in the Russian steppes. England was obstinately preparing for future struggles, and America was on the verge of entering the fray. One morning during that winter portly Dr. Kersten found his patient, Reichsführer Himmler, depressed and discouraged. 'My dear Doctor, I'm in a terrible predicament. . . .'

Was it that he was beginning to doubt the possibility of victory? No, it was not that. As he lay on the couch, while the doctor massaged his stomach, he began to talk, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. He explained that the Führer had become convinced that there could be no peace on Earth so long as a single Jew was left alive. . . . 'And so,' continued Himmler, 'he has ordered me to liquidate immediately all the Jews in our possession.' His long, desiccated hands lay on the divan inert, as if frozen. He remained silent.

Kersten, taken aback, thought he discerned in the Master of the Black Order signs of pity and revulsion, and his alarm at the news was tempered by a gleam of hope:

'Yes, Yes; I understand; your conscience forbids you to approve of this atrocity. . . . I understand your deep distress.'

'—But, not at all! It isn't that!' cried Himmler, starting up. 'You don't understand!'

Hitler had summoned him and asked him to exterminate immediately from five to six million Jews. This was a very big job, and Himmler was very tired; besides, he had a lot of work on hand at the moment. It was really inhuman to expect him to undertake

the new assignment in the near future. Really too bad. He had said as much to his beloved chief, and the beloved chief had not been pleased and had flown into a rage. So now Himmler was feeling depressed because he had acted selfishly and given way to a moment of weakness.*

How can one possibly understand such an astonishing reversal of values? It cannot be explained as being simply a sign of madness. We have to imagine a Universe parallel to our own, the laws and structure of which are radically different. The physicist George Gamow has conceived of a parallel Universe in which, for example, a billiard ball can go into two holes at the same time. The Universe in which people like Himmler live is at least as far removed from ours as Gamow's. A real man, a Thule 'initiate', is in communication with the Powers, and all his energies are directed towards changing life on Earth. What happens if the 'medium' asks such a man to liquidate a few million 'false' men? Very good, but the order comes at an awkward time. Must it absolutely be done immediately? All right, then; let us make an extra effort of self-sacrifice. . . .

On 20th May, 1945, some British soldiers arrested on the Berweverde bridge, twenty-five miles west of Luneberg, a tall man with a round head and narrow shoulders, carrying papers in the name of Hitzinger, in civilian dress with a bandage over his right eye. He was taken to the Military Police station where, for three days, the British officers tried to discover his true identity. Finally, worn out by this questioning, he removed his bandage and said: 'My name is Heinrich Himmler.' They did not believe him. He insisted. To test him he was made to strip naked. He was then offered a choice between American clothes and a blanket. He wrapped himself in the blanket. He was then searched to make sure he was concealing nothing on his body, and asked to open his mouth. At that moment the prisoner crushed a phial of cyanide concealed in a tooth, and fell dead. Three days later an officer and three N.C.O.s took delivery of the body. They went to a nearby forest, dug a trench there, threw in the corpse and carefully replaced the soil. No one knows exactly where Himmler is buried, or under the branches of what bird-frequented tree lies decomposing the flesh of one who claimed to be the reincarnation of the Emperor Henry I, known as the 'Bird-catcher'.

Had Himmler lived to stand his trial at Nuremberg, what could he have pleaded in his defence? He had no common language with the members of the jury. He did not inhabit the same world; he belonged to an entirely different order of things, with a different mentality. He was like a kind of fighting monk from another planet. 'No one has ever been able to explain satisfactorily,' said the *rapporteur* Poetel, 'the psychological complexes which led to Auschwitz and everything that word stands for. For the Nuremberg Trial did not really throw any light on this phenomenon, and the issue was only confused by all the psychoanalytical explanations which

* cf. Kersten's *Memoirs*, and Joseph Kessel's: *Les Mains du Miracle*. Ed. Gallimard.

bluntly declared that it was possible for whole nations to lose their mental balance in the same way as single individuals. No one knows, in fact, what took place in the brain of people like Himmler when they issued their orders of extermination.' . . . If we place ourselves at the level of what we call 'fantastic realism', we may perhaps begin to understand.

Denis de Rougemont said of Hitler: 'Some people think, from having experienced in his presence a feeling of horror and an impression of some supernatural power that he is the seat of "Thrones, Dominations and Powers", by which St. Paul meant those secondary spirits which can descend into any ordinary man and occupy him like a garrison. I have heard him pronounce one of his great speeches. Where do the superhuman powers he shows on these occasions come from? It is quite obvious that a force of this kind does not belong to the individual, and indeed could not even manifest itself unless the individual were of no importance except as the vehicle of a force for which our psychology has no explanation. What I am saying would be the cheapest sort of romantic nonsense were it not that what has been accomplished by this man - or rather by the forces working through him - is a reality that is one of the wonders of the century.'

In point of fact, during his rise to power Hitler, who had received instruction from Eckardt and Haushofer, seems to have used the Powers placed at his disposal or, rather possessing him, to satisfy what were, after all, rather narrow political and nationalist ambitions. He was fundamentally an insignificant little man with strong patriotic feelings and a passion for social reforms. He functioned on a low level, and there were limits to his dreams.

Suddenly, as if by a miracle, he surged to the front and was successful in everything he undertook. But the medium who is possessed by outside forces is not necessarily conscious of their strength, nor of the direction in which they are leading him. He dances to a tune which is not his own. Until 1934 he thought he was doing all the correct steps. But he was not keeping strict time. He thought that all he had to do was to make full use of his 'Powers'. But one cannot use such Powers; one can only serve them. This is the meaning (or one of the meanings) of the fundamental changes which occurred during and immediately after the Purge of June 1934. The movement, which Hitler himself thought would be National and Socialist and nothing more, became what it was destined to become and adhered more closely to the secret doctrine. Hitler never dared to inquire into the reasons for the 'suicide' of Strasser, and he was made to sign the order which elevated the S.S. to the rank of an autonomous organization, above the Party. Joachim Gunthe wrote in a German journal after the débâcle: 'The vital idea which inspired the S.A. was replaced on 30th June, 1934, by an idea that was purely Satanic - the S.S.'

'It is difficult to say exactly when Hitler began to dream of biological mutations,' says Dr. Delmas. This idea is only one aspect

of the esoteric apparatus to which the Nazi Movement became better adjusted from this time onwards when the medium became not, as Rauschning believed, a complete lunatic, but a more pliable instrument and the bandleader of an infinitely more ambitious kind of march than the march to power of a party or a nation, or even of a race.

It was Himmler who was entrusted with the task of organizing the S.S., not as a police force, but as a real religious order with a regular hierarchy ranging from the lay brother to the Father Superior. Among the highest ranking officials were those in charge of a Black Order, whose existence, moreover, was never officially recognized by the National-Socialist Government. Within the Party reference was made to those who were members of 'the inner circle', but they never received any official recognition. It seems certain that the doctrine, never fully defined, was based on an absolute belief in powers that surpassed ordinary human powers. In religion theology, which is considered a science, is distinguished from mysticism which is intuitive and incommunicable. The Ahnenerbe Society, of which we shall have something to say later, represented the theological, and the Black Order the mystical aspect of the religion of the Lords of Thule.

Above all, it must not be forgotten that from the moment when a change in the early methods and policy of the Hitler Party began to be apparent, or rather, as soon as it was made to conform more closely to the secret doctrine which hitherto had only been incompletely understood and obeyed by the 'medium' in charge of propaganda, we are no longer in the presence of a national and political movement. The immediate objectives, generally speaking, remained unchanged or rather continued to be presented to the public in the same exoteric language, but they only served as a cover for other, hidden, aims.

'The only thing that mattered now was the tireless pursuit of a fantastic dream. From now on, if Hitler had had at his command a people better fitted than the German people to serve him and help him to realize his supreme ambition, he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the German people.' Not 'his supreme ambition', but the supreme ambition of a magic group acting through his person. Brasillach admits that 'he would sacrifice the happiness of the whole human race, his own and that of his fellow-countrymen included, if ordered to do so by the mysterious Force whose commands he obeyed.'

'I will tell you a secret,' said Hitler to Rauschning; 'I am founding an Order.' He spoke of the Burgs where the first initiation would take place, saying: 'It is from there that the second stage will emerge - the stage of the Man-God, when Man will be the measure and centre of the world. The Man-God, that splendid Being, will be an object of worship. . . . But there are other stages about which I am not permitted to speak. . . .'

A power-house built round the central generating station, the

Black Order isolates its members from the world, no matter to what degree of initiation they belong. 'Naturally,' writes Poetel, 'it was only a very small circle of high-ranking officials and superior S.S. officers who were familiar with the theories and essential demands of the Order. The members of the various "preparatory" formations were only instructed in these when they had, before marrying, to obtain the permission of their chiefs, or when they were placed under a special jurisdiction which was extremely severe, but gave them protection against any action on the part of the civil authorities. It was then clear to them that outside the Laws of the Order, they had no other duties, and no longer any private life of their own.'

The fighting monks (*monos* – alone), the Death's Head S.S. (not to be confused with other groups, such as the *Waffen S.S.* consisting of the lay brothers or tertiary members of the Order, or of human machines modelled on the genuine S.S. men) received their first instruction in the Burgs, after passing through the *Napola* seminaries. When inaugurating one of the *Napola*, or preparatory schools, Himmler reduced the doctrine to its lowest common measure: 'Believe, obey, fight; that's all.' These were schools in which, as stated in the *Schwarze Korps* of 26th November, 1942, 'pupils learn how to kill and how to die'. Later on, if they proved worthy, the cadets admitted to the Burgs were given to understand that 'to die' could be interpreted as 'the death of the self'. If, however, they were not worthy, they would meet with physical death on the battlefields. 'The tragedy of greatness is to have to trample on corpses.' So what? Not all men are really alive, and there is a hierarchy of existence ranging from the pseudo-man to the Great Magician. No sooner has he emerged from nothingness than the cadet returns there having caught a glimpse, for his salvation, of the road that leads to the splendid figure of the Being. . . .

It was in these Burgs that they pronounced their vows and embarked on an 'irreversible, superhuman destiny'. The Black Order carried out in practice the threats uttered by Dr. Ley: 'He who shall be deemed by the Party to be unworthy of the Brown Shirt – and every one of us ought to know this – shall not only be deprived of his office, but destroyed in his own person, and in the persons of his family, his wife and his children. Such are the harsh and pitiless laws of our Order.'

We are no longer in this world. It is no longer a question of Germany the immortal or of a National-Socialist State, but of a magical preparation for the coming of a Man-God, the New Man whom the Powers will establish on the Earth when we have altered the balance of the spiritual powers. The ceremony of admission to the ranks of the S.S. must have been similar to that which Reinhold Schneider describes when he speaks of the members of the Teutonic Order, in the great hall of the Remter at Marienburg, taking the oath which transformed them into a Church Militant: 'They came from many different countries, having lived adventurous lives. As they entered the austere precincts of this castle, they abandoned

their personal shields engraved with arms which had been borne by at least four ancestors. Now their emblem would be the Cross which bound them to wage the sternest battle of all and ensured for them eternal life.' Those who know do not talk; there is no description in existence of the initiatory ceremony in the Burgs, but it is known that such a ceremony took place. It was called 'the ceremony of the Stifling Air' (*'l'Air Epais'*) the allusion being to the extraordinarily tense atmosphere which prevailed until the vows had been pronounced. Some occultists, such as Lewis Spence, believe that the ceremony included a Black Mass in the purest Satanic tradition. On the other hand, Willi Frieschauer, in his study of Himmler, interprets the 'Stifling Air' as the moment when the participants were overcome by complete stupor. Between these two theories there is room for a more realistic, and therefore a more fantastic interpretation.

An irreversible destiny: plans were drawn up to isolate the Death's Head S.S. men from the world of 'pseudo-men' for the rest of their lives. There was a scheme to create cities and colonies of veterans all over the world who would be responsible only to the administration and authority of the Order. But Himmler and his 'brothers' had conceived a still vaster project. The world would have for its model a sovereign S.S. State. 'At the Peace Conference,' said Himmler in March 1943, 'the world will be apprised of the resurrection of the old province of Burgundy, formerly the land of the arts and sciences, which France has reduced to the role of an appendix preserved in spirits of wine. The sovereign State of Burgundy with its own army, its own laws and currency and postal system, will be the model S.S. State. It will comprise French Switzerland, Picardy, Champagne, the Franche-Comté, the Hainaut and Luxembourg. The official language, naturally, will be German. The National-Socialist Party will have no jurisdiction over it. It will be governed by the S.S. alone, and the world will be astonished by and full of admiration for this State in which the ideals of the S.S. will be embodied.'

The true-blooded S.S. man, one of the 'initiates', is in his own estimation, above good and evil. 'Himmler's organization does not count on the fanatical assistance of sadists seeking pleasure in murder: it relies on "new men".' Outside the 'inner circle', consisting of the 'Death's-Heads', their leaders, having access, according to their rank, to the sacred doctrine and owing allegiance to Thule, the Holy of Holies, there was the ordinary rank-and-file S.S. man who was only a soul-less machine, a working robot. He was mass-produced, chosen for his 'negative' qualities. Here there was no question of doctrine, only of training. 'We do not want to do away with inequalities between men,' said Hitler, 'but, on the contrary, to increase them and make them into a principle protected by impenetrable barriers. What will the social order of the future be like? Comrades, I will tell you: there will be a class of overlords, and after them the rank and file of Party Members in hierarchical

order, and then the great mass of anonymous followers, servants and workers in perpetuity, and beneath them, again all the conquered foreign races, the modern slaves. And over and above all these there will reign a new and exalted nobility of whom I cannot speak. . . . But of all these plans the ordinary militant members will know nothing. . . .'

The world is matter to be transformed to liberate the concentrated energy of the Wise Men – a psychic energy capable of attracting the Powers from Beyond, the Superior Unknown Beings, the Lords of the Cosmos. The institution of the Black Order had no political or military significance; its *raison d'être* was purely magical. The concentration camps were a form of imitative magic; they were a symbolic act, a model for the social order of the future. All the peoples of the world will be uprooted and turned into an immense nomad population, a kind of raw material which can be exploited and out of which will emerge the flower: Man in contact with the Gods. It is the plaster mould (as Barbey d'Aurévilly used to say: Hell is the mould for Heaven) of our planet transformed into a field of operations for the magicians of the Black Order.

In the instruction given in the Burgs, a part of the secret doctrine is imparted in the following formula: 'The only living being that exists is the Cosmos, or Universe. Everything else, and all other beings, including Man, are only the various forms, which have been multiplied through the ages, of the living Universe.' We ourselves are not alive until we have taken cognizance of this Being which surrounds us, and encloses us and uses us to prepare new forms. Creation is not yet completed; the Spirit of the Cosmos is not at rest; so let us be ready to execute its orders which are transmitted by Gods to us here below – we, the dauntless wonder-workers, shaping to our will the blind and bleeding human masses! The gas-ovens of Auschwitz? Merely ritual.

The S.S. Colonel Wolfram Sievers, who had put up a purely rational defence asked, before his execution, to be allowed for the last time to celebrate his rites and say mysterious prayers. He then calmly went to the gallows unperturbed.

He had been the General Manager of the Ahnenerbe, and it was for this that he was condemned to death at Nuremberg. The Society for the Study of Ancestral Heritages, the Ahnenerbe, was founded privately by Sievers' spiritual teacher Frederick Hielscher, the mystic and friend of the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin who was himself closely associated with Haushofer.

Sven Hedin, an expert on the Far East, had lived for a long time in Thibet and played an important part in establishing the Nazis' esoteric doctrines. Frederick Hielscher was never a Nazi, and was even friendly with the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber. But his profound theories had something in common with the 'magic' doctrines of the Grand Masters of National-Socialism. Himmler, in 1935, two years after its foundation, turned the Ahnenerbe into an official organization, attached to the Black Order. Its declared aims

were: 'To make researches into the localization, general characteristics, achievements and inheritance of the Indo-Germanic race, and to communicate to the people the results of this research. This mission must be accomplished through the use of strictly scientific methods.' In other words, the whole machinery of German rational organization was to be employed in the interests of irrationality.

In January 1939 the Ahnenerbe was purely and simply incorporated into the S.S., and its leaders absorbed into Himmler's personal staff. At that time it had fifty branches under the direction of Professor Wurst, an expert on ancient sacred texts who had taught Sanskrit at Munich University.

It seems that Germany spent more on the Ahnenerbe's researches than America did on its preparations for the first atomic bomb. These researches ranged from strictly scientific activities to the practice of occultism, and from vivisection practised on prisoners to espionage on behalf of the secret societies. Negotiations were entered into with Skorzeny with a view to stealing the Holy Grail, and Himmler created a special section for the collection of information 'in the sphere of the supernatural'.

One is astounded at the list of reports drawn up at enormous cost by the Ahnenerbe on such subjects as: the strength of the Rosicrucian confraternity; the symbolism of the suppression of the Irish harp in Ulster; the occult significance of Gothic towers and of the Etonian top-hat, etc. . . . When the German troops were evacuating Naples, Himmler gave repeated orders that they should not forget to take away with them the enormous tombstone of the last Hohenstufen Emperor. In 1943 after the fall of Mussolini, the Reichsführer summoned to a villa in the outskirts of Berlin the six greatest experts in Germany on occultism to discover the place where the Duce was being held prisoner. Meetings of the General Staff began with Yoga concentration exercises. In Thibet, acting on orders from Sievers, Dr. Scheffer was in contact with a number of lamas in various monasteries, and he brought back with him to Munich, for scientific examination, some 'Aryan' horses, and 'Aryan' bees, whose honey had special qualities.

During the war, Sievers organized in the camps for deportees the horrible experiments which have since been the subject of several 'black' books. The Ahnenerbe was 'enriched' by an *Institute of scientific research for national defence* equipped with 'all the facilities available at Dachau'. Professor Hirt, who was in charge of these Institutes, formed a collection of typically Jewish skeletons. Sievers ordered the army in Russia to bring back a number of skulls of Jewish commissaires. When reminded of these crimes at Nuremberg, Sievers betrayed no signs of normal human feeling or pity. He was elsewhere. He was listening to other voices.

Hielscher had no doubt played an important part in the drafting of the secret doctrine. Except in relation to this doctrine, the behaviour of Sievers, as of the other principal instigators of these crimes, remains incomprehensible. The expressions 'moral

monstruosity', 'mental cruelty' or madness explain nothing. Little is known about Sievers' spiritual mentor. Ernest Jünger, however, speaks of him in the diary which he kept during the Occupation in Paris. On 14th October, 1943, Jünger wrote in his diary: 'In the evening, a visit from Bogo. (As a precaution Jünger, refers to all important personages by a pseudonym "Bogo" was Hielscher; "Kniebolo", Hitler.) At a time when strong personalities are so scarce, although he is one of the people I have thought a lot about, I do not seem able to form an opinion about him. I thought once that he would make his mark in the history of our time as one of those people who are little known but are exceptionally intelligent. I think now he will play a more important role. Most of the young intellectuals of the generation which has grown up since the last war have come under his influence, and often been through his school. . . . He has confirmed a suspicion I have had for a long time that he has founded a Church. He has now gone beyond dogma, and is mainly concerned with liturgy. He has shown me a series of songs and festivities to celebrate the "pagan year", involving a whole system of gods, and colours and animals, food, and stones and plants. I noticed that the "consecration of light" would take place on 2nd February.'

And Jünger adds, confirming our theory: I have noticed in Bogo a fundamental change that is characteristic of all our *élite*: he is throwing himself into metaphysics with all the enthusiasm of a mind brought up on rationalist lines. The same thing had struck me in the case of Spengler, and seems to be a propitious sign. It could be said, roughly, that while the nineteenth century was the century of reason, the twentieth is the century of cults. Kniebolo (Hitler) lives on them which accounts for the total incapacity of liberally-minded people to see even where he stands.'

Hielscher, who had not been disturbed, came to give evidence on Sievers' behalf at Nuremberg. He confined himself at the trial to political matters and to intentionally absurd statements about races and ancestral tribes. He asked as a favour to be allowed to accompany Sievers to the gallows, and it was with him that the condemned man said the prayers peculiar to a cult which was never mentioned throughout the trial. He then returned to obscurity.

They wanted to change life and mix it with death in another way. They were preparing the way for the coming of the Unknown Higher Being. They had a magical conception of the world and of man, to which they had sacrificed all the youth of their country and offered to the gods an ocean of human blood. They had done everything in their power to conciliate the Powers. They hated modern Western civilization, both bourgeois and working-class – the insipid humanism of the former, and the narrow materialism of the latter. They were bound to win, because they bore within them a flame which their capitalist or Marxist enemies had long since allowed to be extinguished, lulling themselves to sleep with their

dull and timid ideas about their destiny. They would be the Masters for a thousand years, for they were in the camp of the miracle-workers, the High-Priests and the demi-gods. . . . And now, there they were, defeated, crushed, condemned, humiliated by ordinary common men, chewers of gum and drinkers of vodka; men devoid of any sacred flame with narrow beliefs and limited, Earthbound aims.

Superficial, worldly people – postivist, rational, moral – ordinary humans. Millions of insignificant little men of goodwill had defied the Will of the Knights of the Powers of Darkness! In the East a lot of mechanized simpletons, in the West a bunch of spineless Puritans had been able to turn out superior quantities of tanks, aeroplanes and guns. And they possessed the atomic bomb – without knowing anything about the great hidden forces! And now, like snails after a shower, having escaped the storm of iron, here they all were – monocled judges, Professors of human rights and horizontal virtues, Doctors of mediocrity, baritones of the Salvation Army, stretcher-bearers from the Red Cross, all naively babbling about 'brighter tomorrows' – assembled here in Nuremberg to preach elementary sermons to the Great Ones of this Earth, the militant monks who had signed a pact with the Powers; to the Sacrificers who could read in the mirror of Darkness; to the Allies of Shamballah, the heirs of the Holy Grail! And they actually sent them to the gallows, and treated them like criminals or raving lunatics!

What the Nuremberg prisoners and their leaders who committed suicide could not understand was that the civilization that had just triumphed was also, and far more certainly, a spiritual civilization, a formidable movement which, from Chicago to Tashkent, was impelling humanity towards a higher destiny. What they had done was to dethrone Reason and put Magic in its place. It is true that Cartesian reason does not cover the whole of Man or the whole of his knowledge. So they had put it to sleep. But when Reason sleeps, it brings forth monsters. What had happened here was that Reason, which had not been put to sleep, but pushed to its extreme limits, was operating on a higher level, linking up with the mysteries of the mind and spirit, the secrets of energy and universal harmony. Rationalism pushed to extremes breeds the Fantastic, of which the monsters engendered by Reason when asleep are only a sinister caricature. But the Nuremberg judges, the spokesmen for the civilization that had triumphed, did not know themselves that this war had been a spiritual war. They did not have a lofty enough conception of their own world; they only believed that Good would triumph over Evil, without having realized how black was the evil that had been defeated or how glorious the good that had triumphed.

The mystical German and Japanese warriors thought they were better magicians than they were in reality. The civilized nations who had beaten them had not been aware of the higher magical significance of their own world. They talked of Reason, Justice, Liberty, Respect for Human Life, etc., on a level which no longer

has a place in this second half of the twentieth century when knowledge is being transformed and the transition to another state of human consciousness is already apparent.

It is true that the Nazis would have won if the modern world had only been what most of us still think it is: a legacy, purely and simply, from the materialist and scientific nineteenth century, when the man in the street looked upon the Earth as a place to be exploited for his enjoyment. There are two Devils: one that changes the divine Order into disorder, and one that changes order into another kind of order, which is not divine. The Black Order should have triumphed over a civilization which it considered had sunk to the level of 'satisfying' purely material appetites hypocritically disguised as moral values. But it was something more than that. It presented a new face to the world, while suffering the martyrdom inflicted on it by the Nazis, like the apparition of the Face on the Holy Shroud. At every level, from that of popular education to nuclear physics, from advanced psychological exploration to interplanetary rockets, a sort of alchemy was at work, raising hopes for a transmutation of humanity and the prospect of a better life. This was, perhaps, not very apparent on the surface, and some people of only medium intelligence regretted the far-off days of ancient spiritual traditions, thus finding themselves in their deepest convictions on the side of the enemy, resolutely hostile as they were to this world in which they saw only the menace of an ever-increasing mechanization. Yet at the same time there were men, like Teilhard de Chardin for example, who saw more clearly. The eyes of the highest intelligence and the eyes of love discover the same things on different planes. The people's thirst for liberty, the martyrs' hymn of faith, contained in them the seeds of this great transcendent hope. This civilization, criticized no less from the outside by the mystical worshippers of the past than on the inside by the naïve believers in progress, had to be saved.

Diamonds cut glass. But borazon, a synthetic crystal, cuts diamonds. The structure of the diamond is more regular than that of glass. The Nazis might have won. But an awakened intelligence can create, as it develops, figures of a purer order than those which shine in the dark.

'When someone smites me on the cheek, I do not turn the other cheek, nor do I put up my fists; I strike with a thunderbolt.' It was necessary that this struggle between the Lords of the underworld and the little men above, between the Powers of Darkness and humanity on the march to progress, should be decided at Hiroshima by a clear sign from the Power which admits of no discussion.

Part Three

THAT INFINITY CALLED MAN . . .

I

A NEW KIND OF INTUITION

The Fantastic in fire and blood - The barriers of incredulity - The first rocket - Bourgeois and 'Workers of the Earth' - False facts and true fiction - Inhabited worlds - Visitors from Beyond - The great lines of communication - Modern myths - Fantastic realism in psychology - Towards an exploration of the fantastic within - The method described - Another conception of liberty

WHEN I came out of the cellar, Juvisy, my home town, had disappeared. A thick, yellow fog covered a mass of rubble out of which came cries for help and groans. The world of my games and friendships and loves and nearly everything that I had known all my life lay there buried under all this desolation looking like the surface of the Moon. A little later, when the rescue operations were under way, the birds, deceived by the searchlights, came back and began to sing in the dust-covered branches.

Another memory: one summer morning three days before the Liberation, I was with ten of my friends in a private house near the Bois de Boulogne. We had met there by chance, having all come from different Youth Camps to this final Training School where they were still teaching us imperturbably, while everything outside was changing amidst the noise of war, how to make marionettes, and to act and sing. That morning, standing in the pseudo-Gothic hall, we were singing under the direction of a romantic choir-leader, a folk-tune: '*Donnez-moi de l'eau, donnez-moi de l'eau, de l'eau, de l'eau pour mes deux seaux. . .*'

We were interrupted by the telephone ringing. A few minutes later our singing-master made us all go into a garage. Other youths, with Sten-guns, guarded the approaches. There, among the old cars and barrels of oil, lay the bodies of some young men, riddled with bullets and finished off with grenades: this was the group of Resistance workers who had been tortured by the Germans at the Cascade in the Bois. Somehow their bodies had been recovered.

Their coffins were there; their families had been informed by messenger. We had to wash these corpses, wipe up the blood, button up again their jackets and trousers split open by the grenades, and put white paper in their coffins to cover up these murdered boys whose eyes and mouths and wounds seemed to cry out in terror. We had somehow to make these faces and bodies look decent in death, and with our sponges and our brushes in our

hands and the stink of this butchery in our nostrils, we were indeed 'giving water, water, water . . .' as in the song. . .

Pierre MacOrlan, before this war, used to travel in search of the fantastic in social life which he found in the picturesqueness of the great ports: in the little bistros of Hamburg in the rain, on the banks of the Thames or in the slums of Antwerp. How charmingly out of date! The fantastic had ceased to be the prerogative of artists to become, to the accompaniment of blood and fire, part of everyday life in the civilized world. Your local grocer would appear one morning in his doorway wearing a yellow star, while your concierge's son would be receiving surrealist messages from London and wear an invisible captain's uniform. In the villages you would see corpses hanging from the balconies, victims of some secret partisan war.

Several violently contrasted Universes were superposed; the merest chance could send you from one to another.

Bergier gave me the following account of his experiences:

'In the camp at Mauthausen we were labelled N.N. - night and fog. None of us expected to survive. On 5th May, 1945, when the first American jeep came up the hill, a Russian deportee, who had been in charge of the anti-religious campaign in the Ukraine and was lying by my side, raised himself on his elbow and cried: "God be praised." All fit men were repatriated in a flying fortress, and this was how I found myself a few days later on the airfield at Heinz, in Austria. The plane had come from Burma. "It's a world war, isn't it?" said the wireless operator, who sent a message for me to Allied Headquarters in Rheims and then showed me his radar equipment. There were all sorts of apparatus which I had never thought would be possible before the year 2000. At Mauthausen the American doctors had spoken to me of penicillin.

'In two years the sciences had jumped a century. A mad idea came into my head. "And what about atomic energy?" I asked. "It's being talked about," said the operator. "It's still hush-hush, but one hears rumours. . . ."

'A few hours later I was on the Boulevard de la Madeleine in my striped uniform. Was this Paris? Was it a dream? People clustered round me, asking questions. I took refuge in the Métro, and telephoned my parents to say I was on my way. But I came out again; there was something more important than anything else: I had to go to what had been my favourite haunt before the war: Brentano's, the American bookshop in the Avenue de l'Opéra. I was recognized immediately . . . soon my arms were full of newspapers and Reviews. Seated on a bench in the Tuileries I tried to reconcile the Universe I was in now with what I had known recently. . . . Mussolini had been hung; Hitler incinerated. There were German troops in the Ile d'Oléron and the Atlantic ports. So the war in France was not yet over? The technical reviews were full of the most astonishing things. Penicillin had been discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming: so it was really true? There were new discoveries in chemistry - silicones, an intermediary between organic

and mineral substances. Helicopters, which had been proved impracticable in 1940, were being mass-produced. Fantastic progress was being made in electronics. Television would soon be as universal as the telephone. I had entered a world in which all my dreams about the year 2000 were coming true. Certain references, however, were incomprehensible. Who was this Marshal Tito? And the United Nations? And what was D.D.T.?

'Suddenly I realized that I was no longer a prisoner, neither in body nor soul; that I was not condemned to death, and that I had plenty of time and was entirely free to understand and act. To begin with, I had all tonight, if I wanted. . . . I must have turned very pale. A woman came up to me and wanted to take me to a doctor. I escaped, and ran home to my parents, whom I found in tears. On the table in the dining-room were messages brought by cyclists, and military and civil telegrams. Lyons was to name a street after me; I was promoted Captain; decorated by various countries, and an American expedition going to look for secret weapons in Germany asked me to help them. About midnight my father sent me off to bed. As I was falling asleep, two Latin words were running through my brain, for no apparent reason: *magna, mater*. The next morning when I woke I realized what they meant. In ancient Rome candidates for admission to the secret cult of *magna mater* had to pass through a bath of blood. If they survived, they would be born again.'

In this war all the channels of communication between the different worlds were opened wide, and let in a powerful draught. Then came the atomic bomb to project us into the Atomic Age. A moment later, the rockets ushered in the cosmic era. Everything became possible. The barriers of incredulity, so firmly planted in the nineteenth century, had been severely shaken by the war. Now they were about to collapse altogether.

In March 1954 Mr. Charles Wilson, United States Secretary for War, declared: 'The United States and Russia from now on have the power to annihilate the entire world.' People began to think seriously about the end of time. Cut off from the past, suspicious of the future, men looked upon the present as an absolute value, seeing in this frail frontier a promise of eternity. Like despairing travellers, they embarked in solitude on a raft on the seas of eternity, the Noahs of some future Flood, living on planckton and flying-fish.

At the same time reports began to flow in from every country on the apparition of the 'flying saucers'. The skies were peopled by Intelligences from Beyond. A little sandwich-seller named Adam-sky, who had his shop at the foot of the giant telescope on Mount Palomar in California, calling himself a Professor, announced that he had been visited by travellers from Venus, told the story of his encounters in a book that became a best-seller, and settled down in the role of a Rasputin at the Court of Holland. In a world where the strange and the tragic are equally mixed, one wonders what

people are made of who have neither faith nor any desire to have a good time.

When anyone spoke to Chesterton about the end of the world, he would say: 'Why should I worry? It has already happened several times.' During the million years or so that men have lived on this Earth they have probably experienced more than one Apocalypse. Intelligence has been extinguished and relit more than once. A man seen walking in the distance at night, carrying a lantern, is alternatively shadow and light. There is every reason to believe that the end of the world has happened again, and that we are serving a new apprenticeship in the sphere of intelligence in a new world – a world of mass movements, nuclear energy, the electronic brain and interplanetary rockets. Perhaps we shall need a different mind and a different soul for this different Earth.

On 16th September, 1959, at 10.2 p.m. radio stations all over the world announced that for the first time a rocket launched from the Earth had landed on the Moon. I was listening to Radio-Luxembourg. The announcer gave the news and went straight on to present a variety show broadcast every Sunday at this time called 'The Open Door. . .'. I went out into the garden to look at the shining Moon, with its Lake of Serenity on which the debris of the rocket were now lying. The gardener was out, too. 'It's as beautiful as the Gospels, isn't it, sir?' he said. Instinctively he saw the event in its right perspective. I felt really near this man, and all the simple men who at this moment were gazing into the sky, full of wonder and emotion. 'Happy the man who loses his head; he will find it again in Heaven!' At the same time, I felt very remote from people of my sort – all those writers and philosophers and artists who refuse to give way to enthusiasms of this kind because it is important to keep a clear head and defend the humanistic outlook.

My friend Jean Dutourd, for example, a remarkable writer and a great admirer of Stendhal, had said to me only a few days previously: 'Come now; let's keep our feet on the Earth and not let ourselves be distracted by these electric trains for grown-ups.' Another dear friend, Jean Giono, whom I had been to see at Manosque, told me that he had seen the captain of the gendarmerie and the curé one Sunday morning at Colmar-les-Alpes, bowling hoops.

'As long as there are curés and gendarmes who will play with hoops, there's room for happiness here on Earth; and we shall be better off here than on the Moon. . .'. So all my friends were little bourgeois, still lingering on in a world in which men, lured by the prospect of vast projects on a cosmic scale, were beginning to feel themselves 'Workers of the Earth'. 'Let's stick to the Earth,' they cried. They were reacting in the same way as the old silk-weavers of Lyons when the loom was first invented; they were afraid of losing their jobs. In the era which we are about to enter, my writer friends feel that all the social, moral, political, philosophical standards of humanistic literature and of the psychological novel will soon seem insignificant. The main result of so-called

modern literature is that it prevents us from being really modern. It is no good their thinking that they are writing for the masses. They feel that the time is coming when the masses will be attracted by a new mythology and by the prospect of terrific adventures, and that, by continuing to write their little 'human' stories, they will be deceiving people with false facts, instead of regaling them with true fiction.

When on that evening of 16th September, 1959, I went into the garden and gazed, with my tired and eager eyes – the eyes of a grown man – at the Moon in the sky – a Moon that from now on would bear a human imprint – my emotion was twofold, because I was thinking of my father. I gazed upwards, as he used to do and asked myself the question that he, too, often asked: 'Are we, the inhabitants of this Earth, the only living beings?' My father asked this question because he was broadminded, and also because he had read books on spiritualism of a rather spurious and elementary kind. I asked it, because I read *Pravda* and works of pure science, and move in intellectual circles. But there, under the stars, with upturned face, I shared with my father the same curiosity, accompanied by a sense of infinite exhilaration.

I referred just now to the origin of the myth of the flying saucers. It was a significant social phenomenon. But it is obvious that no credence can be attached to those space-ships from which little men descended to gossip with railway-men or sandwich-sellers.

Martians, Saturnians or Jupiterians are improbable. Charles-Noël Martin, however, summarizing serious scientific opinion on this question, writes as follows: 'There are so many possible habitats in the Galaxies, especially our own, that it seems almost certain that they contain exceedingly numerous forms of life.' On any planet of another sun, even several hundred light-years distant from the Earth, provided its mass and atmosphere are identical, there must be beings like ourselves. Now, it has been calculated that there may be, in our galaxy alone, some ten or fifteen million planets more or less similar to the Earth. Harlow Shapley, in his *Stars and Men*, reckons that there are in the known Universe ten probable sisters of our Earth. There is every reason to believe, in fact, that there are other inhabited worlds, and other living beings that haunt our Universe. At the end of 1959 new laboratories were built at the Cornell University in the United States, where, under the direction of Professors Cocconi and Morrison, pioneers in space communications, observers are on the look-out for signals that are perhaps being sent to us by other living beings in the Cosmos.

More than the landing of rockets on the nearer astral bodies, for men to make contact with other intelligent beings and, perhaps, other psychisms, could well be the most staggering event in the whole of our history.

If there are in existence other intelligent beings elsewhere, do they know of our existence? Do they receive, and can they decipher

the far-off echo of our radio and television waves? Can they see, with the aid of apparatus, the perturbations on our Sun caused by the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn? Do they send space-ships into our Galaxy? Our solar system may frequently have been traversed by observer-rockets without our ever knowing anything about it. At the time of writing, we are even unable to trace our Lunik III whose transmitter is out of order; we do not know what is happening in our own domain.

Have we already been visited by the inhabitants of Elsewhere? It is highly probable that some planets have been visited. Why especially the Earth? There are billions of astral bodies scattered in the field of light-years. Are we the nearest, or the most interesting?

Yet it is quite legitimate to imagine that 'Strangers from Beyond' have been to inspect our globe, and have even landed and stayed there for a time. There has been life on the Earth for at least a thousand million years, and our memories go back for scarcely more than four thousand years. What do we know? It is possible that prehistoric monsters long ago may have raised their long necks when some space-ship passed over; if so, no traces remain of such a fabulous event. . . .

Dr. Ralph Stair, of the American N.B.S., when analysing some strange hyaline rocks scattered in the region of the Lebanon known as *tektites*, admitted that these might have come from a planet now extinct situated between Mars and Jupiter. These *tektites* have been found to contain radio-active isotopes of aluminium and beryllium.

Several eminent scientists think that Phobos, the satellite of Mars, may be hollow, and may be an artificial asteroid put into orbit round Mars by intelligent beings outside the Earth. This was the conclusion arrived at in a serious article in the review *Discovery* in November 1959 and the same hypothesis has been put forward by the Soviet Professor Chtlovski, an expert on radio-astronomy.

In a sensational article in the Moscow *Literary Gazette* of February 1960, Professor Agrest, Doctor of physical-mathematics, declared that the *tektites*, which could only have been formed at an extremely high temperature and under the action of powerful nuclear radiation, are perhaps the traces left by missiles dispatched from the outer Cosmos. A million years ago the Earth may have had visitors from Beyond. Professor Agrest (who, in this article, did not shrink from propounding this fantastic theory, thereby showing that science, within the framework of positivist philosophy, could and should reserve as generous a place as possible for creative imagination and bold hypotheses) believes that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by a thermo-nuclear explosion set off by space-travellers either wantonly, or because they considered it necessary to destroy their depots of energy before leaving for the Cosmos.

The Dead Sea scrolls contain the following description: 'A column of smoke and dust rose into the air like a column of smoke

issuing from the bowels of the Earth. It rained sulphur and fire on Sodom and Gomorrah, and destroyed the town and the whole plain and all the inhabitants and every growing plant. And Lot's wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt. And Lot lived at Isoar, but afterwards went to the mountains because he was afraid to remain at Isoar. The people were warned that they must go away from the place of the future explosion and not stay in exposed places; nor should they look at the explosion but hide beneath the ground. . . . Those fugitives who looked back were blinded and died. . . .'

In this same region round Lebanon, one of the most mysterious monuments is the 'terrace of Baalbeck'. This is a platform made of blocks of stone, some of which are nearly sixty feet long and weigh two thousand tons. It has never been explained why, or how, or by whom this platform was built. In Professor Agrest's opinion it is not inconceivable that it may be the remains of a landing-ground constructed by astronauts arriving from the Cosmos.

Finally, it is suggested in the reports of the Moscow Academy of Sciences on the explosion of 30th June, 1908, that this may have been caused by the disintegration of an inter-stellar space-ship.

On this day, at seven o'clock in the morning, a pillar of fire rose up over the Siberian *taiga* to a height of fifty miles. The forest was burnt to the ground over an area of twenty-five miles after a gigantic ball of fire had hit the Earth. For several weeks strange clouds, flecked with gold, drifted over Russia, Western Europe and North Africa, reflecting at night the light of the Sun. In London photographs were taken of people reading their newspapers in the streets at one o'clock in the morning. To this day the vegetation has never grown again in this region of Siberia. Measurements taken in 1960 by a Russian scientific expedition revealed that the level of radio-activity on the spot was three times above normal.

If we have been visited, did these fabulous explorers ever walk about among us? Common sense replies: if so, we should certainly have seen them. Nothing is less certain. The first rule of ethology is not to disturb the animals one is observing. Zimanski, the German scientist from Tubingen and a pupil of the brilliant Conrad Lorenz, spent three years studying snails, becoming so familiar with their language and behaviour that they actually looked upon him as one of themselves. Our visitors could do the same with human beings. The idea is revolting: it is nevertheless plausible.

Is it possible that well-intentioned explorers arrived on the Earth before anything was known of the history of the human race? An Indian legend tells of the Lords of Dzian who came from Beyond to bring fire and the bow to dwellers on the Earth. Did life itself begin on the Earth, or was it introduced there by travellers from space?*

* The majority of astronomers and theologians think that life on the Earth began on the Earth. Not so, says the Cornell astronomer, Thomas Gold. In a paper he read at Los Angeles at the Congress of space scientists in January 1960, Gold suggested that life may have existed elsewhere in

'Did we come from Elsewhere?' asks the biologist Loren Eiseley; 'did we come from Elsewhere, and are we now preparing to go back to where we came from, with the help of our modern apparatus? . . .'

A further word about the skies: stellar dynamics show that a star cannot annex to itself another star. Therefore, the double or triple stars that have been observed ought to have the same age. Spectroscopy, however, reveals differences in age between members of these double or triple sets. Thus, for example, a white dwarf star 10,000 million years old may accompany a red giant only 3,000 million years old.

It is impossible, yet it is a fact. We have questioned many astronomers and physicists about this. Some of them, and not the least eminent, do not exclude the hypothesis that these groups of abnormal stars may have been placed there by Intelligences or Powers able to displace the stars and reassemble them artificially, thereby proclaiming to the Universe that life exists in this or that region of the skies.

Foreseeing with astonishing clairvoyance the advent of a new kind of spirituality, Blanc de Saint-Bonnet* wrote the following: 'Religion will be revealed to us through absurdities. We shall no longer listen to neglected doctrines or the voice of conscience that nobody heeds. Facts will speak in a loud voice. Truth will no longer reside in lofty words, but will be present in the bread we eat. Our light will be fire!'

In addition to the theory that human intelligence is perhaps not the only living and active intelligence in the Universe, we must now get used to the idea that our intelligence is capable of penetrating to worlds that are different from our own and of understanding their

the Universe for countless millions of years before taking root on the Earth. How did life reach the Earth and begin its long ascent culminating in Man? Perhaps it was brought here by space-ships. As Gold pointed out, life has existed on the Earth for about a hundred thousand years. It began in the simplest forms, of microscopic size. At the end of this time according to Gold, the planet may have developed creatures sufficiently intelligent to have travelled farther into space, visiting other planets, fertile but still virgin, and implanting in them adaptable microbes. This sort of contamination, in fact, is probably the normal way in which life begins on any planet, including the Earth.

'Space travellers,' said Gold, 'may have visited the Earth a thousand million years ago, and the residuary forms of life they abandoned there proliferated until the microbes soon had another agent (human space-travellers) capable of dispersing them over a still wider field.' What happened to the other galaxies floating in space far beyond the boundaries of the Milky Way? Astronomer Gold believes in the theory of a fixed Universe. When, then, did life begin? The fixed Universe theory postulates that space is boundless and time is without a beginning or an end. If life is handed down from the old galaxies to the new, its history may go back in time to eternity; it has neither a beginning nor an end.

* 1815-80, little-known French philosopher, author of *L'Unité Spirituelle*.

laws - that it can, as it were, traverse the mirror and continue to function on the other side. This fantastic penetration has been made possible by the genius of mathematics.

It is our lack of curiosity and knowledge that has made us think that the enrichment of poetic experience since Rimbaud has been the salient feature of the intellectual revolution in the modern world. The outstanding event has been the spectacular achievements in mathematics, as Valéry understood very well. Henceforward man is confronted by his own mathematical genius as he would be by a visitor from Beyond. Modern mathematical entities live, and grow and multiply in inaccessible worlds, remote from all human experience. In *Men Like Gods* H. G. Wells imagined that there are as many Universes as there are pages in a thick volume. We only live in one of these pages. But mathematical genius ranges over them all, from one end to another, it alone represents the real and unlimited powers of the human brain. For traversing as it does other Universes, it returns from these explorations equipped with the tools necessary for the transformation of the world we live in. It is both being and doing. The mathematician, for example, studies the space theories which necessitate two complete turns before returning to the point of departure. Now, it is work of this kind which has no connection with any sort of activity in our own sphere of existence, which makes it possible to discover the properties governing the elementary particles in microscopic space, thus contributing to the progress of nuclear physics which is transforming our civilization. The mathematician's intuition, which opens a path to other Universes, substantially alters our own. Mathematical genius, so akin to musical genius, is at the same time the one that has the greatest effect on matter. For out of the 'Absolute Elsewhere' is born the 'Absolute Weapon'.

Finally, in raising mathematical thought to its highest degree of abstraction, Man perceives that such thought is not perhaps his exclusive property. He discovers that insects, for example, seem to possess a spatial sense which we lack, that there is, perhaps, such a thing as a universal mathematical intelligence, and that out of the totality of all living things emerges a Voice which is the Voice of the Supreme Master-Mind. . . .

In this world where, for Man, nothing any longer is sure - neither himself nor the world as defined by laws and facts hitherto accepted, a mythology very quickly takes over. Cybernetics has encouraged the idea that human intelligence has been superseded by the electronic brain, and to the 'man in the street' the green eye of the 'machine that thinks' is as much an object of awe and wonder as the Sphinx was to the ancient Egyptians. The atom is throned on Olympus, brandishing its thunderbolts. Work on the atomic station at Marcoule in France had hardly begun before the local inhabitants were saying that their tomatoes were shrivelling up. The bomb upsets the weather, and causes monsters to be born. The *Odyssey* of our century is contained in the pages of so-called

'science-fiction', more widely read than books on psychology, with its stories of Martians and 'Mutants', and that metaphysical Ulysses who comes home after vanquishing space and time.

To the question: 'Are we alone?' must be added the question: 'Are we the last?' Did evolution stop at Man? Is the Superman not already being formed? Is he not already among us? And are we to think of this Superman, or Superior Being, as an individual, or as a collective entity, humanity *en masse* in a state of fermentation and coagulation being impelled towards a realization of its unity and high destiny?

Under mass-rule the individual dies; but his death is the salvation of the spiritual tradition that man must die in order to be born again. His psychological consciousness is superseded by a cosmic consciousness. He is subjected to terrific pressure: he must either die resisting it, or die in yielding to it. Resistance refusal, means total death. Obedience means death, but only as a stage on the way to total life; for now it is a question of conditioning the masses with a view to creating a universal psychism embracing an awareness of Time and Space and an appetite for Discovery.

It must be admitted that all this reflects more accurately the basic thoughts and anxieties of modern Man than the analytical neo-naturalist novel, or politico-sociological studies; this will soon become apparent, when those false witnesses who look at a new world through old eyes are annihilated by the truth.

At every step he takes in this world on the threshold of strangeness, Man is confronted with question-marks as enormous as the animals and vegetables of prehistoric times. They are out of proportion to his size – on a different scale. But what is the scale of Man? Sociology and psychology have developed much less quickly than physics and mathematics; nineteenth-century Man suddenly finds himself in another world. But is the sociological and psychological Man of the nineteenth century the real Man? Nothing is less certain. After the intellectual revolution that followed the *Discours de la Méthode*, the scientific revival and the new encyclopaedic approach and the far-reaching effects of nineteenth-century rationalism and optimistic scientific thinking, we have reached a stage where the immensity and complexity of the new realities that have just been revealed were bound to alter the views we have hitherto held as to the nature of human knowledge and revolutionize the ideas now current as to Man's relationship to his own intelligence; in other words, an attitude of mind very different from what only yesterday we were still calling the 'modern' attitude, is now called for. If we are to be invaded by the Fantastic in the world outside us, we ought to explore the Fantastic that is within us. Does this exist? And is it not probable that what Man has achieved is a projection of what he is, or will become?

We shall now, accordingly, proceed to explore the fantastic that is within us; or, at least, try to show that this exploration is necessary, and outline a method.

Naturally, we have had neither time nor the means of carrying out the experiments and other measures we considered desirable, but which will perhaps be attempted by others better qualified than ourselves. But it was not really our intention to measure and carry out experiments but, here as elsewhere in this extensive study, to assemble facts and relations between facts that official science sometimes ignores, or whose existence it refuses to recognize. This method of working may seem unusual and even suspect. And yet it has often led to important discoveries.

Darwin, for example, always worked on these lines, collecting and comparing information to which no one had ever paid any attention before. The theory of evolution was the outcome of this apparently haphazard collecting of information. Similarly, if on a humbler scale, we have evolved in the course of our work a theory of what constitutes Man's real inner self in the light of total intelligence and an awakened consciousness.

To complete our task we should have needed another ten years. Moreover, we have merely summarized our findings, or rather presented them in the form of a sketch in order not to put the reader off; for we are relying on his having an open mind, having always tried to be in that state ourselves.

Total intelligence and an awakened conscience – we feel that man is aiming at these essential conquests in a world in the throes of a new birth which seems to be urging him, to begin with, to renounce his freedom. 'But freedom to do what?' asked Lenin.

It is true that he is gradually being deprived of his freedom to be merely what he has always been. The only freedom that will soon be granted him is freedom to become something other, to rise to a higher degree of intelligence and consciousness. Freedom of this kind is not basically psychological, but mystical – according to ancient standards, at least, and in the terminology of yesterday. In a certain sense, we believe that civilization makes it possible for this mystical approach, on this Earth of ours teeming with factories and rockets, to extend to humanity as a whole. It will be seen that such an approach is practical, and that it is, in a sense, the 'second wind' which will enable men to keep pace with the ever-increasing speed at which the Earth is advancing towards its destiny.

'God has created us as little as possible. Liberty, which gives us power to be the cause of things and opportunity for merit, demands of Man that he should re-create himself.'

THE FANTASTIC WITHIN

Some pioneers: Balzac, Hugo, Flammarion - Jules Romain and the 'Great Question' - The end of positivism - What is parapsychology? - Some extraordinary facts and experiences - The example of the Titanic - Clairvoyance - Precognition and dreams - Parapsychology and psychoanalysis - We reject occultism and the pseudo-sciences - In quest of machinery for sounding the depths

THE literary critic and philosopher Albert Béguin thought that Balzac was a visionary rather than an observer, and I think he was right. In an admirable story entitled *Le Requisitionnaire* Balzac foresaw the beginnings of parapsychology which will make its appearance in the second half of the twentieth century and seek to establish as an exact science the study of Man's 'psychic powers':

'At the exact hour when Mme de Dey died at Carentan, her son was shot in the Morbihan region. We can see a connection between this tragic event and what we know about the sympathetic currents which take no account of the laws of space; documents assembled in a spirit of learned curiosity by a few solitary men which one day will help to lay the foundations of a new science which up to now has lacked a man of genius.'

In 1891 Camille Flammarion, in an article in *Le Figaro Illustré* (November 1891) declared: 'Our *fin de siècle* is rather like that of the preceding century. Our minds are tired of the affirmations of so-called positivist philosophy. One has the impression that it may be wrong. . . . "Know thyself," said Socrates. For thousands of years we have been learning an immense amount about all sorts of things except the one that interests us most. It would seem that the present tendency among thinking men is at last to obey the advice of Socrates.'

Conan Doyle used to come from London every month to visit Flammarion at his observatory at Juvisy and study with him phenomena of clairvoyance, apparitions and materializations - mostly of a questionable nature. Flammarion believed in ghosts, and Conan Doyle collected photographs of 'fairies'. The 'new science' foreseen by Balzac was not yet born; but the need for it was apparent.

Victor Hugo, in a magnificent passage of his astonishing study on William Shakespeare, wrote as follows: 'Every man has within him his own Pathmos. He is free to venture, or not to venture, upon that terrifying promontory of thought from which one can see into the shadows. If he refrains from doing so, he continues to live an ordinary life, with ordinary thoughts, ordinary virtues, ordinary beliefs and ordinary doubts - and it is well that he should. It is clearly best for his internal peace of mind. For if he ventures on to this summit, he is lost. He will have glimpsed the mighty waves of the Marvellous - and no one can look upon that ocean with impunity. . . . He persists in contemplating this alluring abyss,

in exploring the unexplored, in remaining detached from life on the Earth, and in his efforts to penetrate a forbidden world, to touch the untouchable, to gaze on the invisible he returns again and again to the edge of the precipice, leans over, takes one step down and then another - and that is how one penetrates the impenetrable and loses oneself in a limitless extension of infinity.'

In my own case, it was in 1939 that I had an exact vision of a science that, by bringing irrefutable evidence to bear on the inner self, would soon inevitably lead to a fresh evaluation of the Nature of Knowledge and eventually to a revision of the methods of all scientific research in every field. I was then nineteen years old, and the war had claimed me just as I had decided to devote my life to establishing a psychology and a physiology of mystical experience. It was then that I read in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* an essay by Jules Romain under the title: *Answer to the Greatest Question of All*, which most unexpectedly strengthened my position. This essay was also prophetic, for after the war there arose a new psychic science, parapsychology, which is today flourishing, while at the same time there was a change in direction, as it were, even in 'official' sciences such as mathematics or physics.

'I believe,' wrote Jules Romain, 'that the principal difficulty for the human mind is not so much to reach correct conclusions in a certain order or in certain directions, as to discover the means of co-ordinating the conclusions it arrives at when working on different levels of reality, or in different directions which vary according to the period or epoch concerned. It is, for example, very difficult for it to harmonize the ideas, in themselves very precise, to which it has been introduced by modern science working on physical phenomena with the ideas, perhaps equally valid, which it had acquired at a time when it was more concerned with spiritual or psychic realities and which are still an inspiration to those who, today, are devoting themselves to research into spiritual or psychic, as distinct from physical, phenomena. I am not at all of the opinion that modern science, which is often accused of being materialistic, is threatened by a revolution which would ruin the results of which it can be sure (the only threat could be to hypotheses, either premature or of too general a nature, of which it is not sure). Yet it may one day be confronted with results, achieved by methods vaguely termed "psychic", that are so coherent and conclusive that they cannot possibly be dismissed as null and void. When this happens, many people think that there will be nothing to prevent so-called "positive" science from continuing peacefully as before, while tolerating the development outside its own frontiers of an entirely different kind of knowledge which at present it either dismisses as pure superstition, or relegates to the realm of the "unknowable" or of what it contemptuously describes as metaphysics. But it will not be as easy as all that. Some of the most important results obtained through psychic experiments, as soon as they are confirmed (if they have to be) and officially recognized as "true" will represent a threat to positive science *within its own frontiers*; and the human mind which up to now, shrinking from

its responsibilities, has pretended to ignore the conflict will then be obliged to arbitrate. This will create a serious crisis – no less serious than that provoked by the application to industrial techniques of discoveries made in the realm of physics. It may even change the whole of human life. I believe this crisis is not only possible but probable, and may even be with us very soon.'

One winter morning I accompanied a friend to the clinic where he was to undergo an immediate operation. It was scarcely light, and we were walking in the rain, anxiously on the look-out for a taxi.

Suddenly my friend, who was trembling from fever, pointed to a playing-card lying on the pavement covered with mud. 'If it's a Joker,' he said, 'all will be well.'

I picked up the card. It was a Joker.

Parapsychology attempts to systematize the study of facts of this nature by the accumulation of experiments. Are normal men endowed with powers which they scarcely ever use merely because, so it would seem, they have been persuaded that they do not possess them? Strictly scientific experiments seem definitely to have eliminated the notion of chance. At the international congress of parapsychology which I attended in 1955 in the company, notably, of Aldous Huxley, I was able to study the work of the American, Swedish and German doctors and psychologists engaged in this research. There can be no question but that their work was conducted on strictly scientific lines. If the attitude of scientists towards poetry were not tinged with a certain legitimate distrust, it would be possible to find an excellent definition of parapsychology in these lines of Guillaume Apollinaire:

*Tout le monde est prophète, mon cher André Billy,
Mais il y a si longtemps qu'on fait croire aux gens
Qu'ils n'ont aucun avenir et qu'ils sont ignorants à jamais
Et idiots de naissance
Qu'on en a pris son parti et que nul n'a même idée
De se demander s'il connaît l'avenir ou non.
Il n'y a pas d'esprit religieux dans tout cela,
Ni dans les superstitions ni dans les prophéties
Ni dans tout ce que l'on nomme occultisme
Il y a avant tout une façon d'observer la nature
Et d'interpréter la nature
Qui est très légitime – (Calligrammes).*

Parapsychological experiments seem to prove that between Man and the Universe there exist means of communication other than those provided by the five senses. Every normal human being could perceive objects at a distance, or through a wall; could influence the movement of objects without touching them; could project his thoughts and feelings into the nervous system of another human being, and finally have an exact knowledge of events that have not yet taken place.

Rider Haggard, the English writer who died in 1925, gave, in his novel *Maiwa's Revenge*, a detailed description of the escape of Alan Quatermain, his hero. The latter is captured by savages

just as he was climbing over a wall of rock. His pursuers held him by the foot; he freed himself by shooting them with his revolver held parallel to his right leg. Some years after the book was published, an English explorer came to call on Haggard. He had come specially to London to ask the author how he had learned of his adventure in all its details, because he had never spoken of it to anyone and had hoped to conceal the killing.

In the library of the Austrian writer, Karl Hans Strobl, who died in 1946, his friend Willy Schrodter made the following discovery: 'I opened some of his own books arranged on a shelf, and found between the pages a number of Press-cuttings. They were not, as I had first supposed, reviews, but news items. It gave me a shock when I realized that they recorded events that Strobl had described long before they happened.'

In 1898 an American science-fiction writer, Morgan Robertson, described the shipwreck of a giant ship. This imaginary ship of 70,000 tons, was 800 feet long and carried 3,000 passengers. Its engines were equipped with three propellers. One night in April, when on its first voyage, it encountered in the fog an iceberg, and sank. Its name was: *The Titan*.

The *Titanic*, which was wrecked in similar circumstances years later, displaced 66,000 tons, was 828½ feet long, carried 3,000 passengers and had three propellers. The catastrophe happened on a night in April.

Those are the facts. Here are some experiments carried out by parapsychologists:

In Durham, U.S.A., the experimenter holds in his hand a pack of five special cards. He shuffles them, then draws one after another. At the same moment at Zagreb in Yugoslavia, another experimenter tries to guess in what order the cards are drawn. This is repeated a thousand times. The proportion of correct guesses is shown to be higher than could be attributed to chance.

In London, in a closed room, the mathematician J. S. Soal draws cards from a similar pack. Behind a solid partition, a student tries to guess the cards. On checking, it is revealed that the student, here too, every time in a proportion too great to be attributable to chance, has guessed the card that was to be drawn in the next operation.

In Stockholm, an engineer has built a machine which automatically throws dice into the air and films them as they fall. The spectators, members of the University, try by an effort of will-power to ensure the fall of a particular number. They are successful to a degree which cannot only be due to chance.

While studying the phenomena of precognition during sleep, the Englishman J. W. Dunne has proved scientifically that certain dreams can foretell even distant future events,* and two German

* *An Experiment with Time*. Dunne dreamed in 1901 that the town of Lowestoft, on the East coast of England, was bombarded by foreign warships. The bombardment actually took place in 1914, and happened exactly as Dunne had described it in 1901. The same writer saw in a dream the newspaper headlines announcing the eruption of Mount Pelé several months before the event.

research workers, Moufang and Stevens, in a work entitled *The Mystery of Dreams* have cited a number of cases, which have been carefully checked, in which dreams revealed future events and led to important scientific discoveries.

The celebrated atomic scientist, Niels Bohr, when he was a student, had a strange dream. He saw himself on a Sun consisting of burning gas. Planets whizzed by, whistling as they passed. They were attached to the Sun by thin filaments, and revolved round it. Suddenly the gas solidified and the Sun and planets crumbled away. Niels Bohr then woke up and realized that he had just discovered the model of the atom, so long sought after. The 'Sun' was the fixed centre round which the electrons revolve. The whole of modern atomic physics and its applications have come out of this dream.

The chemist Auguste Kékulé tells the following story: 'One summer's evening I was on the platform of my bus, on my way home, and went to sleep. I saw clearly and distinctly how, on every side, the atoms united in couples which were then merged in larger groups which, in their turn, were attracted by others still more powerful; and all these corpuscles were spinning round in a frenzied dance. I spent part of that night transcribing what I had seen in my dream. I had hit upon the theory of atomic structure.'

After reading in the newspapers accounts of the bombardment of London, an engineer of the American Bell telephone company had a dream one night in the Autumn of 1940 in which he saw himself drawing the plan of an apparatus which would enable an anti-aircraft gun to be aimed at the exact spot where an aeroplane whose speed and trajectory were known, would pass. On awakening he traced the blueprint 'from memory'. A study of this apparatus, which was to use radar for the first time, was undertaken by the eminent scientist Norbert Wiener, and Wiener's report on this machine resulted in the birth of cybernetics.

'One certainly ought not to underestimate,' wrote Lovecraft (in *Beyond the Walls of Sleep*) 'the gigantic importance of dreams.' Nor will it be possible in the future to dismiss as negligible the phenomena of precognition, whether in dreams or in a state of wakefulness. Thus, exceeding the bounds of 'official psychology', the American Atomic Energy Commission proposed in 1958 that 'clairvoyants' should be employed in an attempt to foresee where Russian bombs would fall in the event of war. (31st August, 1958, Report of the Rand Commission.)

In the field of 'paranormal cures', i.e. cures obtained by psychological treatment, whether by a 'healer' who possesses the 'fluid', or by a psychoanalyst (a clear distinction being made between the two methods) the parapsychologists have reached some very interesting conclusions. They have introduced a new conception: that of the doctor-patient couple. The success of the treatment will depend on whether or not telepathic communication exists between the practitioner and his patient. If so – and this relationship

resembles an amorous one – it produces the same hyper-lucidity and hyper-receptivity that can be observed in a pair of lovers; a cure is then possible. Otherwise both healer and patient are wasting their time.

The notion of a 'fluid' is replaced by the image of 'the couple'. No doubt it would be possible to obtain a picture of the inner psychological make-up of both practitioner and patient. Certain tests would reveal the true nature of their intelligence and sensibility and the kind of relationship that could exist between them. The analyst could then compare his own and his patient's picture and decide from the beginning whether his treatment would be effective or not.

A psychoanalyst in New York one day broke the key of a cabinet in which he kept his files. He managed to get a locksmith to make him a new key on the spot, and told no one of the incident. A few days later, during a *seance* with a patient, the latter saw in a waking dream a key, and gave a description of it. It was broken, and bore the same number as the doctor's key: a good example of the phenomenon of osmosis.

The celebrated American psychoanalyst Dr. Lindner relates in his book, *The Fifty-Minute Hour*, that in 1953 he had as a patient a well-known atomic scientist. This man had lost interest in his work, his family and everything else. He confessed to Lindner that he had escaped to another world; in his thoughts he was continually travelling on another planet where science was more advanced and he himself was playing a leading part. He had a very clear vision of this world and of its laws and customs and culture. The extraordinary thing is that Lindner felt himself being gradually infected by his patient's madness, imagined that he was sharing his experiences in this other world, and began partially to lose his reason. It was then that the sick man began to detach himself from his vision and gradually became normal again. A few weeks later Lindner was also cured; he had just had a personal experience of the immemorial advice addressed to healers that they should 'take upon themselves' the troubles of others and atone for their sins.

Parapsychology has absolutely no connection with occultism or the pseudo-sciences: on the contrary, its object is to eliminate the element of mystification in this field. Notwithstanding, the scientists, propagandists and philosophers who denounce it think that it may encourage quackery. This is false, although it is true that the times we live in are more favourable than ever before to the development of these pseudo-sciences which 'seem to be everything but are in reality nothing'. We are convinced that there are unexplored regions in Man. Parapsychology offers us a method of exploring them. In the following pages we shall also suggest a method. This exploration has scarcely begun; in our opinion it will be one of the great tasks of the civilization that is to come. Natural forces still undreamed of will no doubt be revealed and studied and mastered so that Man can fulfil his destiny in a world that will be completely

transformed. Of this we are convinced. But we are equally sure that the fact that occultism and the pseudo-sciences are at present in such high favour with an enormous public is an unhealthy symptom. It is not cracked mirrors that bring bad luck, but cracked brains.

There are now in the United States more than 30,000 astrologers, and 20 magazines exclusively devoted to astrology, one of which has a circulation of 500,000.

More than 2,000 newspapers have an astrological column. In 1943 five million Americans followed the advice of these prophets and spent 200 million dollars a year to learn what the future had in store. In France alone there are 40,000 'healers', and more than 50,000 practising occultists. It has been reliably estimated* that the fees paid to prophets, soothsayers, clairvoyants, healers, radio-esthetists, etc. amounted, in Paris alone, to Frs. 50 thousand million. The over-all 'magic' budget for France is in the neighbourhood of 300 thousand million francs a year – far more than the budget for scientific research.

'If a fortune-teller trades in truth,' said Chesterton in *Father Brown*, 'then I think he is trading with the enemy.'

It is essential, if only to clean up the field of investigation, that this invasion should be repulsed. But this must be done in order to further the progress of knowledge. There can be no question, however, of reverting to the positivism which Flammarión already considered outdated in 1891, nor to a narrow 'conventional' scientific position, since science itself is now inviting us to approach from a fresh angle the problem of the structure of the mind. If Man possesses powers that have hitherto been neglected or ignored, and if there is such a thing, as we are inclined to believe, as a higher state of consciousness, then we must certainly not reject any hypothesis that could be tested experimentally, or any undisputed fact or illuminating comparison in our campaign against this invasion of occultism and the pseudo-sciences. There is an English saying: 'When you empty the bath, be careful not to throw away the baby with the bath-water.'

Even Soviet scientists admit that 'we don't know everything, but no particular domain is taboo and there are no permanently inaccessible regions'. Specialists in the Pavlov Institute and the Chinese scientists working on the higher nervous system, are studying Yoga. According to the science newspaper reporter Saparine, writing in the *Review Strength and Knowledge* ('Force et Savoir') 'the phenomena presented by the Yogis are at present inexplicable, but no doubt an explanation will be found one day. Such phenomena are extremely interesting because they are a revelation of the extraordinary possibilities of the human machine.'

The study of extra-sensory perception, which American investigators call 'psionic', by analogy with electronic and nucleonic, may well, indeed, lead to practical applications on a large scale. Recent work, for example, on the sense of direction in animals reveals the

* Statistics cited by François Le Lionnais in his study: *Une Maladie des Civilisations: Les Fausses Sciences: La Nef*, No. 6, June 1954.

existence of extra-sensory faculties. The migrating bird, the cat that travels 1,000 miles to find its home, the butterfly that can sense the female at a distance of ten miles all seem to possess the same faculty of perception and action at a distance. If we could discover the nature of this phenomenon and learn to make use of it we should acquire new methods of communication and orientation. We should, in fact, have a perfect human radar at our disposal.

The direct communication of emotions, such as appears to take place in the doctor-patient relationship, might have valuable medical possibilities. Human consciousness is like an iceberg floating on the ocean: the greater part is underneath the water.

Sometimes the iceberg tilts over, revealing an enormous mass we knew nothing about; we then say: this man is mad. If it were possible, in the doctor-patient couple, to establish direct communication between the submerged regions by means of some sort of 'psionic amplifier', mental disorders might disappear altogether.

Modern science teaches us that it is limited by the extreme perfection of experimental techniques. For example, a sufficiently powerful microscope would employ a source of light so strong that it would displace the electron under observation, thus making it impossible to observe. We cannot discover what a nucleus contains by bombarding it, because this changes it. But it is possible that an unknown extension of human intelligence may make it possible to perceive directly the ultimate structures of matter and the harmony of the Universe. We may, perhaps, one day have 'psionic' microscopes and 'psionic' telescopes that will tell us directly what there is in the interior of a distant star or an atomic nucleus.

There may be a region in the interior of Man from which it will be possible to perceive reality as a whole. Such an hypothesis seems crazy. Auguste Comte declared that we should never know the chemical composition of a star. The following year Bunsen invented the spectroscope. We are now, perhaps, on the verge of discovering an ensemble of methods which would enable us to develop systematically our extra-sensory faculties and to make use of powerful mechanisms hidden within us. It is with this perspective in view that I and Bergier have worked knowing, like our master, Chesterton, that 'the humbug is not the man who dives into mystery but the one who refuses to come out of it'.

III

TOWARDS A PSYCHOLOGICAL REVOLUTION

The mind's 'second wind' – Wanted: an Einstein for psychology – A renaissance of religion – Our society is at death's door – Jaurès and the 'tree buzzing with flies' – We see little because we are little

'An Earth of smoking factories. An Earth teeming with industries. An Earth vibrating with a hundred new radiations. This great

organism only lives for the sake of and thanks to a new soul. As the age changes, so does thought. Where, then, is to be sought or situated that subtle and rejuvenating change that, without appreciably altering our bodies, has made new beings of us? Nowhere else but in a new kind of intuition that is changing the whole physiognomy of the Universe we inhabit – in other words, an awakening.⁷

Thus, for Teilhard de Chardin, the mutation of the human species has begun: a new soul is being born. This mutation is taking place in the profoundest regions of the intelligence and, thanks to this 'rejuvenating change', a vision, and a totally different vision of the Universe as a whole is there before our eyes. Our waking consciousness has been replaced by a higher state compared to which the former was no more than sleep. The time for a true awakening has come.

We would now ask our readers to reflect upon the nature of this awakening. I have told, at the beginning of this book, how my childhood and adolescence were permeated with feelings similar to those which have inspired Teilhard. When I look back at all that I have done or written or sought for I can see clearly that the motive impulse behind it all was the conviction, which my father had held so strongly and so passionately that human consciousness has got to advance another step and find its 'second wind', and that the time for this has come. Indeed, this book has no other purpose than to proclaim this conviction as forcibly as possible.

Psychology lags considerably behind science. So-called modern psychology studies a Man who still conforms to the conception of him current in a nineteenth century given over to militant positivism. Genuinely modern science sets out to prospect a Universe which is found to be more and more surprising and less and less adjusted to the officially accepted view of the structure of the mind and the nature of knowledge. The psychology of states of consciousness presupposes a complete and static Man: *homo sapiens* of 'the century of light'. Physics unveils a world which operates on several levels at the same time and has many doors opening on to infinity. . . . The exact sciences border on the fantastic. The humane sciences are still hedged about with positivist superstitions. The notion of 'becoming', of evolution, dominates scientific thinking.

Psychology is still based on a vision of a 'finished' Man, whose mental functions have been catalogued and classified in hierarchic order once and for all. Now, it seems to us, on the contrary, that Man is by no means in his final state; we believe it is possible to discern, through the formidable upheavals that are changing the face of the world, vertically in the sphere of knowledge, horizontally as a result of mass groupings, the first signs of a new trend in human consciousness, a 'rejuvenating change' in the interior of Man himself. Consequently a psychology adapted to the times we live in, if it is to be effective, ought, so we believe, to be based, not on what Man *is* (or rather appears to be), but on what he may

become – that is to say, on his possible evolution. This is the research on which we are now engaged.

All traditional teaching is based on the notion that Man is not a 'complete' being and has not yet reached his final stage, and the earliest psychologists studied the conditions that would determine the changes, alterations and transmutations that would enable Man to attain his real fulfilment. It is our belief, in accordance with a certain trend in contemporary thinking which we interpret in our own way, that Man perhaps possesses faculties which he does not exploit to the full; the machinery is there, but is never used. As we said before: a knowledge of the external world, pushed to its extreme limits, can only end in a reassessment of the very nature of knowledge, and of the structure of our intelligence and powers of perception. We also stated that the next revolution would be in the field of psychology. We are not alone in thinking this: this view is shared by many contemporary observers, from Oppenheimer to Costa de Beauregard, from Wolfgang Pauli to Heisenberg, from Charles-Noël Martin to Jacques Ménétrier.

Nevertheless, it is true that the lofty, quasi-religious ideas by which those investigating these problems are inspired are not shared by 'the man in the street', and have made no impression whatever on the general public. Everything has changed inside the brains of a few thinkers; nothing has changed since the nineteenth century in the general conception of the nature of Man and Human Society. In an unpublished article on God, Jaurès at the end of his life expressed this thought in the following fine words:

'All we wish to say today is that religious ideas, having suffered a temporary eclipse, may return to our minds and consciousness because the conclusions of modern science make it easier for us to accept them. Today already there is, so to speak, a religion ready and waiting for us; and if it fails under present conditions to penetrate deeply into our society – if the middle classes are either prosaically spiritualistic or foolishly positivist – if the proletariat is torn between slavish superstition and crude materialism – this is because the present social régime is a régime of degradation and hatred, and therefore irreligious. It is not, as is often proclaimed by loud-mouthed critics and thoughtless moralists, because our society is materialistic that it is irreligious. On the contrary, there is something religious about Man's conquest of Nature and in the adaptation of the forces in the Universe to the needs of humanity. No, what is really irreligious is the fact that Man conquers Nature only by enslaving his fellowmen. It is not their concern with material progress that prevents men from having lofty thoughts and meditating on the things of the spirit; it is the inhuman labour to which the majority of men are subjected that deprives them of the strength to think or even to be conscious of their life, that is to say, of God. It is also the agitation provoked by evil passions, by jealousy and pride, that saps the energy of even the strongest and happiest men by forcing them to engage in godless strife. Exposed on the one side to hunger and on the other to hate, how can humanity be thinking

of the infinite? Humanity is like a great tree, a-buzz with angry flies under a stormy sky; and under this clamour of hate the deep and divine voice of the Universe is no longer heard.'

It was not without emotion that I discovered this text of Jaurès. It corresponded to the sentiments of a long message my father had sent him, to which he had waited in vain for a reply. A reply which reached me, in the form of this unpublished paper fifty years later.

It is true that Man's knowledge of himself is not on a par with his knowledge of his *actions* – by which I mean everything that science, which is the supreme reward of his obscure labours, discovers about the Universe – its mysteries, its forces and its harmony. And the reason for this being so is that the organization of our society, based on obsolete ideas, deprives him of hope, of leisure and of peace. How could a man deprived of life in the fullest sense of the word ever discover its infinite potentialities? There is every reason to believe, however, that all this will very soon be changed; the emancipation of the masses, the irresistible pressure of new discoveries and techniques, the diffusion of ideas in really responsible circles and contact with intelligences from outside will make a clean sweep of the old principles which paralyse modern life, after which Man, coming into his own again after traversing all the stages from alienation to revolt, and from revolt to acceptance, will be conscious of the growth within himself of that 'new soul' of which Teilhard speaks, and will discover, in freedom, that ability to be 'the cause of things' which is a bond between being and doing.

That Man possesses certain powers: precognition, telepathy, etc., is now an accepted fact; these phenomena can be observed. Up till now, however, such phenomena have been presented as so-called 'proofs' of the 'reality of the soul', or of the 'intelligence of the dead'.

To cite the extraordinary as proof of the improbable is an absurdity. We have, therefore, in our work, rejected any explanation in terms of the occult or of magic. This does not mean that we should neglect the whole ensemble of facts and documents in this field.

The only progress made in psychology has been the attempt to explore the deep-lying zones of the subconscious. We believe there are also summits to be explored – a super-conscious zone. Or, rather, our researches and investigations incline us to admit as a hypothesis the existence of a superior equipment in the brain that has scarcely as yet been investigated. In the ordinary waking state of consciousness, only a tenth of the brain is actively functioning.

What is happening in the other, apparently dormant, nine-tenths? And is there not a state in which the brain as a whole is fully engaged. All the facts we are now about to record and study can be ascribed to the excitation of zones in the brain that are normally

asleep. No branch of psychology deals specifically with this phenomenon.

We shall have to wait, no doubt, for further progress to be made in neuro-physiology before a 'summit-psychology' can be developed. Without waiting for this new physiology to be formulated, and with no wish to prejudge its results, we desire simply to call attention to this domain. It may be that its exploration will prove to be as important as the exploration of the atom or of outer space.

Until now interest has been focused entirely on the subconscious, while consciousness itself, in modern theory, has always been considered as a phenomenon originating in some lower region: sex, for Freud; conditioned reflexes for Pavlov, etc. . . . Consequently all psychological literature – the modern novel, for example – is an illustration of what Chesterton meant when he referred to those people 'who cannot talk about the sea without talking about sea-sickness'. But Chesterton was a Catholic; he took a higher consciousness for granted because he admitted the existence of God. Psychology, like any other science, had to break away from theology; all we are saying is that the break-away is not yet complete, and that it can be liberated from above, by the methodical study of phenomena that are above consciousness, and of an intelligence vibrating at a higher rate of frequency.

The spectrum of light is composed as follows: on the left, a wide band of Hertzian and infra-red waves; in the centre, a narrow band of visible light; on the right, an infinite band ranging from ultra-violet, X and gamma rays to the unknown. . . .

And what if there were a comparable spectrum of intelligence, of human light? On the left, the infra, or subconscious; in the centre the narrow band of consciousness, on the right the infinite band of the ultra-conscious. Until now, only the conscious and subconscious have been studied. The vast domain of the ultra-conscious seems only to have been explored by mystics and magicians: secret explorations, evidence that can only be deciphered with difficulty. From the scanty information available, we tend to explain certain undeniable phenomena, such as intuition and genius, corresponding to the beginning of the right-hand band, as being manifestations of the subconscious, corresponding to the end of the left-hand band.

From what we know about the subconscious we try to explain the little we know about the super-conscious state. One cannot, however, explain the right-hand portion of the light-spectrum in terms of the left-hand portion – the gamma rays cannot be compared to the Hertzian waves: their properties are not the same. Therefore, we think that, if there is a state above and beyond that of our waking consciousness, the properties of the intelligence in that sphere will be totally different, and it will be necessary to devise other methods for their exploration than those employed in ordinary psychology.

What are the conditions necessary for the mind to attain this 'other' state? What properties will it then possess, and into what realms of knowledge will it be able to penetrate? The vast strides

made in knowledge generally have brought us to the point where the mind knows that it must change in order to see what is to be seen, and to do what has to be done. 'We see little because we are little.' But are we only what we think we are?

IV

THE MAGIC MIND REDISCOVERED

The green eye of the Vatican - The 'other' intelligence - The story of the 'relavote' - Is Nature playing a double game? - The starting-handle of the super-machine - New cathedrals and new slang - The last door - Existence as an instrument - A new view of symbols - All is not everything

To decipher certain manuscripts found on the shores of the Black Sea, all the knowledge of the best linguists in the world was not enough. An electronic calculating machine was then set up in the Vatican and presented with an appalling scrawl, the débris of a parchment dating from time immemorial covered in every direction with indecipherable signs. The machine was being asked to do what hundreds and hundreds of brains, working for hundreds and hundreds of years could not have done: to compare the sign-traces; reconstruct all the possible series of similar signs; choose between all the possible probabilities; discover a common factor of resemblance between all imaginable terms of comparison; and finally having exhausted the infinite number of possible combinations, constitute an alphabet from the one acceptable similitude, recreate a language, restore and translate it. The machine, cold and motionless, opened its green and glassy eye; began to hum and click; its electronic brain was traversed by innumerable rapid waves; and at last from this poor rotting scrap of parchment a message emerged, a voice from an ancient world that vanished long ago. The machine translated. Those shadowy letters on that dusty parchment came to life again, reunited and refecundated; and from this shapeless carcass of what had once been the Word there issued a voice full of promise. The machine said: 'And in this desert we will trace a road that will lead to God.'

We know the difference between arithmetic and mathematics. Mathematical thought, since Evariste Galois, has discovered a world which is alien to Man and has nothing in common with human experience or with the Universe as apprehended by our normal waking consciousness. In that world our ordinary Yes-or-No logic is replaced by super-logic operating on a basis of Yes and No. This super-logic stems not from reason, but from intuition. It is in this sense that intuition, which is an 'untamed' faculty, an 'unusual' property of the mind, 'is now a governing principle in the work of a considerable body of mathematicians'.

How does the brain normally work? It functions like an arith-

* Charles-Noël Martin: *Les Vingt Sens de l'Homme*.

metical machine - a binary machine: Yes, No, Agreed, Not agreed, True, False, I like, I don't like, Good, Bad. In the binary field our brain is unbeatable. Some great human calculators have succeeded in beating electronic machines.

What is an arithmetical electronic machine? It is a machine which with extraordinary rapidity, classifies, accepts, rejects and arranges various factors in series. In other words, it is a machine which introduces order into the Universe. . . . It imitates the way in which our brains work. Man classifies; it's his privilege. All sciences depend on some system of classification.

Yes, but there are now electronic machines which function, not only arithmetically, but by analogy. For example: if you want to study all the conditions which could affect the resistance of the dam you are building, you make a model of the dam. On this model you carry out every possible kind of test. You then provide the machine with the result of all your observations. It co-ordinates and compares these data with inhuman speed, establishes all the possible connections between a thousand and one points of detail and then tells you: 'Unless you reinforce the props of the third pier on the right, it will collapse in 1984.'

The analogical machine has grasped, with its fixed and infallible eye, all the possible reactions of the dam, envisaged every aspect of its existence, and then assimilated this existence and deduced from it the necessary laws. It has seen the present in all its aspects as a whole, while establishing, at a speed which causes time to shrink, all the possible connections between every separate factor; and at the same time, it has seen into the future. In a word it has advanced from know-how to knowledge.

We believe that the human brain also can, in certain circumstances, function like an analogical machine. That is to say, it should be able:

- (a) to assemble everything possible that can be observed about a thing;
- (b) Draw up a list of constant relationships between the manifold aspects of an object;
- (c) Become, in a sense, the thing itself; assimilate its essence and discover everything about its future destiny.

All this, it goes without saying, at electronic speed, tens of thousands of connections being established in a flash, as if time had been atomized. This fabulous series of exact mathematical operations is what we sometimes call, when the mechanism is triggered off by accident, an 'illumination'.

If the brain can function like an analogical machine, it can also, like the machine, work not on the thing itself but on a model of the thing. Not on God Himself, but on an idol. Not on eternity, but on an hour. Not on the Earth, but on a grain of sand. In other words it should be able, as the connections are grasped at a speed exceeding that of the most rapid binary reasoning, to see in an image serving as a model, in the words of Blake: 'The Universe in a grain of sand, and eternity in an hour.'

If that could happen; if the process of making comparisons, classifications, deductions could be enormously accelerated; if our intelligence, in certain cases, behaved like a particle in the cyclotron, then all magic would be explained. After observing a star with the naked eye, a Maya priest would have been able to recompose in his brain the whole solar system and discover Uranus and Pluto without a telescope (as certain bas-reliefs would seem to suggest).

From his observation of a phenomenon in his crucible an alchemist might have obtained an exact picture of the most complex atom, and have discovered the secret of matter. We should have an explanation of the formula: '*Ce qui est en haut est comme ce qui est en bas.*'

In the cruder sphere of imitative magic, we should understand how the Cromagnon magician looking in his cave at a picture of a ceremonial bison was able to comprehend the laws that governed the bison world and announce to his tribe the date and place and weather conditions that would be most favourable for their next hunt.

The cybernetics technicians have perfected electronic machines which function first arithmetically and then analogically. These machines are used to decipher codes. But scientists generally are so constituted that they refuse to believe that *what Man has made he can also be*. Strange humility!

If we admit the following hypothesis: Man is endowed with powers at least equal, if not superior, to any technically realizable machinery, and intended to achieve the same results as any other technique – namely the ability to understand and control Universal forces: why, then, should he not possess a sort of analogical electronic machine in the deepest recesses of his brain? We know today that nine-tenths of a man's brain are unused in his ordinary conscious life, and Dr. Warren Penfield has demonstrated the existence within us of this vast silent domain. But what if this vast silent domain were a kind of immense engine-room, full of machinery in perfect working order and only waiting to be set in motion? If that were the case, then magic would be vindicated.

We have a Post Office: hormone secretions travel all over our bodies, provoking reactions in the various centres.

We have a Telephone: our nervous system; if you pinch me, I cry out; if I am ashamed, I blush, etc. . . .

Why should we not possess a radio? The brain perhaps emits waves of high velocity moving inside a myeline sheath, in the same way that V.H.F. waves are passed through hollow conductors. If that were so, we should then possess an unknown system of communications and connections. Our brain is perhaps continually emitting waves of this kind, but the receiving apparatus is not in use, or else only works on rare occasions, as when a wireless set that is out of order comes to life for a moment as a result of some sudden shock.

I was seven years old. I was in the kitchen with my mother who was at the sink washing up. My mother took up a dish-mop (*lavette*) to scour the plates and as she did so the thought flashed through her mind that her friend Raymonde called this instrument a 'relavote'. I was only just beginning to talk, but in that same second I said: 'Raymonde calls that a "relavote"', and then I went on chattering. I should not have remembered this incident had not my mother, on whom it made a great impression at the time, often reminded me of it, as if a great mystery had been revealed to her in that moment, making her feel, in a sudden uprush of joy, that I was a part of her, and that this was a more than human proof of my love. Later on, when I had caused her to suffer in any way, she used to recall this moment of 'contact' as if to convince herself that something deeper than her blood had been transmitted from herself to me.

I know what to think about coincidences – even those privileged coincidences that Jung calls 'significant'; but after having experienced the same kind of thing with a very dear friend or a woman with whom one was very much in love, it seems to me that the notion of a coincidence is not enough, and that one might go so far as to seek an explanation for these things in magic. All we have to do is to decide what we mean by 'magic'.

What really happened in that kitchen that evening when I was seven years old? I believe that as a result of an imperceptible shock, a minute vibration such as is enough sometimes to cause an object that has been delicately balanced for a long time to fall suddenly for no apparent reason, some mechanism inside me, made infinitely sensitive by repeated bursts of love – the simple, violent, exclusive love of a child – without my being aware of it, was suddenly set in motion. This brand-new machine, all ready to function in the silent recesses of my brain, like a kind of cybernetic Sleeping Beauty, 'looked at' my mother. She saw it; she made an amalgam of all her thoughts and feelings and moods and sensations; she became my mother; she took cognizance of her essential being and her destiny up to that moment. At a speed greater than that of light she arranged under their proper headings all the feelings and associations of ideas my mother had had ever since she was born, and came to the very latest association – the dish-mop, Raymonde and the 'relavote'. It was I who then expressed the result of the work of this machine which had been done with such fantastic speed that its meaning went through me without leaving any trace, like the Cosmic waves which go through our bodies without our feeling them. I said: 'Raymonde calls that a "relavote".' Then the machine stopped working, or else I ceased to be receptive, after having been so for a thousand-millionth of a second, and went on with what I had been saying before. Before time stopped or, if you like, before it was speeded up in every direction – past, present, future: it makes no difference.

I have had experience, in other circumstances, of similar coincidences. I think they can be interpreted in the same way. It

may be that the machine is working all the time, but that we can only be receptive on occasions. In any case, this receptivity can only be extremely rare; in some people, no doubt, it is non-existent.

This is why some people are 'lucky', and others unlucky. The lucky ones would be those who sometimes receive a message from the machine: it has analysed all the elements of the situation - classified, selected, compared all possible causes and effects and, having thus discovered the most auspicious course to take, delivers its opinion like an oracle which is accepted without the person concerned having been conscious in the slightest degree of all this prodigious activity. These are indeed the people whom the gods love. From time to time they are connected with their inner power-station. In my own case, I am what is known as 'lucky'. I have every reason to believe that the phenomena on which this luck depends are of the same order as those which were responsible for the story of the 'relavote'.

And so we are beginning to see that the magical conception of man's relations with other men and with things and space and time is not altogether foreign to our own ideas about modern science and techniques. It is their modernity which makes it possible for us to believe in magic. It is the electronic machines which make us take seriously the Cromagnon sorcerer and the Maya High Priest.

If ultra-rapid connections operate in the silent regions of the brain, and if, in certain circumstances, the result of these operations penetrates our consciousness, we should then have to consider as real manifestations of the mind in a state of wakefulness certain procedures of imitative magic, certain prophetic revelations, certain poetic or mystical illuminations and certain divinations we now attribute to madness or to chance.

Yet we have known for some years now that Nature is not reasonable. She does not conform to the ordinary rules which govern the working of our intelligence. For that part of our brain which is normally in use, every operation is binary: black or white, Yes or No, continuous or discontinuous. Our understanding machine, on the other hand, is arithmetical. It classifies and compares. The *Discours de la Méthode* is entirely based on this system. So is the whole principle of Ying and Yang in Chinese philosophy (and the *Book of Mutations*, the only oracular book the rules of which have come down to us from antiquity, is composed of graphic figures: three continuous lines, and three discontinuous in every possible order). But, as Einstein said at the end of his life: 'I wonder whether Nature always plays the same game.' It would seem, in fact, that Nature is not a slave to the binary system which governs the working of our brain in its normal state.

Since Louis de Broglie's discovery, we are forced to admit that light is at one and the same time continuous and broken. But no human brain is capable of imagining such a phenomenon or of really knowing or understanding what it implies. We accept it. We know it is a fact, but the thing itself we cannot know. Now

suppose that a brain, contemplating some representation of light (religious literature and iconography are full of evocations of light) passes in a flash of illumination from the arithmetical to the analogical state. It becomes light. It sees the incomprehensible phenomenon. It is born with it. It knows it. It reaches a point where the sublime intelligence of de Broglie cannot penetrate. Then it falls back; it has lost contact with the transcendent machines that function in the vast secret recesses of the brain. Its memory only retains scraps of the knowledge it has just acquired. And there is no language in which to describe those scraps. It may be that some mystics have known in this way natural phenomena which our intelligence has been able to discover and to accept, but not to integrate.

'And when I asked her how, and what sort of thing she saw, and whether what she saw had bodily form, she answered thus: "I saw a plenitude, a great light which filled me so completely that I have no words to describe it and know not to what it could be compared. . . ."'

This passage from Angèle de Foligno's statement to her confessor is highly significant.

The electronic calculator on a mathematical model of a dam or an aeroplane functions analogically. To a certain extent it becomes this dam or this aeroplane, and discovers every possible aspect of their existence. If the brain can act in the same way* we begin to understand why the witch-doctor makes an image to represent the enemy he wishes to destroy, or draws a picture of the bison he is going to hunt. In the presence of these models he waits for his intelligence to switch from the binary to the analogical stage, and for his ordinary state of consciousness to pass to a higher plane. In fact, he is waiting for the machine to start working analogically and for the the propagation in the silent recesses of his brain of those ultra-rapid connections which will reveal to him the total reality of the object represented. He waits, but not passively. What is he doing? He has chosen the time and place in obedience to ancestral instructions and traditions which are perhaps the result of countless experiments in the past. A particular hour on a particular night, for example, is better than some other time on some other night, perhaps because of the disposition of the stars, or the Cosmic rays or certain magnetic fields. He stands in a certain position, makes certain gestures - perhaps performs a special dance - utters certain words or noises, breathes in a particular way, etc. No one has yet suggested that these may all be special techniques (however rudimentary and tentative) designed to set in motion the ultra-rapid machines contained in the dormant part of our brain. The rites are perhaps merely a complicated pattern of rhythmic exercises calculated to stimulate the higher faculties of the brain, rather like

* Of course our comparison with the electronic machine is not absolute. Like any other comparison, it is only a starting point, and is itself only the suggestion of an idea.

cranking up a motor-car. There is every reason to believe that the setting in motion of these higher faculties, these analogical electronic brains, calls for adjustments a thousand times more complicated and subtle than those which take place during the transition from a sleeping to a waking state.

Thanks to the work of von Frisch it is known that bees have a language: they trace in the air infinitely complicated mathematical figures during their flight, and transmit in this way instructions necessary to the life of the hive. It is highly probable that Man, in order to establish contact with his highest faculties, must set in motion a series of impulses at least as complex and substantial, and no less remote from what normally determines his intellectual activities.

Thus prayers and rites performed in front of religious symbolic figures could be ways of trying to capture and direct subtle magnetic, cosmic or rhythmic forces with a view to arousing that analogical intelligence which will enable Man to *know* the divinity who is being thus invoked.

If that were so; if there be techniques for increasing the brain's efficiency and output so as to produce results far in advance of anything that could be obtained from even the greatest binary intelligence; and if it be true that these techniques have up till now only been employed by the occultists – then it is easy to understand why most of the important practical and scientific discoveries prior to the nineteenth century were made by them.

Our language, like our thought, is conditioned by the arithmetical, binary way in which our brain functions. We classify everything under Yes or No, positive or negative; we make comparisons and deductions. If language helps us to introduce order into our thought, which itself is wholly occupied with putting things in their places, it is obviously not an external creative element or a divine attribute. It does not add thoughts to our thought. When I speak or write, I am slowing down my machine. I can only describe it if I can observe it in slow motion. Therefore I am only expressing my binary awareness of the world – and, what is more, only at a time when it has ceased to function at its normal speed. My language therefore only reflects a slow-motion picture of the world – a picture, moreover, which is itself limited to binary dimensions. This inadequacy of language is only too evident and a matter for regret. But what can be said about the inadequacy of a binary intelligence? The inner existence, the essence of things are beyond its grasp. It can make the discovery that light is both continuous and discontinuous at the same time, or that the molecule of benzene establishes between six atoms a double, yet mutually exclusive relationship; it can accept these facts, but cannot understand them; it cannot integrate into its own system the reality of the profound structures which it studies. To be able to do this, it would have to change its condition; other machinery than that normally in use would have to be started up in the brain, whose binary system of

reasoning would have to be replaced by an analogical consciousness which would assume the form, and assimilate the inconceivable rhythms of these profound structures. No doubt that happens already in scientific intuition, poetic illumination, religious ecstasy and in other cases of which we know nothing. Recourse to an *awakened* consciousness – that is to say, to a state different from that of ordinary wakefulness – is the *Leit-motiv* of all the ancient philosophies. It is also the *Leit-motiv* of the greatest modern physicists and mathematicians, who hold the view that 'something has to happen in human consciousness for it to be able to progress from knowing to knowledge'.

It is therefore not surprising that language which can only reflect the world as it appears to our consciousness in its normal waking state becomes obscure as soon as it has to express those profound structures or anything to do with light, eternity, time, energy, the essence of Man, etc. Nevertheless we can distinguish two kinds of obscurity.

One is due to the fact that language is the vehicle of an intelligence that endeavours to examine these structures without ever being able to assimilate them. It is the vehicle of one kind of Nature that is in conflict with another kind of Nature. At best, it can only demonstrate an impossibility and convey an impression of frustration and isolation. Its obscurity is real and positive; in fact, it is nothing but obscurity.

The other kind of obscurity occurs when the man who is trying to express himself has had, by a flash of intuition, a brief glimpse of another state of consciousness. He has *lived* for an instant in the intimacy of those profound structures. He has *known* them. I am thinking of mystics like St. John of the Cross, or intuitional scientists like Einstein, or inspired poets like William Blake, or enraptured mathematicians like Galois, or visionary philosophers like Meyrink.

On returning to Earth, the 'seer' fails to communicate what he has experienced. But in doing so he expresses the certitude that the Universe could be controlled and manipulated if Man succeeded in establishing as close an association as possible between his ordinary waking state and a state of hyper-wakefulness. Such a language could be really efficient, a sovereign instrument. Fulcanelli, speaking of the mystery of the Cathedrals; Wiener on the structure of Time, are obscure; but this is not real obscurity, but a sign that something is shining elsewhere.

The language of modern mathematics is the only one, no doubt, that can give some account of certain results of analogical thinking. There exist in mathematical physics regions of the 'Absolute Elsewhere' and of '*continus de mesure nulle*', that is to say measurements applied to Universes that are inconceivable and yet real. We may wonder why it is that the poets have not yet turned to this science to catch an echo of the music of those spheres of fantastic reality – unless it be for fear of having to accept this evidence –

that the magic art lives and flourishes outside their study walls.*

This mathematical language which is proof of the existence of a Universe beyond the grasp of a normally waking consciousness, is the only one that is in a state of constant ferment and activity.†

Mathematical 'entities', i.e. the expressions, the signs which symbolize the life and the laws of the invisible world – of the *unthinkable* world – develop and fertilize other 'entities'. This language is, strictly speaking, the 'slang' of the present age.

Yes; it is true that we find this 'slang', in the original sense of the word as it was in the Middle Ages (and not in the degenerate form favoured by writers who like to think of themselves as 'emancipated') in the *avant-garde* science of mathematical physics which is, if we look at it closely, a challenge to what is generally meant by intelligence – a rupture, a kind of 'second sight'.

What is Gothic art, to which we owe the Cathedrals? Fulcanelli, in his book *Le Mystère des Cathédrales*, expressed the opinion that 'Gothic art ("art gothique") is only an orthographic distortion of the word *argotique*, in accordance with the law of phonetics which governs, in all languages regardless of orthography, the traditional cabal.' The cathedral, then, is a work of Gothic art (*Art got*) or *Argot*.

And what is the cathedral of today, which teaches men the structures of the Creation, but the *equation* that has taken the place of the rosette, or rose-window? Let us cease to pay a useless homage to the past, so that we can understand it better. The modern cathedral is not to be found in a large building made of glass and cement. The cathedral of the Middle Ages was the book of mysteries for the use of the men of yesterday. Today the book of mysteries is the work of mathematical physicists who compose it with 'mathematical entities' enshrined, like rose-windows, in such constructions as interplanetary rockets, atomic piles or the cyclotron. This is true continuity, the real link with tradition.

The *argotiers* of the Middle Ages, spiritual descendants of the Argonauts who knew the road to the Garden of the Hesperides,

* Cantor: 'The essence of mathematics is liberty.' Mittag-Leffler (on the work of Abel): 'They are real lyrical poems of sublime beauty; the perfection of their form allows the grandeur of thought to appear and fills the mind with images of a world more remote from the banal semblances of life, and a more direct expression of the soul than the finest creation of the finest poet in the ordinary sense of the word.' Dedekind: 'We are a divine race, and possess the power to create.'

† 'Here, everything is open: the techniques of thought, logical processes and "ensembles" – all this is alive and constantly renewed, while the strangest and most transparent conceptions are formed in the mind, one leading to another and being transformed, like the movements of a symphony; we are in the divine domain of the imagination. But an abstract imagination, so to speak, for these images arising out of mathematical techniques have nothing in common with those pertaining to the illusory world in which we are bogged down, although they contain the key which can unlock the latter's hidden meaning.' Georges Buraud: *Mathématique et Civilisation, La Table Ronde*, April 1959.

wrote in stone their hermetic message. Signs incomprehensible to men whose consciousness has not undergone transmutations and whose brains have not been subjected to that terrific acceleration thanks to which the inconceivable becomes real and can be felt and manipulated. These men were not secretive because they loved secrecy, but simply because their discoveries about the Laws of Energy, of matter and of the mind had been made in another state of consciousness and so could not be communicated directly. They observed secrecy because 'being' meant for them 'being different'.

As if in memory of so lofty an example, our modern slang is a kind of special dialect for the use of rebels, those who are hungry for liberty, outlaws, nomads and all who live outside the law and conventions.

But we shall find the tradition unimpaired if we realize that this *art got* is today the art of the 'mathematical entities' and integrals of Lebesgue, and of the numbers beyond infinity; the art of the mathematical physicists who build in unwonted curves, in 'forbidden lights', in thunder and in flames, the cathedrals in which our Masses will in future be celebrated.

It is possible that religious readers may find these remarks shocking. They are intended to be so. We believe that the potentialities of the human brain are infinite. This view conflicts with that of the official scientists and psychologists whose 'belief in man' depends on his remaining within the boundaries traced for him by the nineteenth-century rationalists. But it should not be considered as being incompatible with the spirit of religion – at any rate with religion in its purest and loftiest forms.

Man can have access to a secret world – see the Light, see Eternity, comprehend the Laws of Energy, integrate within himself the rhythm of the destiny of the Universe, consciously apprehend the ultimate concentration of forces and, like Teilhard de Chardin, live the incomprehensible life that starts from 'Point Omega', in which the whole of creation, at the end of terrestrial time, will find its accomplishment, consummation and exaltation. Man is capable of anything. His intelligence, equipped from the very beginning, no doubt with a capacity for infinite knowledge, can in certain conditions apprehend the whole mechanism of life. The powers of the human intelligence, if developed to their fullest extent, could probably cope with anything in the whole Universe. But these powers stop short at the point where the intelligence, having reached the end of its mission, senses that there is still 'something other' beyond the confines of the Universe. Here it is quite possible for an analogical consciousness to function. There are no models in the Universe of what may exist outside the Universe. This door through which none may pass is the gateway to the Kingdom of Heaven. We can accept this expression if written thus: 'Kingdom of Heaven'.

As a result of trying to outstrip the Universe by imagining a

number greater than anything that could be conceived within the Universe, and trying to formulate a concept whose conditions the Universe could not satisfy, the great mathematician Cantor went mad. There is ultimately a door which no analogical intelligence can open.

To return to our initial proposition. We do not say: there is, in the vast silent portion of the brain, an analogical electronic machine. What we say is this: since arithmetical and analogical machines exist, is it not possible to imagine an intelligence functioning on a higher plane, beyond the level on which it normally works? That intelligence may possess powers similar to those of the analogical machine? Our comparison must not be taken literally. It is only a point from which to start, a launching ramp aimed at untouched and still unexplored regions of the intelligence. In those regions it may be that intelligence begins to glow suddenly and to throw light on things that are normally hidden in the Universe. How does it succeed in attaining those regions where its own existence becomes a prodigy? How is this change in condition operated? We maintain that there are in magic and religious rites and in the vast literature both ancient and modern, devoted to unique and fantastic moments in the life of the mind, thousands and thousands of fragmentary descriptions which ought to be brought together and compared, and which perhaps point to a method that has been lost, or possibly to one that has still to be found.

It may be that the intelligence sometimes, as if by chance, comes up against the frontier protecting these untried regions and sets in motion, for a fraction of a second, the super-machinery whose sound it vaguely perceives. This is what happened in my story of the 'relavote'; it is an example of those so-called 'parapsychological' phenomena which we find so disturbing – those extraordinary flashes of illumination which most sensitive people experience on rare occasions in the course of their lives, especially in childhood. They leave no trace, scarcely a memory.

Crossing this frontier (or as the traditional texts phrase it, 'entering a state of enlightenment') is infinitely more rewarding and would seem to be not altogether a matter of chance. There is every reason to believe that this transit cannot be effected without an enormous concentration of external and internal forces. It is only reasonable to suppose that these forces are there for us to make use of, if we knew how. But until quite recently we did not know how to liberate nuclear energy. Nevertheless, these forces are probably available to us only if we are prepared to stake our whole existence on capturing them.

The great ascetics and saints, the wonder-workers and seers, the poets and inspired scientists all say the same thing. And this is what the contemporary American poet, William Temple, meant when he wrote: 'No individual revelation is possible unless the whole of existence is itself an instrument of revelation.'

To revert to our comparison. It was during the Second World

War that what is known as 'operational research' came into being involving methods which became necessary as problems arose which seemed to defy common sense and ordinary human experience. The tacticians therefore had recourse to the mathematicians:

'When a situation arises which, owing to the complexity of its apparent structure and visible evolution, cannot be dealt with by ordinary methods, scientists are called in to deal with this situation in the same way that, in their own special field, they treat natural phenomena, and are asked to formulate a theory. To theorize about a situation or an object means that an abstract model has to be imagined whose properties are similar to those of the object in question. Such a model is always mathematical. By its intermediary, concrete questions are translated into mathematical terms.'

Here we are concerned with the 'model' of an object or a situation too new or too complex to be grasped in its totality by the intelligence. 'In fundamental operational research it is therefore advisable to construct an analogical electronic machine in order to obtain this model. It is then possible, by manipulating the control levers and watching the machine operating, to find the answers to all the questions the model was designed to deal with.'

These definitions are taken from a technical bulletin: *Bulletin de Liaison des Cercles de Politique Economique*, March 1959. They are more important as a contribution to our conception of a man in a state of 'enlightenment', or to our understanding of the spirit of 'magic' than the majority of books in the literature of occultism. If we translate 'model' by 'idol' or 'symbol', and analogical machine by a state of hyper-lucidity, or sudden flash of illumination in the brain, we shall see that the most mysterious road to human knowledge – and one that the heirs to the nineteenth century positivist tradition refuse to admit – is a true and royal road. And it is modern technical methods which encourage us to look upon it as such.

'The presence of symbols and enigmatic signs with mysterious connotations in religious tradition, in works of art and in the legends and customs of folk-lore attests the existence of a language universally current in the East as in the West whose trans-historic significance seems to lie at the very roots of our existence, our knowledge and our values.* But are not symbols the model, in abstract, of a reality, a structure that the human intelligence cannot altogether grasp but about which it can 'theorize'?

'The symbol reveals certain aspects of reality – the most profound – which it is impossible to know.†

Like the 'model' which the mathematician constructs out of a situation or object defying common sense or ordinary human experience, the properties of a symbol simulate the properties of the object or situation thus abstractly represented, but whose real, fundamental aspect remains hidden. The next step would be to set an analogical electronic machine to work on this model, so that the symbol may reveal the reality it contains and supply the

* René Allou: *De la Nature des Symboles*. Ed. Flammarion.

† Mircea Eliade: *Images et Symboles*.

answers to all the questions the model was designed to deal with. We believe the equivalent of such a machine exists in Man. Certain mental or physical attitudes, of which at present little is known, might serve to set it in motion. All the techniques of asceticism, religion and magic seem designed to obtain this result; and this, no doubt, according to age-old tradition, is the 'state of enlightenment' which wise men have always striven to attain.

And so symbols are perhaps the abstract models established since men first began to think which could reveal to us secrets of the profound structure of the Universe. But here we must be careful.

Symbols do not represent the thing itself, the actual phenomenon. It would also be wrong to think that they are purely and simply schematic formulae. In operational research the model is not a small-scale or simplified model of a known object; it is a possible approach to, or means of getting to know this object. And it is outside reality, in the mathematical Universe. The next requirement is that the analogical machine constructed on this model should enter into an electronic trance so that it can give *practical* answers. This is why all the usual occultist explanations of symbols are useless. They look upon symbols as if they were schemas that can be interpreted by the intelligence at its normal level and so lead immediately to an apprehension of reality. For centuries they have been treating in this way the St. Andrew's Cross, the swastika and the Star of Solomon, but have contributed nothing to a study of the profound structure of the Universe.

Einstein, with his sublime intelligence, was able, in a flash of illumination, to catch a glimpse of the space-time relationship, but without completely understanding or integrating it into his scheme of things. To communicate his discovery at a communicable and intelligible level, and to help him to recapture his own illuminating vision, he drew the sign λ representing the trihedral angle. This sign is not a schema of reality and means nothing to the mass of mankind. It is a signal, a rallying cry to all workers in the field of mathematical physics. And yet all the progress made in this field by the greatest intellects will only succeed in discovering what this trihedral symbol evokes, but will not be able to penetrate the Universe where the law of which this symbol is an expression actually operates. At least, at the end of this forward march, we shall know that this other Universe exists.

All symbols are perhaps of the same nature. The inverse swastika, whose origin is lost in the mists of time, is perhaps the 'model' of the law that governs all destruction. Whenever there is destruction, whether material or spiritual, the movement of these forces conforms, perhaps, to this model, just as the space-time relationship conforms to the trihedron.

Similarly, the spiral, so we are told by the mathematician Eric Temple Bell, is perhaps the 'model' of the profound structure of all forms of evolution (energy, life, consciousness). It may be that the brain, in its 'enlightened' state can function like the analogical machine, using an established model and that it can in this way

penetrate, through the swastika, the universal structure of destruction, and through the spiral, the universal structure of evolution.

Thus, signs and symbols are perhaps models designed for the use of the higher-level mechanism in our minds to enable our intelligence to function in another 'state'.

Our intelligence, in its ordinary state, is perhaps engaged in tracing with its finest pen, models by means of which, in a higher state, it could assimilate and absorb the ultimate reality of things.

When Teilhard de Chardin conceived his 'Point Omega', he was establishing in this way the 'model' of the final stage of evolution. But in order to *feel* the reality of this point and to assimilate so unimaginable a reality into the depths of one's being and absorb it completely into one's consciousness – in order, in a word, that one's consciousness may itself become the Point Omega and apprehend all that may be apprehended at such a point – namely the ultimate meaning of earthly life, the cosmic destiny of the perfected Mind beyond the end of terrestrial time; in order that the gap between Ideas and Knowledge may thus be bridged, it is essential that another form of intelligence be set in motion. An analogical intelligence, if you like; or mystical illumination, or a state of absolute contemplation.

And so the ideas of Eternity, of the 'Transfinite' and of God, etc., are perhaps models we have set up in the hope that, in another region of our intelligence which normally lies dormant, they will be able to supply the answers to the questions they were designed to deal with.

It is important to realize that the sublimest idea is perhaps the equivalent of the Cromagnon witch-doctor's drawing of a bison. It is only a sketch. The next step is for the analogical machines to start working on this model in the secret zone of the brain. The sorcerer in a trance is transported into the world of bison, discovers everything there is to be known about them in a flash and can then announce the time and place for the next bison hunt. This is magic at its lowest degree. At its highest, the model is not a drawing or a statuette, or even a symbol. It is an idea; the finest product of the finest possible binary intelligence. This idea has been conceived only with a view to attaining another stage in the quest: the analogical stage, the second phase in all operational research.

It now seems clear that the highest and most intense activity of the human mind consists in establishing 'models' designed to stimulate another kind of mental activity about which little is known, and which moreover cannot easily be set in motion. It is in this sense that we can say: everything is a symbol, everything is a sign, everything is an evocation of another reality.

This opens for us a door on to the infinite potentialities of Man. It does not, however – contrary to what the symbolologists believe – supply the key to everything. Whether it be an idea, such as that of the Trinity or the Transfinite or an image like the statuette

into which the village sorcerer sticks pins, or a symbol such as the Cross, the Swastika, a stained-glass window, a cathedral, the Virgin Mary, mathematical entities, numbers, etc., all these things are models, 'sketches' of something that exists in a different Universe from that in which the model itself has been conceived. But these 'models' are not interchangeable: a mathematical model of a dam fed into an electronic machine is not comparable with a model of a supersonic rocket.

All is not in everything. The spiral is not in the Cross. The image of the bison is not in the photograph studied by a medium; the Père Teilhard's 'Point Omega' is not in Dante's *Inferno*; the menhir is not in a cathedral; Cantor's numbers are not among the figures of the Apocalypse. If everything has its 'maquette', all 'maquettes' are not like a nest of tables and do not form a whole which can be taken to pieces to reveal the secret of the Universe.

If the most potent models available to an intelligence in a state of super-consciousness are non-dimensional – in other words, ideas – we must abandon any hope of finding the model of the Universe in the Great Pyramid or the West Door of Notre Dame. If a model of the whole Universe exists at all, this can only be in the human brain at the extreme point of the most sublime intelligence. But surely the Universe has other resources than Man? If Man is an infinity, then would not the Universe be infinity plus . . . ?

Nevertheless, to have discovered that everything is a 'maquette', a model, sign or symbol helps us to find a key. Not one that opens the door of the inscrutable mystery – for no such key exists – or, if it does, is in the hands of God. I mean a key to an attitude, not to a certainty. What we want to do is to set in motion that 'other' intelligence for whose use these models have been prepared. It is therefore a question of passing from our ordinary waking state to a higher state of wakefulness. An 'awakened' state. All is not in everything. But it is all-important to keep awake.

V

THE NOTION OF AN 'AWAKENED STATE'

After the fashion of theologians, scientists, magicians and children – Salute to an expert at putting spokes in wheels – The conflict between spiritualism and materialism: the story of an allergy – The legend of tea – Could it be a natural faculty? – Thought as a means of travel on the ground or in the air – A supplement to the Rights of Man – Some reflections on the 'awakened' Man – Ourselves as honest savages

I ONCE wrote a book describing a group of intellectuals who sought, under the guidance of the wonder-worker Gurdjieff, to attain an 'awakened' state. I still think that there is nothing more important than this quest. Gurdjieff used to say that the modern spirit, born

on a dunghill would return to a dunghill, and he taught men to despise the times we live in. It is true, indeed, that the modern mentality is compounded of forgetfulness and ignorance of the necessity for such a quest. But Gurdjieff, who was a man of old ideas, confused the modern spirit with the narrow Cartesianism of the nineteenth century. To the really modern mind Cartesianism is no longer a panacea, and the very nature of intelligence is something that has to be reconsidered. Consequently, it is on the contrary a spirit of extreme modernity that is likely to lead men to meditate profitably on the possible existence of another state of consciousness: a state of 'awakened' consciousness. Here the mathematicians and physicists of today join hands with the mystics of yesterday. Gurdjieff's contempt (like that of René Guénon, another partisan, but a purely theoretical one, of the 'awakened' state) is therefore out of date. And I believe that if Gurdjieff had been completely 'enlightened' himself, he would not have mistaken the climate of the times we live in. For an intelligence convinced of the absolute necessity for a transmutation, it should be clear that this is not the time to despise, but rather to love this century.

Up to the present time the 'awakened' state has been evoked in religious, esoteric or poetic terms. Gurdjieff's outstanding contribution was to show that there could be a psychology and a physiology pertaining to this state. But his language was wilfully obscure and he kept his disciples in a state of isolation. We are trying to speak the language of men of the second half of the twentieth century using terms that all can understand.

For daring to approach such a subject in this way we shall, of course, be looked upon as barbarians by the 'experts'. And perhaps that is just what we are, to some extent. We are conscious in the world of today that a new spirit is abroad to meet the challenge of a new era in the history of the world. Our method of establishing the probable existence of an 'awakened' state will not be exclusively religious, or esoteric, or poetic or scientific, but will be a blend of all these and in contradiction to all the disciplines. That is what we call a Renaissance: a soup containing a mixture of the methods of the theologians, scientists, magicians and children.

One morning in August 1957 a crowd of journalists had assembled on the quay as a liner was about to sail from the London Docks for India. They had come to see the famous biologist J. B. S. Haldane who, accompanied by his wife, was about to leave England for good.

'I've had enough of this country and of a lot of things in it,' he said quietly, 'especially the Americanization which is spreading everywhere. I'm going in search of new ideas, to work freely in a new country.'

Thus began a new stage in the career of one of the most extraordinary men of our time. J. B. S. Haldane had taken part in the defence of Madrid, gun in hand, against the troops of Franco. He had been a member of the British Communist Party, but after the

Lysenko affair he tore up his card. And now he was off to seek the truth in India.

For some thirty years people had found his grim sense of humour somewhat disconcerting. To a newspaper questionnaire on the subject of the decapitation of King Charles I, which had revived old controversies he had replied: 'If Charles I had been a geranium the two halves would have survived.'

After making a violent speech at the Atheists' Club, he had received a letter from an English Roman Catholic informing him that 'His Holiness the Pope did not agree with him'. Adopting this respectful formula, he then wrote to the Minister for War addressing him as 'Your Ferocity', to the Air Minister, as 'Your Velocity', and to the Chairman of the Rationalist Society as 'Your Impiety'.

On that August morning his 'Leftist' colleagues were also, no doubt, quite pleased to see him go, For, while defending Marxist biology, Haldane nevertheless was in favour of extending the field of science and of observing phenomena which did not conform to rationalist ideas. In reply to criticism, he answered coolly: 'I study whatever is really strange in physical chemistry, but I do not neglect anything in any other field.'

He had been urging for a long time that science should make a systematic study of the notion of an 'awakened state'. As early as 1930, in his books *The Inequality of Man* and *Possible Worlds*, in spite of his official position in the world of science, he had declared that the Universe was certainly stranger than was generally thought, and that poetic or religious testimony relating to a state of super-consciousness ought to be a subject for scientific research.

It was inevitable that such a man would one day go off to India; and it would not be surprising if his future works treated such subjects as: 'Electro-Encephalography and Mysticism', or 'The Fourth State of Consciousness and the metabolism of carbonic gas'. This could be expected of a man whose works already include a *Study of the application of 18-dimensional space to essential problems of genetics*.

Our official psychologists admit the existence of two states of consciousness: sleep and waking. But from the earliest times down to the present day there is abundant evidence as to the existence of states of consciousness superior to our normal waking consciousness. Haldane was probably the first modern scientist to examine objectively this state of super-consciousness.

It was only logical, in the period of transition in which we are living, that this Man should have been considered by his spiritualist enemies no less than by his materialist friends as an expert in the art of putting spokes in wheels.

Like Haldane, we ought to remain entirely aloof from the old controversy between spiritualists and materialists. That is the really 'modern' attitude. It is not a question of being 'above' the dispute, because there is no 'above' and no 'below'; in fact there is no sense in it at all.

The spiritualists believe in the possibility of a super-consciousness, and see in it an attribute of the immortal soul.

The materialists are up in arms against the very idea, and brandish Descartes. Neither side is willing to approach the subject with an open mind or give it serious study. There must be another way of considering this problem; a realistic way, in the sense in which we understand the term, implying an integral realism which takes into account the fantastic aspects of reality.

It may well be, too, that this old controversy is not philosophical at all, except on the surface. It may be nothing but a dispute between people who, according to their natures, react differently towards natural phenomena – just as one person may revel in the wind, and another detest it. A conflict between two human types is not likely to lead to any illumination! If this were really so, how much time would be wasted in abstract discussions, and how right we should be to withdraw from the debate in order to approach the whole question from a 'barbarian' point of view!

We may proceed on the following hypothesis:

The passage from sleep to a waking state produces a certain number of changes in the body. For example: the arterial tension is different, and there are variations in the nervous impulses. If, as we think, there is another state, which we may call one of super-wakefulness, or super-consciousness, the passage from our normal waking to this super-state must also be attended by transformations of various kinds.

Now, it is well known that for some people the process of waking up is painful, or at any rate extremely disagreeable. Modern medicine is aware of this phenomenon, and distinguishes two types of human beings according to their reaction to the process of waking up.

What is this state of super-consciousness, of a really 'awakened' consciousness? Men who have experienced it have difficulty, on their return to normality, in describing it. It cannot be expressed in ordinary language. We know that it is possible to attain this state voluntarily; and the mystics' exercises are all directed to this end. We also know that it is possible, as Vivekananda says, that 'a man who is not versed in this science (mystical exercises) may attain this state by chance'.

There are a great many instances in the poetry of every nation of sudden illuminations of this kind. And how many people, who are neither poets nor mystics, have not felt for a fraction of a second that they were on the brink of such an experience?

Now let us compare this singular and exceptional state with another exceptional state. Doctors and psychologists are beginning to study, for military reasons, the behaviour of human beings in a state of weightlessness. Beyond a certain degree of acceleration, weight is abolished. A passenger in an experimental plane travelling at such a speed floats for a few seconds. For some the sensation is one of extreme well-being, for others one of extreme anguish and horror.

Similarly, it may well be that the passage from the ordinary

waking state to one of super-consciousness (illuminative, magic) is attended by certain subtle changes in the organism, disagreeable for some, and agreeable for others. The study of the physiology of states of consciousness is still at a rudimentary stage. Some progress has already been made in connection with hibernation. The physiology of a state of super-consciousness has not, with a few exceptions, attracted the attention of scientists. If our hypothesis is valid, we can readily conceive the existence of a positivist, rationalist human type who, in self-defence, becomes aggressive as soon as there is any question, whether in literature philosophy or science, of going outside the sphere in which consciousness normally functions. We can equally well imagine the spiritualist type in whom any allusion to a state beyond reason produces the sensation of a lost paradise. May not the basis of a fundamental scholastic dispute prove to be, in the last resort, a question of: 'I like, or I don't like'? But what is it in us that likes or does not like? In point of fact, it is never 'I'; merely: 'something in me likes, or does not like', and that is all. Let us therefore get rid altogether of the false 'spiritualism *versus* materialism' problem, which is perhaps nothing but a question of allergies. What is essential is to know whether Man possesses in unexplored regions of his being, superior instruments, enormous amplifiers, as it were, of his intelligence – a whole equipment to enable him to conquer and comprehend the Universe, to conquer and comprehend himself, and to shoulder his whole destiny.

Bodhidharma, the founder of Zen Buddhism, one day while he was meditating, fell asleep (i.e. he allowed himself inadvertently to relapse into what is for most men their normal state of consciousness). This failing seemed to him so horrible that he cut off his eyelids.

According to the legend, the eyelids fell to the ground and there gave birth to the first tea plant. Tea, which is a protection against sleep, is the flower that symbolizes the desire of wise men to keep awake; and that is why so it is said, 'The taste of tea and the taste of Zen are much alike.'

This notion of an 'awakened state' seems to be as old as humanity. It is the key to the most ancient religious texts, and perhaps the Cromagnon man already sought to enter that state. The radio-carbon method of dating has shown that six thousand years ago the Indians to the south-east of Mexico used to absorb certain mushrooms to induce a state of hyper-lucidity. It is always a question of getting the 'third eye' to open and of escaping from the ordinary level of consciousness where everything is illusion, a prolongation of the dreams belonging to deep sleep. 'Sleeper awake!' In the Gospels as in fairy-tales, it is always the same admonition.

Mankind has sought this 'awakened state' in all sorts of rites, in dancing and song, by mortification of the flesh, fasting, torture and various drugs. As soon as modern Man realizes the importance of what is at stake – which must be very soon – other means will

certainly be found. The American scientist J. B. Olds has imagined an electronic stimulation of the brain.*

The English astronomer Fred Hoyle† suggests the projection of luminous images on a television screen. Already H. G. Wells, in *In the Days of the Comet*, had imagined that after colliding with a comet, the atmosphere of the Earth was impregnated with a gas that induced a state of hyper-lucidity. At last men could cross the frontier that separates truth from illusion. They were awakened to eternal realities. Of a sudden, all problems – practical, moral, spiritual, found their solution.

This state of an 'awakened consciousness' seems to have been sought until now only by mystics. If it is possible, to what is it to be attributed? Religious persons speak of 'divine grace'; the occultists of 'magical initiation'. But what if it were a natural faculty?

According to the latest scientific discoveries, considerable portions of the brain are still *terra incognita*. Are they the seat of powers we do not know how to use? Machines of whose purpose we are ignorant. Instruments in reserve with a view to future mutations?

We also know that normally a man, even for the most complicated intellectual operations, uses only nine-tenths of his brain. The greater part of our faculties therefore is still virgin soil. The immemorial myth of the 'hidden treasure' has no other meaning.

This is what the English scientist, Dr. Gray Walter, says in one of the most essential books of our time: *The Living Brain*. In a second work, *Farther Outlook*, in which anticipation and observation, philosophy and poetry are mixed, Walter affirms that there are doubtless no limits to the possibilities of the human brain, and that in our thought we shall one day explore Time, as we now explore Space. He shares this vision with the mathematician Eric Temple Bell who endows the hero of his novel *The Waves of Time* with the power of voyaging through the entire history of the Cosmos.‡

* *The centres of pleasure in the brain: Scientific American*, October 1956.

† In his novel, *The Black Cloud*. Black clouds in space, between the stars, are higher forms of life. These super-intelligences propose to arouse the inhabitants of the Earth by sending luminous images which produce in the brain a state of 'awakened consciousness'.

‡ 'I discovered by means which I only imperfectly understand, the secret of going backwards through history. It is like swimming. Once one has learned the stroke, one never forgets it. But to learn it calls for constant practice, and a certain involuntary tightening of the mind and muscles. One thing I am sure of: no one knows exactly how, the first time, he overcame the difficulty of swimming; and doubtless even the most expert *clairvoyants* would be unable to explain to others the secret of voyaging backwards through the waves of time.' Like Fred Hoyle, and many other British scientists, Eric Temple Bell writes fantastic stories and essays (under the pseudonym of John Taine). Only the most naive reader would imagine that these merely represent a relaxation for great minds. It is the only way to disseminate certain truths that are unacceptable to official philosophy. As in every pre-revolutionary period, all advanced thinking is published in disguise. The 'jacket' of a work of space-fiction is the cloak of the 1960s.

Let us stick to the facts. The phenomenon of the super-conscious state can be attributed to the existence of an immortal soul. This notion has been advanced for thousands of years without ever having done much towards solving the problem. But if, so as to keep within the facts, we confine ourselves to saying that the notion of an 'awakened state' is one of humanity's constant aspirations, that is not enough. It is an aspiration, but it is something else as well.

Resistance to torture, the mathematician's moments of inspiration, the observations recorded by the Yogis' electro-encephalogram and other instances as well, oblige us to admit that man can enter a state other than his normal waking state. As to the nature of that state, every man is free to propose whatever hypothesis he chooses – the Grace of God, or the awakening of the Immortal Self. He can also be a 'barbarian' and seek a scientific explanation.

Note that we are not pretending to be scientists. We are simply determined to neglect nothing that is of our own age in order to explore what belongs to every age.

Our hypothesis is as follows:

Communications with the brain are effected normally through nervous impulses. It is a slow-motion process: a few metres per second on the nerves' surface. It may be that in certain circumstances another, but much more rapid form of communication is established by an electro-magnetic wave travelling at the speed of light. We should then obtain the extreme rapidity in the recording and transmission of information that is peculiar to electronic machines. There is no Law of Nature that would exclude the existence of such a phenomenon. Waves of this kind would not be detectable outside the brain. This is the hypothesis we put forward in the preceding chapter.

If this 'awakened state' exists, how is it made manifest? The descriptions given by Hindu, Arab and Christian mystics have never been systematically collected and studied. It is extraordinary that among the very numerous anthologies of every kind published in this age of catalogues and classification, there is not a single anthology devoted to the 'awakened state'. The descriptions that exist are convincing, but not at all clear. And yet, if we want to evoke in modern terms what is the outward sign of such a state, this is what we should have to do:

Normally, thought travels at a walking pace, as Emile Meyerson has clearly shown. Most of the achievements of thought are, after all, the fruit of a very slow advance towards something that later appears self-evident. The most admirable discoveries in mathematics are nothing but equalities – unexpected, perhaps, but still equalities. The great Leonard Euler thought that the sublime summit of all mathematical thought was expressed in the equation: $e^{i\pi} + 1 = 0$.

This relation, which joins the real to the imaginary and is the basis of natural logarithms, is an 'evidence'. As soon as it is explained to an advanced student, he invariably declares that it is, of

course, glaringly obvious. Why did it require so much thought for so many years to arrive at something so patently self-evident?

In physics, the discovery of the wave-mechanism in particles is the key that has opened up the modern era. Here, too, something self-evident is involved. Einstein had declared that energy = mc^2 , when m = mass, and c = the speed of light. That was in 1905. In 1900 Planck stated: energy = hf , when h is a constant, and f the frequency of vibrations. But it was not until 1923 that Louis de Broglie, a man of exceptional genius, thought of combining the two equations and writing: $hf = mc^2$.

Thought moves at a snail's pace, even in the greatest minds. It does not dominate the subject.

One last example: since the end of the eighteenth century it has been taught that mass figured both in the formula of kinetic energy ($e : \frac{1}{2} mv^2$) and in Newton's Law of Gravity (masses attract one another with a force varying . . . inversely as the square of their distances apart).

Why was it left to Einstein to comprehend that the word mass has the same meaning in the two classic formulae? The whole theory of relativity can immediately be deduced from it. Why did one mind alone in the whole history of human intelligence see that? And why not immediately instead of after ten long years of intensive research? Because our thought travels along a winding path on one level which often turns back on itself. And no doubt ideas disappear and reappear periodically, and inventions are forgotten and then rediscovered again.

And yet it seems possible that the mind can rise above this path and no longer have to plod along – that it can have an over-all view and speed from point to point like a bird or an aeroplane. That is what the mystics call an 'awakened state'.

But are there one or more such states? There is every reason to believe that there are several, just as there are several altitudes at which one can fly. 'The first stage is called genius. The others are unknown to the masses and thought to be only a legend. Troy also was a legend, before the excavations revealed that it really had existed.'

If men have in them the physical possibility of attaining one or other of these states, the quest for the best means of doing so ought to be the principal aim of their lives. If my brain is equipped with the necessary machinery – if all this does not belong exclusively to the domain of religion or mythology – if it is not all a question of divine 'grace' or 'magical initiation' but depends on certain techniques and certain internal and external attitudes capable of setting this machinery in motion – then I am satisfied that my only ambition and most urgent duty ought to be to reach this 'awakened state' and attain these heights at which the mind can soar.

It is not because they are 'frivolous' or 'wicked' that men do not concentrate all their efforts on this research. It is not a question of morals. And in an affair of this kind a little goodwill and a few

attempts here and there are quite useless. Perhaps the superior instruments in our brain can only be brought into use if our whole life (individual and collective) is itself an instrument to be lived and looked upon exclusively as a means of establishing a connection and switching on the current that will put this machinery in motion.

The reason why men are not exclusively concerned with attaining this 'awakened' state is because the difficulties of social life and the necessity of earning a living leave them no leisure for such pursuits. Men do not live by bread alone; but up till now our civilization has been unable to provide everyone with this necessity.

In proportion as technical progress will gradually allow men time to breathe, so will the quest for the 'third state' of awareness and lucidity take precedence over all other aspirations. The possibility of taking part in this research will finally be recognized as one of the 'Rights of Man'. The next revolution will be a psychological one.

Let us imagine a Neanderthal man miraculously transported to the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton. In the presence of Dr. Oppenheimer he would be in a situation comparable to that in which we should find ourselves when face to face with a really 'awakened' man, whose thoughts no longer plod, but can range at will through three, four or n dimensions.

Physically, it would seem that we could become such a man. There are enough cells in our brain, and enough possible interconnections. But it is difficult for us to imagine what such an intelligence could see and understand.

The alchemists claimed that manipulation of matter in their crucibles could provoke what the moderns would call radiation, or a field of force. This radiation would transmute all the cells in the operator's body and turn him into a truly 'awakened' man – a man who would be alive, both here and on the 'other side'.

Let us now accept this hypothesis, this superbly non-Euclidean psychology. Let us suppose that one day in 1962 a man like ourselves, while manipulating matter and energy in a certain way, suddenly becomes entirely changed – in other words, 'awakened'.

In 1955 Professor Singleton showed to some friends during an atomic conference in Geneva some carnations which he had grown in the radio-active field of the great nuclear reactor at Brookhaven. They had been white; now they were a purply-red, a hitherto unknown species. All their cells had been modified, and they would, whether by grafting or reproduction, continue in their new state.

So it would be with our new man. He is now superior to us; his thought no longer plods – it flies. By integrating in a different way what all of us know in our various specialities, or by simply establishing all possible connections between the scientific facts contained in textbooks and University manuals, he could form concepts which would seem as strange to us as chromosomes would have been to Voltaire, or the neutrino to Leibnitz. Such a man would have absolutely no interest in trying to communicate with us, nor would he seek to dazzle us by trying to explain the enigmas of light, or

the secret of genes. Valéry did not publish his thoughts in *La Semaine de Suzette*. This man would be above and beyond humanity. He could only communicate to advantage with minds like his own.

There is substance here for meditation.

It is conceivable that the various traditions connected with 'initiation' have resulted from contact with minds on other planets. It may be that, for an 'awakened' man, time and space present no barriers, and that communication is possible with intelligences on other inhabited worlds; this, incidentally, would explain why we have never been visited.

We can dream about these things – on condition, as Haldane reminds us, that we do not forget that dreams of this kind are probably always less fantastic than reality.

Now follow three true stories. They will serve as illustrations.

Illustrations are not proofs, but these three stories oblige us to believe that there are other states of consciousness than those recognized in official psychology. Even the vague notion we have of genius is not enough. We have not chosen these illustrations from the lives or works of mystics, although this would have been easier, and perhaps more efficacious. But we maintain our claim to approach these matters in a spirit of complete freedom and as honest 'barbarians'.

VI

THREE TRUE STORIES AS ILLUSTRATION

The story of a great mathematician 'in the raw' – The story of the most wonderful clairvoyant – The story of a scientist of the future who lived in 1750

1. RAMANUJAN

ONE day, early in 1887, a Brahmin from the province of Madras went into the Temple of the Goddess Namagiri. The Brahmin had seen his daughter married many months before, but the couple were still childless. He prayed that the Goddess Namagiri might make their union fertile. His prayer was answered: on 22nd December a son was born and given the names of Srinivasa Ramanujan Alyangar. On the eve of his birth, the goddess had appeared to the mother to announce that her son would be extraordinary.

He was put to school at the age of five. From the first his intelligence was astonishing. He won a scholarship to the college of Kumbakonam where he aroused the admiration of his fellow pupils and of his teachers. He was now fifteen. One of his friends procured for him from the local library a work entitled: *A Synopsis of Elementary Results in Pure and Applied Mathematics*. This work published in two volumes, was a handbook edited by Professor George Shookbridge, of Cambridge. It contained the terms and *résumés*, without any argument, of some 6,000 theorems. The impression it made on the young Hindu was fantastic. Ramanujan's

brain began suddenly to function in a way that is incomprehensible to us. He demonstrated all the formulae. After coming to the end of geometry, he applied himself to algebra. Ramanujan said later that the Goddess Namagiri had helped him to solve the most complicated problems. At sixteen, he failed in his examinations, because his English was still weak, and was deprived of his grant.

He continued, alone, without any documents, to pursue his mathematical researches. He had soon caught up with everything that was known or had been discovered in this field up to the year 1880. He had no further use for Professor Shoo-bridge's work; he had gone far beyond that. Alone and single-handed he had mastered and outstripped the mathematical achievements of a whole civilization – starting from a mere *aide-memoire* that was not even complete. There is nothing like it in the whole history of human thought. Even Galois himself had not worked alone. He had studied at the École Polytechnique, which was at that time the leading mathematical centre in the world. He had had access to thousands of books, and was in contact with the best brains. There is no other example of the human intelligence reaching such heights unaided.

In 1909, after years of solitary toil and poverty, Ramanujan married. He had to look for a job. He was given an introduction to a local tax-collector, a keen amateur mathematician. This man has given the following account of the meeting: 'A little man, dirty and unshaven, but with eyes such as I had never seen, came into my room, with an old notebook under his arm. He spoke to me of marvellous discoveries which were completely beyond my powers of comprehension. I asked him what I could do for him. He replied that all he wanted was just enough to live on so that he could continue his researches.'

Ramachandra Rao offered him a very modest wage; but Ramanujan was too proud to stay. Finally a situation was found for him – a mediocre clerkship in an office in Madras.

In 1913 he was persuaded to enter into a correspondence with the great English mathematician G. H. Hardy, of Cambridge University. He wrote to him and sent by the same post 120 theorems of geometry which he had just demonstrated. Hardy wrote later: 'These notes could only have been written by a mathematician of the very first order. No borrower of other men's ideas, however brilliant, would have been capable of comprehending such lofty abstractions.'

Hardy immediately invited Ramanujan to come to Cambridge. But his mother was against it, on religious grounds. Once again the goddess Namagiri came to the rescue. She appeared to the old lady and assured her that her son could go to Europe without endangering his soul, and showed her in a dream Ramanujan seated in the great amphitheatre at Cambridge among his English admirers.

At the end of 1913 Ramanujan sailed for England. For five years he worked hard and made great advances in mathematics.

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and to a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1918 he fell ill. Tuberculosis set in, and he went back to India to die there at the age of thirty-two.

On all who came in contact with him he made an extraordinary impression. He lived in a world of numbers. Hardy went to see him in hospital and told him he had taken a taxi. Ramanujan asked what its number was; 1729. 'What a wonderful number,' he exclaimed; 'it is the lowest number that can be expressed in two ways as the sum of two cubes!'

For it is a fact that 1729 equals $10^3 + 9^3$, and also $12^3 + 1^3$. It took Hardy six months to demonstrate this; and the same problem has not yet been solved at the fourth power.

The story of Ramanujan is one that is almost incredible. But it is strictly true. It is impossible to express in simple terms the nature of Ramanujan's discoveries, which had to do with the most mysterious properties of numbers, especially 'prime' numbers.

It is not known whether Ramanujan had any interests apart from mathematics. He cared little for art or literature. But he had a passion for anything strange. While at Cambridge he had formed a small library and a card-index of all sorts of phenomena that did not admit of a rational explanation.

2. CAYCE

EDGAR CAYCE died on 5th January, 1945, taking with him to the grave a secret that he himself had never solved and that had terrified him all his life. The doctors and psychologists at the Edgar Cayce Foundation at Virginia Beach are still studying the files of his case.

Since 1958 the study of clairvoyance in America has been subsidized by the State, bearing in mind the fact that valuable services could be rendered in the military field by men capable of telepathy and precognition. Of all known cases of clairvoyance, that of Cayce is the purest, the best attested and the most extraordinary.*

Young Edgar Cayce was very ill. The country doctor was at his bedside. There was nothing he could do to rouse the little boy from his coma. Suddenly Edgar spoke in a clear and steady voice. And yet he was fast asleep. 'I will tell you what is the matter with me, I was hit by a ball at baseball on the spine. You must make a special cataplasm and apply it to the base of the neck.' In the same quiet voice, the boy then dictated the list of plants that had to be mixed and prepared. 'Hurry up; otherwise the brain may be affected.'

They decided to chance it and carried out these instructions. That evening the boy's temperature dropped, and the next day he awoke fresh as a daisy. He remembered nothing. He had never even heard of most of the plants he had mentioned.

* cf. Joseph Millard's *Cayce*: copyright Cayce Foundation; John W. Campbell's study in *Astounding Science-Fiction*, March 1957; and Thomas Sugrue: *Edgar Cayce* Dell Books).

This was the beginning of one of the most astonishing stories in the history of medicine. Cayce, an ignorant peasant from Kentucky and most reluctant to use his strange gift and continually complaining about 'not being like everyone else', was to treat and heal, during his hypnotic trances more than 15,000 sick people, all the cases being duly attested.

Starting as a labourer on his uncle's farm, then becoming an assistant in a bookshop at Hopkinsville, and finally the proprietor of a little photographer's shop where he hoped to end his days in peace, it was against his inclination that he performed his miracles. An old friend, Al Layne, and his fiancée had to beg him to use his powers, not for his personal ambition, but because he had no right to refuse to help the sick. Layne was a weakling whose health was always bad. Cayce agreed to go into a trance; diagnosed the nature of the illness and dictated the remedies. When he woke up, he exclaimed: 'But it's impossible! I don't know half the words you have noted down. Don't take these drugs - it's dangerous! I don't know anything about it - all that's just magic!' He refused to see his friends, and shut himself up in his shop. A week later Layne came to see him; he had never been so well in his life. The little town was all agog: everyone wanted a consultation. Protesting: 'It's not because I talk in my sleep that I'm going to start healing people,' Cayce finally agreed - but only on condition that he never saw his patients for fear that, if he knew them personally, he might be influenced. He also insisted that a doctor should always be present at his *séances*, and that he should receive no payment for them at all, not even the smallest present.

His diagnoses and prescriptions, while under hypnosis, were so accurate and showed such insight that the doctors were convinced that he was really one of them, disguised as a healer. Though he limited his *séances* to two a day Cayce was not afraid of overtaking himself; he was completely relaxed when he came out of his trances. But he wanted to go on being a photographer; he had no desire to acquire any medical knowledge, never read a book, and remained a practically uneducated peasant all his life. And he continued to protest against his strange gift. Only whenever he decided to give it up, he lost his voice.

An American railway magnate, James Andrews, came to consult him. Cayce, under hypnosis, prescribed a series of drugs including a certain preparation made from the plant *clary*. This remedy could not be traced anywhere. Andrews advertised in medical journals, without success. In the course of another *séance* Cayce dictated the exact composition of this preparation, and one day Andrews received a communication from a young Parisian doctor whose father, also a doctor, had patented this medicine, but had withdrawn it from the trade half a century ago. Its composition was identical with what the little photographer had seen in a 'dream'.

The secretary of the local medical syndicate, John Blackburn, was greatly interested in the Cayce phenomenon, and formed a

committee of three members who attended all the *séances* and were astounded by what they saw. The General Syndicate recognized Cayce's extraordinary faculties, and authorized him to give 'psychical consultations'.

Cayce eventually married. When his son was eight years old he was playing with matches one day, and accidentally caused an explosion in a depot of magnesium. The specialists predicted that the boy would become totally blind, and recommended the removal of one eye. Cayce, terrified, went into a trance and while unconscious opposed the idea of an operation and prescribed the application of bandages soaked in tannic acid. This seemed madness to the specialists, but Cayce, in a great state of agitation, dared not disobey his voices. Two weeks later his son was cured.

One day after a consultation he stayed asleep and dictated one after another four very detailed prescriptions. It was not known at the time for whom they were intended; they were forty-eight hours in advance of the four persons who were going to come for treatment.

Once during a *séance* he prescribed a drug called Codiron, and gave the address of the laboratory in Chicago where it was prepared. To a telephone inquiry the answer came: 'How could you have heard of Codiron? It is not yet on sale. We have only just found the formula and given it a name.'

Cayce, who suffered from an incurable disease which he alone knew about, died on the day and the hour he had predicted: 'On the evening of the fifth I shall be definitely healed.' Healed from being 'something different'.

On being questioned during a trance as to how he operated, he declared (though remembering nothing about it, as usual on waking) that he was able to enter into contact with any human brain and use the information contained in that brain, or brains, for the diagnosis and treatment of the cases brought to him. It was perhaps a 'different' intelligence that inhabited Cayce at these times and used all the knowledge available to the whole of humanity in the way that one uses a library, but almost instantaneously - or at any rate, at the speed of light or electro-magnetic waves. But we cannot really explain the phenomenon of Edgar Cayce in this, or any other way. All that is known, beyond any doubt, is that a humble village photographer, incurious and uncultured, was able at will to enter a state in which his mind operated like that of the most brilliant medical genius - or, rather, like the minds of all the most brilliant medical geniuses acting together.

3. BOSCOVITCH

A THEME for science-fiction: if the relativists are right, if we are living in a four-dimensional Universe and if we were capable of being aware of this, then that would be the end of common sense.

Some 'anticipation authors' try to *think* in terms of the space-time continuum. Their efforts resemble those, on a higher plane of research and expressed in theoretical language, of the great mathematical physicists. But is it possible for a man to think in four

dimensions? For this he would require a special mental structure. Will these structures be available to the Man of the future, the product of the next mutation? And is this Man of the future already among us? Some fiction-writers have made this claim. But neither Van Vogt, in his book of phantasy *The Slans*, nor Sturgeon in his description of the *More than Humans* have dared to imagine a personage as fabulous as Roger Boscovitch. A Mutant? A Time-Traveller? An inhabitant from another planet disguised as this mysterious Serbian?

Boscovitch, it would seem, was born in 1711 at Dubrovnik: at any rate that is what he declared when enrolling at the age of fourteen as an independent student at the Jesuit College of Rome. There he studied mathematics, astronomy and theology. In 1728, having finished his novitiate, he entered the Order of the Jesuits. In 1736 he published a paper on the spots in the Sun. In 1740 he taught mathematics at the Collegium Romanum, and then became scientific adviser to the Papacy. He created an observatory, drained the Pontine Marshes, repaired the dome of St. Peter's, measured the meridian between Rome and Rimini on two degrees of latitude. He then explored various regions in Europe and Asia, and started excavations on the very site on which Schliemann subsequently discovered the remains of Troy. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in England on 26th June, 1760, and published on that occasion a long poem in Latin on the visible features of the Sun and Moon, which caused his contemporaries to exclaim: 'This is Newton speaking through the mouth of Vergil.' He was entertained by all the most learned men in Europe, and carried on an important correspondence with, among others, Dr. Johnson and Voltaire. In 1763 he was offered French nationality. He was then appointed head of the department of optical instruments of the Royal Navy in Paris, where he lived until 1783. Lalande considered him to be the greatest living scientist. D'Alembert and Laplace were alarmed by his advanced ideas. In 1785 he retired to Bassano, and devoted himself to the publication of his complete works. He died in Milan in 1787.

It is only recently, at the instigation of the Yugoslav Government, that the works of Boscovitch have been re-examined – notably his *Theory of Natural Philosophy* (*Theoria philosophiae naturalis redacta ad unicam legem virium in natura existentium*) published in Vienna in 1758. The results of this study have caused general astonishment. Allan Lindsay Mackay, describing this treatise in an article in the *New Scientist* of 6th March, 1958, expressed the opinion that this was a case of a twentieth century mind being forced to live and work in the eighteenth century.

It seems that Boscovitch was in advance, not only of the science of his time, but of our own. He proposed a unitary theory of the Universe, a single general and unique equation governing mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology and even psychology. According to this theory, matter, time and space are not infinitely divisible but composed of points, or grains. This recalls the recent

work of Jean Charon and of Heisenberg whom Boscovitch seems to have surpassed. He succeeded in giving an account not only of light, but of magnetism, electricity and all the chemical phenomena known at the time, discovered since, or which are yet to be discovered. We find in his works the quanta, the wave mechanics and the atom formed of nucleons. The scientific historian, L. L. Whyte, assures us that Boscovitch was at least two centuries ahead of his times, and that we shall only really be able to understand him when the junction between relativity and quantum physics has finally been effected. It is estimated that in 1987, on the 200th anniversary of his birth, his work will be appreciated at its true value.

No explanation has as yet been put forward to account for this phenomenon. Two complete editions of his works, one in Serb and the other in English, are now in preparation. In the correspondence already published (Bestermann collection) between Boscovitch and Voltaire the following modern ideas are to be found:

The creation of an international geo-physical year;

The transmission of malaria by mosquitos;

Possible applications of rubber (ideas put into practice by Boscovitch's Jesuit friend, La Condamine);

The existence of planets in orbit round stars other than our own Sun;

The impossibility of localizing 'psychism' in a particular part of the body;

The conservation of the 'quantity grain' of movement in the world: this is Planck's constant, enunciated in 1958.

Boscovitch attached considerable importance to alchemy, and has provided clear and scientific translations of the alchemists' language. For him, for example, the four elements Earth, Water, Fire and Air are only distinguishable by the particular way in which the particles, without mass or weight, of which they are composed are arranged. Clearly an anticipation of the most advanced work being done now on the Universal equation.

Another no less fantastic anticipation in the work of Boscovitch is to be found in his study of accidents in Nature. This contains already the statistical mechanics theory of the American scientist Willard Gibbs, formulated at the end of the nineteenth century but not accepted until the twentieth. It also provides a modern explanation of radio-activity (completely unknown in the seventeenth century) as one of a series of exceptions to natural laws: what is called today 'statistical penetrations of the barriers of potentiality'.

Why is it that the works of this extraordinary man have had no influence on modern thought? Because the German philosophers and scientists who led the field in research up to the 1914-18 War believed in the 'continuous structure' theory, whereas the work of Boscovitch was essentially based on the idea of discontinuity. Also, because library research and historical investigations concerning Boscovitch, who travelled extensively and whose works are widely dispersed, and who, moreover, came from a country liable to

constant upheavals, were only systematically undertaken long after his death. When his complete works have been published, and the testimony of his contemporaries collected and classified, we shall see what a strange, disquieting and altogether astounding personality he was.

VII

THE 'AWAKENED' MAN: SOME PARADOXES AND HYPOTHESES

Why our three stories may have disappointed some readers – We know very little about levitation, immortality, etc. – Yet Man has the gift of ubiquity, has long sight, etc. – How do you define a machine? – How the first 'awakened' Man could have been born – A fabulous, yet reasonable dream about vanished civilizations – The fable of the panther – The writing of God

THESE three cases are clear and positive. Yet to some they may not seem conclusive. This is because most men prefer images to facts. Walking on the water is an image of dominating movement; stopping the Sun, a triumph over time. These things could perhaps be realities in a changed state of consciousness within a powerfully accelerated intelligence. And they could no doubt lead to all kinds of tangible results in techniques, science and the arts.

Most men, however, when the question arises of there being such a thing as 'another' state of consciousness, at once want to see people walking on water, stopping the Sun, going through brick walls or looking twenty at the age of eighty. In order to begin to believe in the infinite possibilities of an 'awakened' state they must first satisfy and find a justification for the childish part of their intelligence which believes in images and legends.

Furthermore, when confronted with cases like those of Ramanujan, Cayce or Boscovitch, people refuse to believe that their minds were really 'different'. At most they would admit the possibility that minds like ours were privileged to 'rise to unusual heights' and that 'up there' they acquired some special knowledge. As if somewhere in the Universe there was a kind of storehouse of things connected with medicine, mathematics, poetry or physics for the benefit of a few super-intelligences able to climb up there. This absurd vision is found to be reassuring.

It seems to us, on the contrary, that Cayce, Ramanujan and Boscovitch were on our level (where else could they be?), but that their minds worked at an extraordinary speed. It is not a question of a different level, but of a different speed. The same applies to the greatest mystics. The miracles, in nuclear physics as well as in psychology, are to be found in acceleration. And it is from this standpoint, we believe, that the third state of consciousness, the 'awakened' state, should be studied.

And yet, if such a state is possible – if it is not a gift from Heaven, or some God-sent favour, but is, in fact, a part of the equipment of our brain and body – could not this equipment, once it starts functioning, affect faculties in us other than our intelligence? If the 'awakened' state is a property of some higher nervous system, this activation should be capable of affecting the whole body and endowing it with strange powers.

In all the traditions, the 'awakened' state is associated with special powers: immortality, levitation, telekinesis, etc. But are not all these powers merely images of what the mind, in its transformed state, can do in the sphere of knowledge? Or are they actual facts? There have been some probable cases of levitation.*

As regards immortality, the case of Fulcanelli has not yet been elucidated. That is all that can be said on that subject. We have no valid proofs. Nor, we must admit, does this question interest us very much. We are not concerned with the bizarre, but with the fantastic. Moreover, this question of para-normal powers ought really to be approached from another angle. Not from the point of view of Cartesian logic (which Descartes, if he were alive today, would repudiate) but from the standpoint of the open-minded science of today. Let us look for a moment at things through the eyes of a visitor from 'Beyond' who has landed on our planet: levitation exists, so does long-distance vision; Man has the gift of ubiquity and has harnessed the energy of the Universe. The aeroplane, the radio-telescope, television, and the atomic pile exist. They are not natural products, but creations of the human mind. This observation may seem puerile, but it is a vivifying thought. What is puerile is to reduce everything to the level of an individual man. A man alone, in isolation, has not the gift of ubiquity; or of levitation, or of long-distance vision, etc. For it is human society as a whole, and not the individual, which possesses these powers. The notion of an individual by himself is perhaps puerile, for it may be that tradition, with its accompanying legends, is the voice of humanity as a whole, an expression of the phenomenon of Man...

'You are not serious! You talk to us about machines!' That is what we shall hear from the Cartesian rationalists and the occultists who rely on 'tradition'. But what is meant by machines? That is another question that needs to be clarified.

A few lines traced in ink on parchment: is that a machine? The technique of printed circuits currently employed in modern electronics makes it possible to use a wave receiver composed of lines traced with different inks, one containing graphite and the other copper.

Is a precious stone a machine? By general consensus: No. And yet the crystalline structure of a precious stone is a complex machine, and the diamond is used to detect atomic radiations. Artificial crystals, or transistors, have replaced electronic lamps, transformers,

* cf. *La Levitation*, by R. P. Olivier Leroy. Ed. du Cerf, Paris.

and electric revolving machines of the commuter type to increase voltage, etc.

The human mind, in its most subtle and most efficient technical creations uses more and more simple means.

'You are juggling with words!' exclaims the occultist. 'I am talking about manifestations of the human spirit without any kind of intermediary.'

It is he who is juggling with words.

No one has ever registered a manifestation of the human spirit without the aid of a machine of some sort. This notion of a 'self-contained spirit' is a pernicious fallacy. The human mind in action uses a most complex machine that it has taken 300,000 years of evolution to perfect: the human body. And this body is never alone, and does not exist alone: it is bound to the Earth and to the whole Cosmos by thousands of material and energy-producing links.

We do not know everything about the body. We do not know everything about its relations with the Universe. No one could say what are the limits of the human machine, or how it could be used by a mind able to exploit all its possibilities to their fullest extent.

We do not know everything about the forces that are active deep down within ourselves and all around us, on the Earth, and round the Earth throughout the whole vast Cosmos. No one knows what simple, natural forces of which we know nothing but which are within our grasp could be made use of by a man endowed with an 'awakened' consciousness having a more direct and immediate apprehension of Nature than our linear intelligence could ever have.

Simple, natural forces. Let us once more look at things through the lucid, 'barbarian' eyes of a visitor from 'Beyond': nothing is simpler or more easily realized than an electric transformer. The ancient Egyptians could quite well have built one if they had been familiar with the theory of electro-magnetics.

Nothing is easier than the liberation of atomic energy. All that is necessary is to dissolve salts of pure uranium in heavy water; and heavy water can be obtained by re-distilling ordinary water over a period of anything from twenty-five to a hundred years.

Lord Kelvin's machine for predicting the tides (1893), which was the precursor of our analogical calculators and of the whole of our system of cybernetics, was made with pulleys and bits of string. The Sumerians would have been able to make one.

If we look at things in this way, the problem of the vanished civilizations takes on a new dimension. If in the past there have been men who attained the state of an 'awakened' consciousness, and supposing they applied their powers not only in the sphere of religion, philosophy, or mysticism, but also to problems of technique and practical knowledge, it is perfectly natural, rational and reasonable to admit that they may have been able to work 'miracles', even with the simplest apparatus.*

* Although the majority of archaeologists categorically deny the existence in the past of advanced civilizations with powerful material

Jorge Luis Borges relates that once upon a time there was a wise man who devoted his whole life to seeking, among the innumerable signs in Nature, the ineffable name of God, the key to the Great Secret. After a life of tribulations, he was arrested on the orders of a Prince, and condemned to be devoured by a panther. While waiting in the cell into which he had been thrown, he observed through the bars the wild beast who was waiting to devour him. Gazing at the spots on its skin, he discovered in the pattern and rhythm of the design the number, the Name that he had been seeking for so long and in so many places. He knew then why he had to die, and that he would die only after his great wish had been fulfilled – and that that would not be death.

The Universe devours us, or else it yields up its secrets to us; that depends on whether or not we know how to observe it. It is highly probable that the most subtle and profound Laws of Life and of the destiny of all created things are clearly inscribed on the material world by which we are encompassed; that God has left his handwriting everywhere, as the wise man discovered on the panther's skin; and that we only have to look at things in a certain way. . . . The man who can do this is the 'awakened' Man. . . .

means at their disposal, the possibility of the existence at every epoch of a small percentage of 'awakened' beings utilizing natural forces with improvised means, can scarcely be denied. We even believe that a methodical examination of archaeological and historical data would confirm this hypothesis. How could this 'awakening' have started? Of course it is possible to imagine interventions from 'Beyond'; alternatively one may seek a purely materialist and rationalist explanation. This is what we would suggest. Physicists dealing with cosmic rays have recently discovered what they call extraordinary 'events'. In cosmic physics, an 'event' is the collusion between a particle from space and terrestrial matter. In 1957, as we stated in our study of alchemy, scientists detected an exceptional particle of fantastic energy (an energy of 10^{18} electronvolts, whereas the fission of uranium produces only 2×10^8 .) Let us assume that *only once* in the history of the human race, such a particle came into contact with a human brain. Who knows if the enormous energy resulting therefrom might not have produced an activation inducing for the first time an 'awakened' state in Man? This Man might have discovered and might have applied techniques for inducing this 'awakened state'. In various forms these techniques may have been preserved down to our times, and the alchemists' Great Work, the Initiation, could be something more than a legend. Our hypothesis is, of course, only a hypothesis. It would be difficult to test it experimentally, for it is impossible even to imagine an artificial accelerator producing such a fabulous and fantastic amount of energy. All we can do is to recall that the great English scientist, Sir James Jeans, once wrote: 'It was perhaps cosmic radiation which turned the Monkey into Man.' (cf. *The Mysterious Universe*.) We are now only carrying on these ideas, with modern data at our disposal which Sir James Jeans did not have and which enable us to state: 'It was perhaps exceptional cosmic "events" releasing fantastic energy, which turned Man into super-Man.'